The Voice of Praise

No. 2

MAR 1 9 1933

The Voice of Praise No. 2

A complete collection of

Scriptural, Gospel, Sunday-School and Praise Service Songs

Edited and compiled by
J. Lincoln Hall
C. Austin Miles
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Psalm C

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD, ALL YE LANDS. SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS: COME BEFORE HIS PRESENCE WITH SINGING. KNOW YE THAT THE LORD HE IS GOD; IT IS HE THAT HATH MADE US, AND NOT WE OURSELVES; WE ARE HIS PEOPLE, AND THE SHEEP OF HIS PASTURE. ENTER INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING, AND INTO HIS COURTS WITH PRAISE: BE THANKFUL UNTO HIM, AND BLESS HIS NAME. FOR THE LORD IS GOOD; HIS MERCY IS EVERLASTING; AND HIS TRUTH ENDURETH TO ALL GENERATIONS.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE, No. 2.

No. 3. Forward! Be Our Watchword.

H. ALFORD. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Forward! Be our watchword, Steps and voic - es joined; Seek the things be-
2. Glo- ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God prepared, By the souls that
3. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a-

fore us; Not a look be- hind; Burns the fier - y pil - lar At our army's
love him One day to be shared; Eye hath not be- held them, Ear hath never
bid - eth; That fair home is ours: Flash the gates with jasper, Shine the streets with

CHORUS.

head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap - tain led?
heard, Nor of these hath uttered Thought or speech a word. } Forward, ev - er
gold, Flows the gladd'ning riv- er, Shedding joys un - told.

forward, Clad in arm- or bright, Till the veil be lift- ed, Till our faith be sight.

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No. 4. Bible Song.

MARY S. LEONARD. W. A. POST.

Unison. Do not hurry.

1. Words of God, O gift e - ter - nal, Bread on which our souls may feed,
2. Words of God, thro' all the a - ges, Changeless 'mid the sin and strife,
3. Words of God, O wondrous treas - ure, Love di - vine by thee re - vealed,

Sword of Spir - it, strong su - per - nal, Lamp our wand'ring steps to lead.
May we love thy bless - ed pag - es, Find in them e - ter - nal life.
Bless - ing brings us with - out meas - ure, Joy and peace for - e'er shall yield.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Book, Thy prom - is - es un - fail - ing, Faith - ful

Ho - ly Bi - ble, bless-ed Book, Thy prom - is - es un - fail - ing, Faith-ful true, Shall

true, Shall e'er sus - tain, Bless - ed Book, In

e'er sus - tain, Shall e'er sus - tain, shall e'er sus - tain, Ho - ly Bi - ble, bless-ed Book, In

vain are foes as - sail - ing, Strong se - cure, Thou shalt re - main!

se - cure,

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No. 5. Fling Wide the Portals.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Fling wide the por- tals! For the King of glo - ry waits, An - gels are
2. Fling wide the por- tals! Let the joy - ful harps re- sound, Saints join in
3. Fling wide the por- tals! Let the King of glo - ry in, He who hath

stand- ing at the gleaming gold - en gates; Ran - somed in rap- ture shall their
prais - es who the jas - per throne surround; Home with re - joic - ing the re-
triumphed o - ver death and o - ver sin; Sa - tan is cap - tive, and the

CHORUS.

Saviour's praises sing, Fling wide the portals! Crown him King!
deem'd ones he shall bring, Fling wide the portals! Crown him King! } Fling wide the portals!
grave has lost its sting, Fling wide the portals! Crown him King!

Gates of gold un - bar! Fling wide the por - tals! Sound his praise a - far!

Thro' all cre - a - tion let the anthem ring; Fling wide the portals! Crown him King!

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No. 6. The Banner of the King.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. We march beneath the banner of our Saviour King, Ev-er glo-rious, all vic - to-rious;
2. We march beneath the banner of our Saviour King, Loyal ev - er, doubting nev - er,

Its folds we glad-ly to the gen-tle breez - es fling, As our stan - dard we dis-play;
And homage to our Captain we will glad - ly bring, While he leads us on our way;

GIRLS.

For he came to save, triumphed o'er the grave, And to vic-t'ry points the way. So we
For he reigns a- bove, and his name is Love, And he hears our gladsome lay, As we

CHORUS.

praise his name, and his love proclaim, On this ho - ly Sabbath Day.
joy-ful raise un-to him our praise On this ho - ly Sabbath Day.
} For we march, march,

march, Beneath the banner of our Saviour King; While we march, march, march, Our joyful

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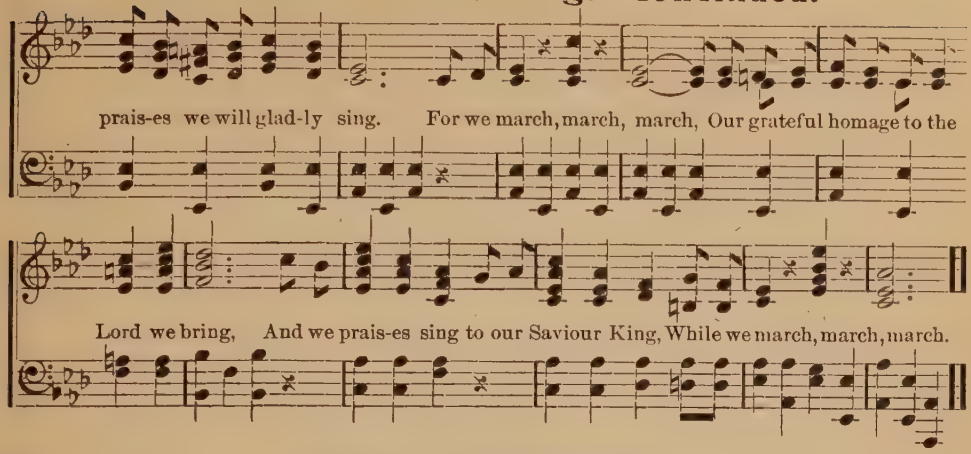
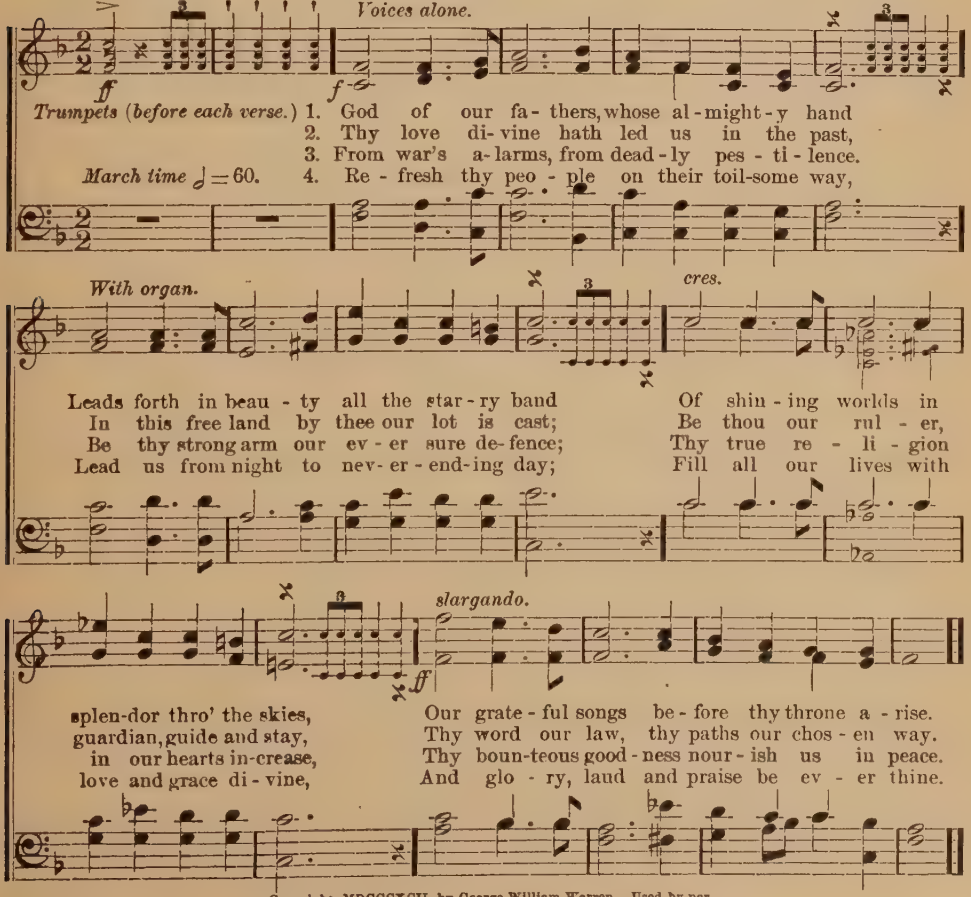
The Banner of the King.—Concluded.



No. 7. God of Our Fathers.

E. C. Roberts. Geo. W. Warren.



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No. 8. Valiantly!

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. A. POST.

1. For-ward, ye chil-dren of the King, For-ward all brave and strong;
2. Think not, ye chil-dren of the King, You are too young to serve;
3. On-ly a few more speed-ing days, Wid-er will be the views;

Lift up your voic-es, prais-es sing, Join in the vic-t'ry song.
Join in the ranks, your young lives bring—Nev-er from du-ty swerve.
Youth will have vanished in the haze—Do not the call re-fuse.

CHORUS. UNISON. PARTS.

Val-iant-ly! Val-iant-ly! On-ward, up-ward tend-ing; Joy-ous-ly!

UNISON.

Joy-ous-ly! Praise with serv-ice blend-ing; Earn-est-ly! Earn-est-ly!

PARTS.

Hold your course un-bending; Christian soldiers, Christian soldiers, win your crown!

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No. 9. O Happy Days!

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O hap- py days, O golden days, When sun-light of his love, In splendor streams, With
2. O hap- py days, O golden days, When souls are free from care, When songs abound And
3. O hap- py days, O golden days, When blessings full and free, Fill ev - 'ry heart, And

radiant beams From heav'nly realms a- bove, When mer- cy sweet, And rest complete Shall
hope is found, When paths of life are fair, When heav'n is near, And joy shall cheer, And
joy im-part, As bound-less as the sea, When light of life, Hath banished strife, And

crown us with de-light, Our God we praise For golden days, When hearts are glad and bright.
peace her man-tle flings, Our God we praise For golden days, And hail him King of kings.
doubts no more op-press, Our God we praise For golden days, His ho - ly name we bless.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Sing, O sing a Saviour's love! Sing, O sing a Father's care! He is watching ev'rywhere,

From the heav'nly realms above; Your joyful praise to heaven raise, God's wondrous love repeat.

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No. 10. Lifetime is Working Time.

Mrs. Carrie E. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Life- time is working time. Spend no i - dle days; Je - sus is call- ing thee
2. Life- time is working time. Learn where du-ty lies; Grasp ev - 'ry pass- ing day
3. Life- time is working time. Do thy hon-est part; Tho' in dis-cour- age-ments

On the har-vest ways. Work-ing with a will- ing hand, Sing a song of praise;
As a pre-cious prize, Glad to help the sor- row- ing, Glad to sym - pa - thize;
Bear a cheer-ful heart. Trust- ing Je - sus as thy Friend, Ne'er from him de - part,

Chorus.

Work, ev - er work for Je - sus! Swift - ly the hours of
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!

la - bor fly, Freight-ed with love let each pass by! There is joy in
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!

la - bor for the struggling neigh-bor, Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!

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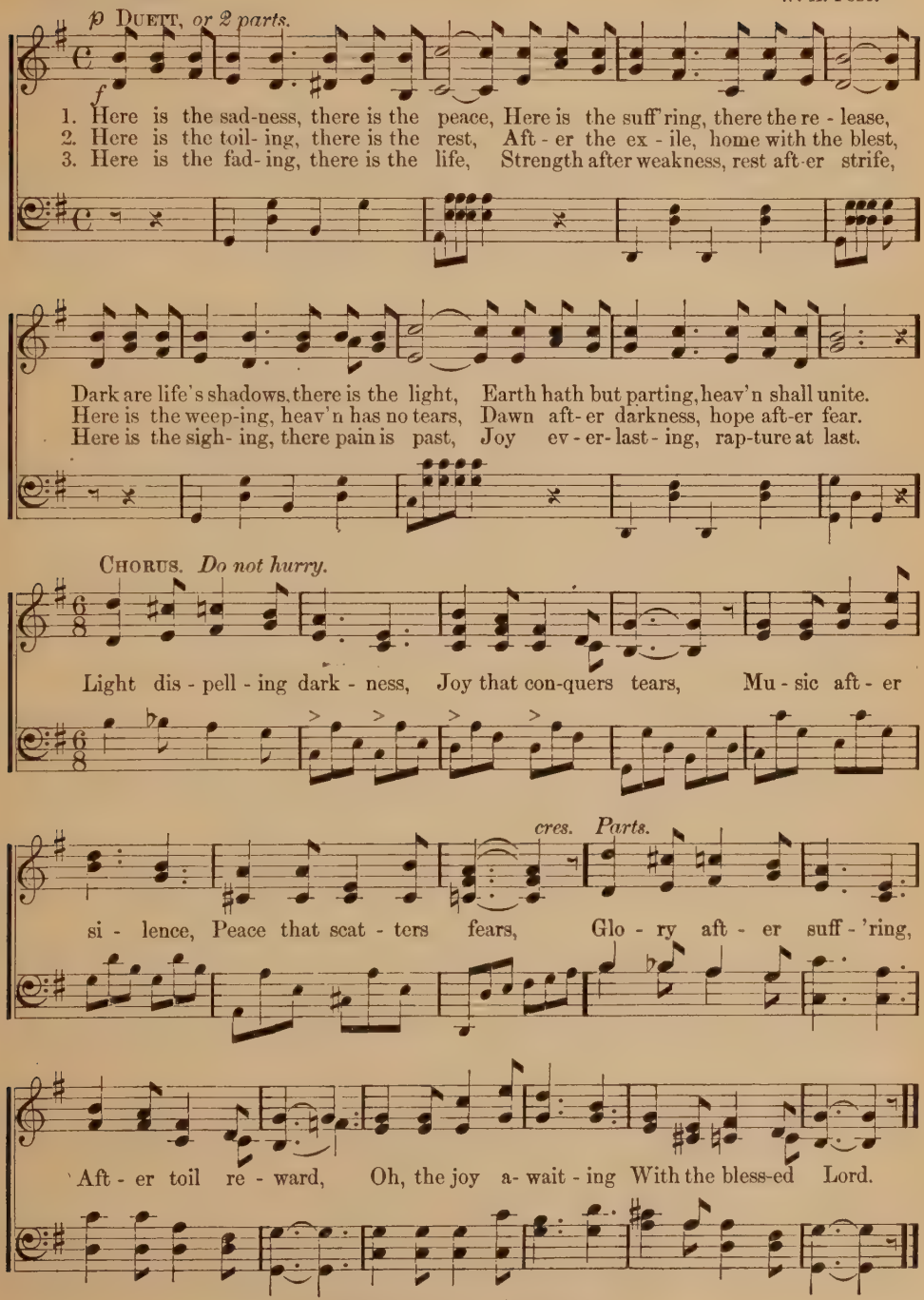
No. 11. Light after Darkness.

GRACE GORDON. W. A. POST.



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No. 12. Praise Him Eternally.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Worship the King in his beau - ty, Bow at his feet and a - dore, Heav'n with an
2. Sing of the mighty Redeem - er, Rul - er of earth and of sky, En - ter his
3. Hail to the mighty Je - ho - vah! Hail to the Lord on his throne! Zi - on with

anthem is ring- ing, Praise him for ever - more; Ra - di- ant orbs he cre - a - ted,
gates with thanksgiving, Sound forth his praise on high. Fountain of life and sal - va - tion,
rapture is sing- ing, He is our God a - lone; Crowned with a glory immor- tal,

:S: *ff* *ff* *Fine.*

Formed by his wise de - cree, Praise . . him! O praise him e - ter - nal - ly!
Hope of the years to be, Praise . . him! O praise him e - ter - nal - ly!
Bright as the sun is he, Praise . . him! O praise him e - ter - nal - ly!

D.S.—Praise . . him! O praise him e - ter - nal - ly!

CHORUS.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Angels a- dor - ing cry, . . Praise, O praise him!

D.S.

glo- ry to God most high! Hail Je - ho - vah! Boundless in maj- es - ty,

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No. 13. Victory Ours Shall Be.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

UNISON.

1. Ban-ners wav-ing proud-ly o'er us, Voic-es swelling loud the cho-rus,
2. To the na-tions slow-ly wak-ing, Lands their i-dol gods for-sak-ing,
3. Join us in our good en-deav-or, On we'll go and fal-ter nev-er.

Hope the way make bright before us, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
We the light of life are tak-ing, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
'Tis the cause of God for-ev-er, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.

CHORUS.

Marching, marching, cheer-i-ly the bu-gle sounding, Marching,

marching, read-y we to meet the foe; Marching, marching,

lightly ev'ry heart is bounding, Je-sus is our Captain, as we onward go.

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No. 14. The Song of the Reapers.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Haste a - way to har-vest for the fields are white, La - bor for the Mas-ter till the
2. Haste a - way to har-vest counting gain as loss, For the love of Je - sus deeming
3. Haste a - way for shadows o'er the pathway lie, Soon the sun-set glo - ries shall o'er-

shades of night, An - gel hosts a - bove Look-ing down in love, Wait to crown the
gold but dross, Thrust the sick - le white Where the grain is ripe, He shall reap in
spread the sky, Earth - ly tasks shall end An - gel hosts de-scend, Her - ald - ing the

faithful reap-er band. Tar - ry not for tri- als, ev - er onward press, He who is our
joy who sowed in pain. Garner in the golden grain in bounteous sheaves Strength for service
hap-py harvest home. For the faithful toi-ler waits a rich reward, Crowns of life and

leader is at hand to bless, Reapers! reapers! Lo! the day of harvest is at hand!
ev-'ry loy-al heart receives, Reapers! reapers! Speed a-way o'er valley, mount and plain.
glory from the harvest Lord, Reapers! reapers! La - bor till the King of kings shall come.

CHORUS.

Forth to the fields of gold - en grain, Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter's voice a - gain,

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The Song of the Reapers.—Concluded.

Hasten reapers all, Heed the heav'nly call, Triumph waits the toil- er for the

Lord, Forth to the fields with hearts aglow, Serving the Saviour here be- low,

for the Lord,

Reap- ers! reap - ers, On - ward press to win your great re - ward.

No. 15. All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. (MILES LANE.) WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy- al
2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Let ev -'ry kin-dred ev -'ry tribe, On this ter- res-trial ball, To him all maj- es -
4. O that with yon-der sacred throng, We at his feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er -

di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
Israel's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
ty as- cribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
last- ing song, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

No. 16. It's the Up-Hill Way that Counts.

T. M. Eastwood. M. H. Munford.

1. On-ward, up- ward, let us go, Leaving all earth's plains be -low, Yonder t'ward the
2. On-ward, for-ward, high- er still, Let us climb with strong good will, As we climb we
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry, now we see, Blessed home-land of the free, Far and wide the

star- ry skies, Heaven's glorious pathway lies, Step by step the way as-cends, Till the
stronger grow, As we mount fresh vigor know, Grander vis-ions meet our eyes, As we
vis - ta bright, Dawns upon our raptured sight, Home at last in mansions blest, Wea-ry

toil- some jour- ney ends, It's the up - hill way, it's the up - hill way, It's the
ev - er up- ward rise, It's the up - hill way, it's the up - hill way, It's the
feet for - ev - er rest, It's the up - hill way, it's the up - hill way, It's the

Chorus.

up-hill way that counts.
up-hill way that counts.
up-hill way that counts.
} If we do not in the val- ley stay, If we do not loi- ter

by the way, We shall reach the shining realms of day, It's the up- hill way that counts.

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No. 17. On, On to Victory.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. On, on to vic - to - ry, the trumpet call is sound- ing, On, on to vic - to - ry, thro'
2. On, on to vic - to - ry, the cross of Christ de-fend- ing, Sing-ing the song of hope thro'
3. On, on to vic - to - ry, the Lord doth now command us, Raise high the standard of the

all the fierc- est fray, On, on to vic - to - ry, the ech - oes are re - sound- ing,
all the way a - long, On, on to vic - to - ry, to win re-ward un - end - ing,
might-y King of kings, On, on to vic - to - ry; no foe can e'er with-stand us,

CHORUS. *Unison, strict time.*

On, on to vic - to - ry, he leads the way.
We shall be con-quer- ors o'er sin and wrong.
Hail, hail the vic - tor while the cho - rus rings!
} On, on to vic - to - ry, to

win the promised crown, On, on to vic - to - ry, while heav'nly hosts look down,

Parts.

Loyal hearts and true are we, Marching on to vic-to- ry, On, on, on to vic - to - ry.

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No. 18. Now is the Time.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

ALFRED JUDSON.
Chorus Arr. from W. H. BENNETT.

1. Lo the gold - en fields of har- vest wait to - day, Haste a - way,
2. Haste a - way on wings of morn- ing swift and fleet, Toil is sweet,
3. Soon shall come the har- vest home, when to our King, Sheaves we bring,

wait today, Haste a-way,

Nor de - lay, But the call of Christ with gladness now o - bey. Soon the
Joy complete, For our sheaves of souls we'll lay at Je- sus' feet. Soon the
Prais- es sing, O'er the earth the songs of tri-umph then shall ring. When the

now o-bey.

CHORUS.

har- vest Lord shall come.
har- vest Lord shall come.
har- vest Lord has come.
} Now is the time to bear to ev - 'ry na - tion
Now is the time to tell to na - tions

News of his mer - cy fath-om - less and wide, Speed, speed a - way, re -
News of his mercy Speed, speed a-way, re -

joic- ing in sal - va - tion, Tell of the Christ who for the sin - ful died.
joic - ing in sal- va-tion, Tell of the Christ, the Christ

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No. 19. Rejoicing in Redeeming Love.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Re - joic-ing in re-deeming love, We're marching, we're marching, And trav'ling to the
2. Re - joic-ing in re-deeming love, We're marching, we're marching, God sends his Spir-it
3. Re - joic-ing in re-deeming love, We're marching, we're marching, And joy-ous- ly we

We march, we march,

Unison.

realms a- bove, We're marching, marching home! Tho' weary be the wil - der-ness, Tho'
as a dove, We're marching, marching home! We trust in him what-e'er be-tide, He
for-ward move, We're marching, marching home! The promised land by faith we see, The

Parts.

foes on ev- 'ry hand oppress Our God is ever near to bless, We're marching, marching home!
shall for ev'ry want provide And all along the way doth guide We're marching, marching home!
home where many mansions be Where we shall dwell eternally We're marching, marching home!

CHORUS.

We're march - ing home, We're march - ing home,

We're march-ing, marching, marching home, We're marching, marching, march- ing home,

march - ing home.

Re - joic - ing in re - deem- ing love, We're marching, marching, marching home.

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No. 20. Sailing Home!

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O'er life's wild sea, All trust - ing - ly, With dauntless hearts we roam;
2. The har - bor light Is gleam - ing bright A - cross the roll - ing foam;
3. Tho' tem - pests sweep A - cross the deep, And fierc - est gales should come,

Our Lord shall save From wind and wave; We're sail - ing, sail - ing home!
No storm we fear, The ha - ven's near; We're sail - ing, sail - ing home!
God's lov - ing care Is ev - 'rywhere; We're sail - ing, sail - ing home!

CHORUS.

Sail - ing home, . . sail - ing home! . . O - ver the o - cean,
Sailing, sailing, sailing home, sailing, sailing, sailing home!

deep and wide, And o'er the storm - y tide: We're sail - ing home, . .
And o'er, and o'er the storm - y tide: We're sailing, sailing, sailing home, We're

sail - ing home! . . And Je - sus shall our Pi - lot be; We're sail - ing home!
sailing, sailing, sailing home! sailing home!

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No. 21. A Father's Care.

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO, *or all the girls.*

1. Fa - ther in love, Watch-ing a - bove, Hear when thy children call,
2. Shield from all harm, Might - y thine arm, Wash all our guilt a - way,
3. Sweet is thy rest, Foes ne'er mo- lest, An - gels on wings of love

rit. *a tempo.*

Shield thou us all. Sweet peace im - part Fill ev - 'ry heart,
Cleanse us we pray. Dark though the night Thou art our light,
Sent from a - bove Vig - il shall keep, Guard o'er our sleep,

* CHORUS.

Safe in thy love we rest For - ev - er blest.
Keep us O King of kings Be- neath thy wings.
Joy - ous the heart shall be Which trusts in thee.
} Father, Fa-ther, naught from thy

mer- cy shall sev - er, Fa-ther, Fa- ther, guard us and guide for-ev - er, Blessings of

heav'n we share, Kept by a Father's care, Father, Father, hear thou thy children's pray'r.

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* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

No. 22. Keep the Foe Retreating.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Keep the foe re - treat- ing, Press with cour - age on, Till the might - y
2. Keep the foe re - treat- ing, Till their pow'r is stayed, He who fights for
3. Keep the foe re - treat- ing, Nev - er think to yield, Fol - low on to

con - flict, For the Lord is won! With a firm en - deav - or Watch and
Je - sus Shall not be dis - mayed, Let the gos - pel ban - ner, Bright-ly
vic - t'ry, O'er the bat - tle - field, With a firm en - deav - or, Watch and

fight and pray, True and loy - al ev - er, You shall win the day!
wave on high, Tell - ing out the sto - ry, "Vic - to - ry is nigh!"
fight and pray, True and loy - al ev - er, You shall win the day!

CHORUS.

Keep the foe re - treat - ing! Keep the foe re- treat- ing,

Till the might - y con - flict, For the Lord is won!

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Keep the Foe Retreating.—Concluded.

Keep the foe re - treat - ing! Keep the foe re - treat-ing,

Till the might - y con - flict For the Lord is won!

No. 23. More Than All is Jesus.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. There's many a bless - ing glad and sweet Which God hath scattered at my feet, They
2. The friends of earth may prove to be All I de - sire in loy - al - ty, And
3. Dear Sav - iour lead me t'ward my home Nor let my feet in dark-ness roam, Then

CHORUS.

help to make my joy complete, But more than all is Je- sus.
true suc-cess may come to me, But more than all is Je- sus.
I can say what-e'er may come, That more than all is Je- sus.
} More than all, more than all,

More than all is Je - sus, I'm glad to-day that I can say, More than all is Je- sus.

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No. 24. My Pilot is He.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Pi - lot me Sav-iour in sun - shine O - ver my life's tran- quil sea,
2. Pi - lot me Sav-iour when storm tossed When the wild billows shall roll,
3. Pi - lot me through the wild breakers Safe to the heav- en - ly shore,

True to the com-pass still hold - ing Safe in thy care I shall be.
Storms shall my bark nev - er shat - ter Thou canst the tem-pest con - trol.
Pi - lot me safe - ly to har - bor, When my life's voy-age is o'er.

CHORUS.

My pi - - - lot is he . . . . My pi - - - - lot is he . . . . . .
My pi - lot, my wonderful pi - lot is he, My pi - lot, my won-der - ful pi - lot is he.

Rit.

In sunshine or tem-pest he guides me, My pi - - - lot is he. . . . . .
My pi- lot, my won-der-ful pi - lot is he.

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No. 25. The Call of the Cross.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. The call of the cross in the land is heard, A-wake then, no long - er de - lay,
2. The call of the cross is the call of love, It speaks of the rich - es of grace,
3. The call of the cross is a world-wide call, It reach- es from sea un - to sea,

Go forth with the message, thy Master's word, Go seek for the lost to - day, Go
Who sent us his Son from the home a - bove To die in the sin-ner's place, To
'Tis ring-ing with glo - ri - ous news for all, With news that shall make men free, With

Chorus. *Unison.* *Harmony.*

seek for the lost to-day.
die in the sin-ners place.
news that shall make men free.
} The call of the cross, Gracious call of the cross, It is

1

ring-ing with cheer And it sounds far and near, The won- der - ful call of the cross,

2

ring-ing with cheer and it sounds far and near, The won- der - ful call of the cross.

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No. 26. The Yoke of Jesus.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the yoke of Je-sus is but light, And his burden ever sweet to bear, List the
2. O the yoke of Je-sus is but rest, And to toil for him is joy com - plete, Sad and
3. O the yoke of Je-sus is but joy, And his service ev-er-more is sweet, Ev- 'ry

voice of love which doth invite Heavy- lad-en ones his grace to share, For he's calling, gently
sinful souls by fear oppressed Lay your burdens at his wounded feet, For he's calling, gently
doubt and fear shall he destroy, And our hearts shall know his love complete, For he's calling, gently

CHORUS.

call - ing, Calling wea - ry souls to rest.
call - ing, Calling wea - ry souls to rest.
call - ing, Calling wea - ry souls to rest.
} For his yoke is ev - er eas - y, and his

bur - den light, And the sunshine of his presence makes the pathway bright, Trust-ing

ev - er, Doubt-ing nev-er, We will bear the yoke of Jesus all the way.
Trusting ev- er, Doubting never,

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No. 27. We're Enlisted in the Army.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. We're en- list - ed in the arm- y of the Lord of hosts, And his word ev- er our law shall be, In the con - flict that is rag - ing it shall lead us on
2. We're en- list - ed in the arm- y of a righteous cause That shall rise o- ver a world of sin, And the Bi - ble is our stand- ard, 'tis the word of God,
3. Tho' the foe be strong and mighty, right must conquer wrong, And the world's glorious song shall ring, And the heav - en shall re - ech - o with the voice of praise
4. Then the host no man can number shall take up the strain, Singing praise unto the King of kings, And the hearts of count- less mil - lions thrill a - new with joy,

To a sure, glo- ri- ous vic - to - ry.
By whose pow'r victory we shall win,
Sounding forth unto the mighty King.
That the last glo-ri-ous triumph brings.

Chorus.

We're en- list - - ed in the arm - y of the Lord, Our du - ty is just be- fore us; We the vic - to - ry shall win,

We're en-list-ed

We shall triumph o - ver sin, For the ban - ner of the Lord of hosts is o'er us.

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No. 28. Like a Mighty Army.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Like a might - y arm - y, 'Gainst the hosts of wrong, We are marching
2. Trust - ing our Command - er, On the bat - tle - field, We will nev - er
3. Soon, o'er all vic - to - rious, We shall conqu'rors prove; We shall win the

onward, Val-iant, brave and strong; Je - sus is our Captain, We his follow'rs true,
wa - ver Till the foe shall yield; Helmets of sal- va - tion, With the shield of faith,
bat - tle Thro' the pow'r of love; Then, with all the ransomed, Joy- ful we will sing;

CHORUS.

Fear - ing naught of all the wi - ly foe can do.
Faith- ful to each word our dear Commander saith.
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to our Sav - iour King!
Like . . . . . a mighty
Like a mighty ar - my,

ar - - my, With ban - - ners all unfurled,
Banners all unfurled, We march in sol - id ranks to conquer all the world;

In . . . . . the name of Je - sus We go to conquer all the world!
In the name of Je - sus we shall victors be,

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No. 29. The Stream of Mercy.

GRACE GORDON.
DUET.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a stream of mer - cy deep and wide, Flow-ing on! flow - ing on!
2. There's a stream of par - don full and free, Flow- ing on! flow - ing on!
3. There's a stream of grace and love di - vine, Flow- ing on! flow - ing on!

'Tis the stream of Cal-v'ry's crimson tide, Flow- ing on! flow - ing on!
And the blood of Je - sus is our plea, Flow- ing on! flow - ing on!
And its waves of glo - ry ev - er shine, Flow- ing on! flow - ing on!

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Flow, gent-ly flow, Bearing blessings of love un-bound- ed, Flow, flow for -

rit. *a tempo.*

ev - er, Par-don and peace to bring! Forth from the throne By the

an - gels sur-round-ed, Sweet stream of meas-ure-less mercy Flow on for aye!

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No. 30. With a Joyful Song.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. With a joy - ful song we will march a - long, In the path that the Sav- iour trod,
2. For the God a - bove is the Lord of love, And we trust to his ten- der care,
3. Then his man-date heed, let him on - ward lead, Counting gain of the earth as loss,

And we fear no foe as we for- ward go, T'ward the glo- ri- ous home of God,
Tho' the way be drear he is al - ways near, Ev - 'ry bur- den of life to bear,
Bear-ing grief and shame in the Mas-ter's name, And our glo - ry a - lone his cross!

:S:

Where the an - gels sing, And the glad harps ring And the won-ders of heav'n un- fold,
For his grace di - vine, On our path to shine As a bea - con to guide us on,
Let the ban - ners fly, In the clear blue sky Earth re-ech - oes our glad re - frain,

D. S.—For a crown a - waits At the pear - ly gates For the loy - al of heart and true,

FINE.

While the saints re - joice With a gladsome voice, As they walk on the streets of gold.
Let us for-ward go Conquerors here be - low, Till the bat - tles of life be won.
For our Lord shall come And will bear us home, Where as kings ev - er-more we'll reign.

With a joy - ful song Let us march a - long And our Lord shall our strength re-new.

CHORUS.

O praise him, O praise him, The glo - rious Lord of life,
O praise him, praise him,

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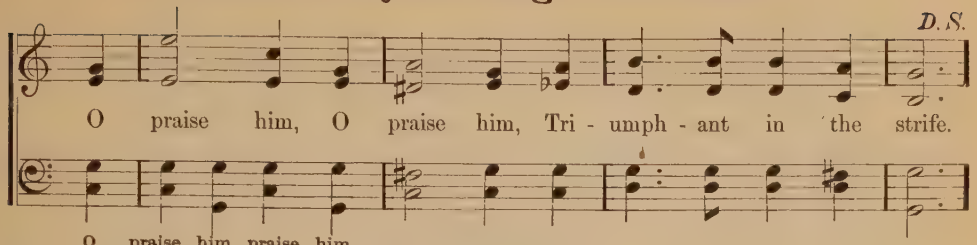
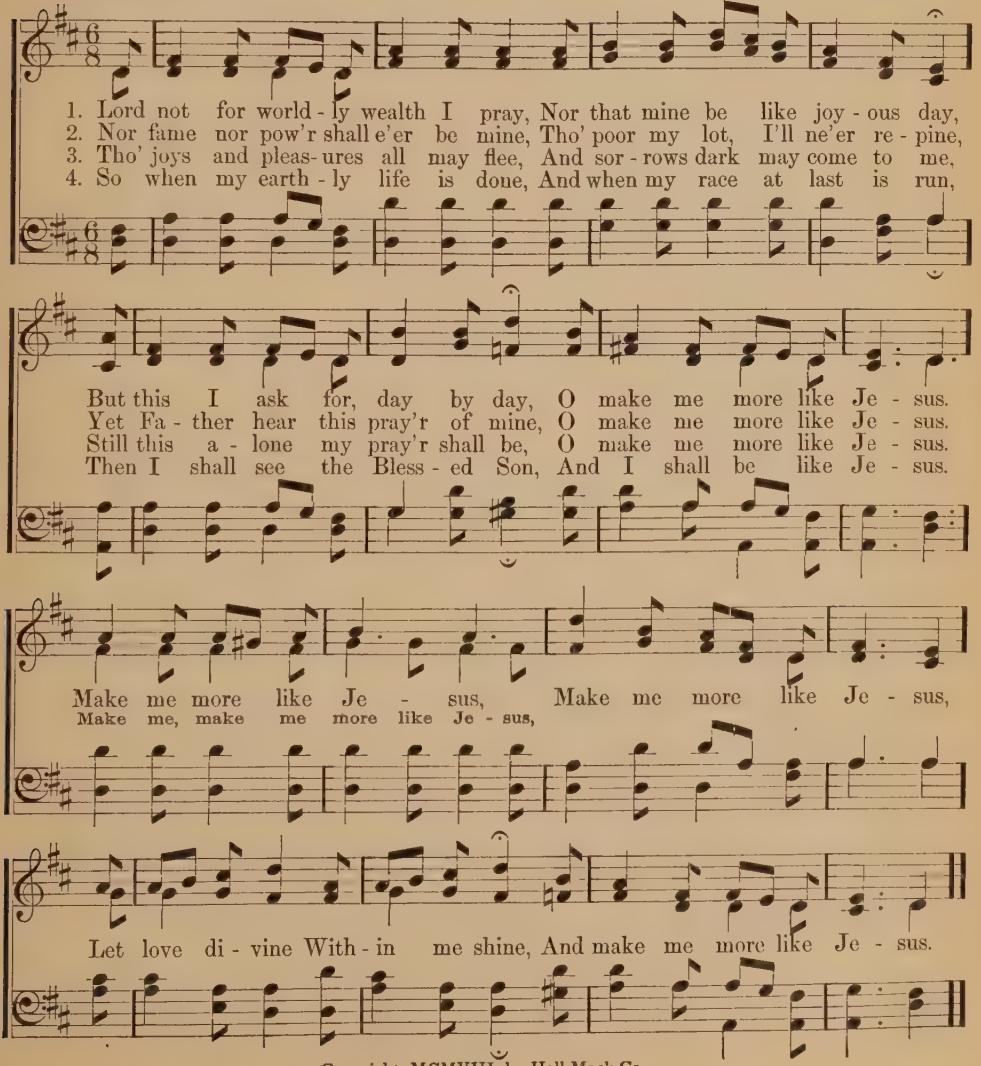
With a Joyful Song.—Concluded.



No. 31. My Prayer.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. AUSTIN MILES.



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No. 32. Sunshine.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. The sunshine I have found will fill each day with joy, And ev - 'ry moment sweetly
2. Look up and praise the Lord! The flowers need the rain That falls up-on them day by
3. But for the child of God there al-ways is a ray That struggles thro' the clouds a-
4. It is the light that shines, when Jesus speaks to me And tells me I am saved by

bless; The rays that gent - ly fall up - on my dai - ly path Are giv- en by the
day Just as our thirs- ty souls would seek the cool-ing springs If we were walking
bove; That shines a- cross his path and keeps his wav-'ring faith To rest se-cure- ly
grace; The sun-shine I have found is free to all who seek The sunshine of my

Chorus.

Sun of Righteousness.
in a des- ert way.
in a Father's love.
blessed Sav-iour's face,
} So if the sky is dark and if the day is dreary The

sun is shin- ing somewhere this I know, I know, And so to keep my heart from

ev - er growing wea-ry, I'll car- ry my sunshine with me ev - 'ry-where I go.

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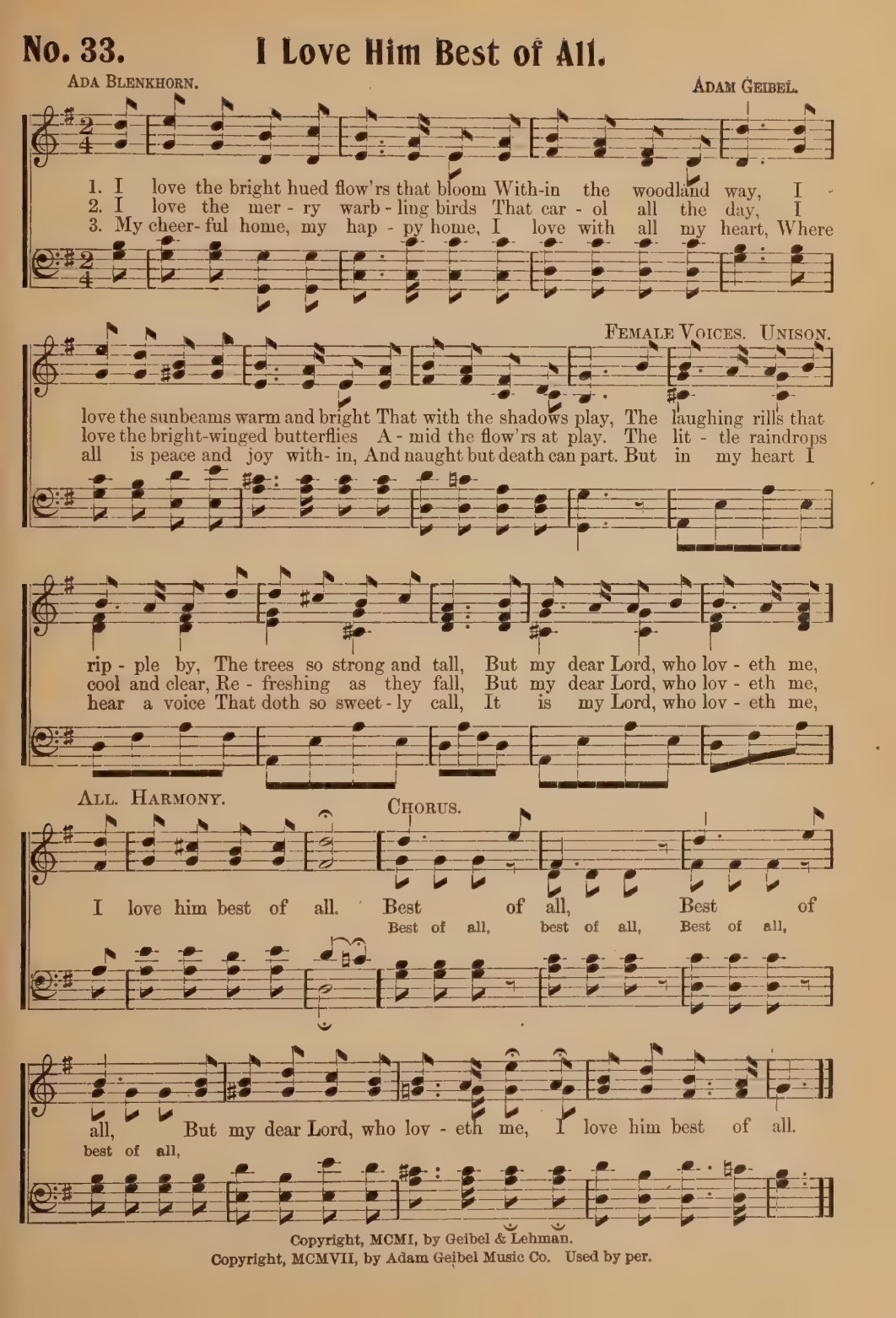
No. 33. I Love Him Best of All.



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No. 34. Day by Day.

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Joy our path shall cheer, For our Lord is near, Ev - 'ry day, All the way,
2. When oppressed by care, He will burdéns bear, Ev - 'ry day, All the way,
3. Till our crown be won, He shall lead us on, Ev - 'ry day, All the way,

Ev-'ry day, All the way,

And his love di - vine, Shall up- on us shine, Ev -'ry day, All the way.
Grief shall ne'er distress, He is near to bless, Ev -'ry day, All the way.
By his hand of love, Guide to realms a - bove, Ev -'ry day, All the way.

Ev-'ry day, All the way.

When the storms of sor - row 'round us sweep, And the clouds o'er-spread the sky,
For his might- y arm shall e'er up- hold, He will guard us by his pow'r,
Though the way be dark and tem - pests rage, We will fear no clouds nor storm,

BOYS. *Melody.*

GIRLS.

He the trust - ing soul shall safe - ly keep, To his own he's al - ways nigh.
And his sav - ing grace shall be on high, In the midst of tri - al's hour.
For the Lord who guides our pil - grim- age, Will his prom- ise e'er per - form.

CHORUS.

O the words so blest, Bring-ing peace and rest, Ev - 'ry day,

Ev - 'ry day,

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Day by Day.—Concluded.

All the way, Till in heav'n we sing, Praise to Christ our King,

All the way,

Ev - 'ry day he will lead us on, Ev - 'ry day, All the way.

No. 35. Coming Home.

A. W. S. ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.

Sing with tender expression.

1. Out in the des - ert Lord, I have wandered, Wandered a - way from thee,
2. Out in the des - ert, wea - ry and faint - ing, Long - ing for friends and home,
3. In - to the des - ert, O what a Sav - iour! Je - sus the Shep-herd came,
4. Out from the des - ert, Je - sus has brought me In - to his light and love:
5. Je - sus is wait - ing, wait - ing to save you, Make you an heir of grace,

Now I am com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, O - pen thine arms to me.
A voice came pleading, pleading, plead - ing, "Wan - der - ing child, come home."
Came to me dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing, Dy - ing in sin and shame
Now I am trust - ing, trust - ing, trust - ing, Seek - ing my home a - bove.
Soon you shall see him, see him, see him, Gaze at him face to face.

p CHORUS. *rit.* *repeat pp*

Com - ing, com - ing, com - ing home, Com - ing, com - ing, Lord I come.

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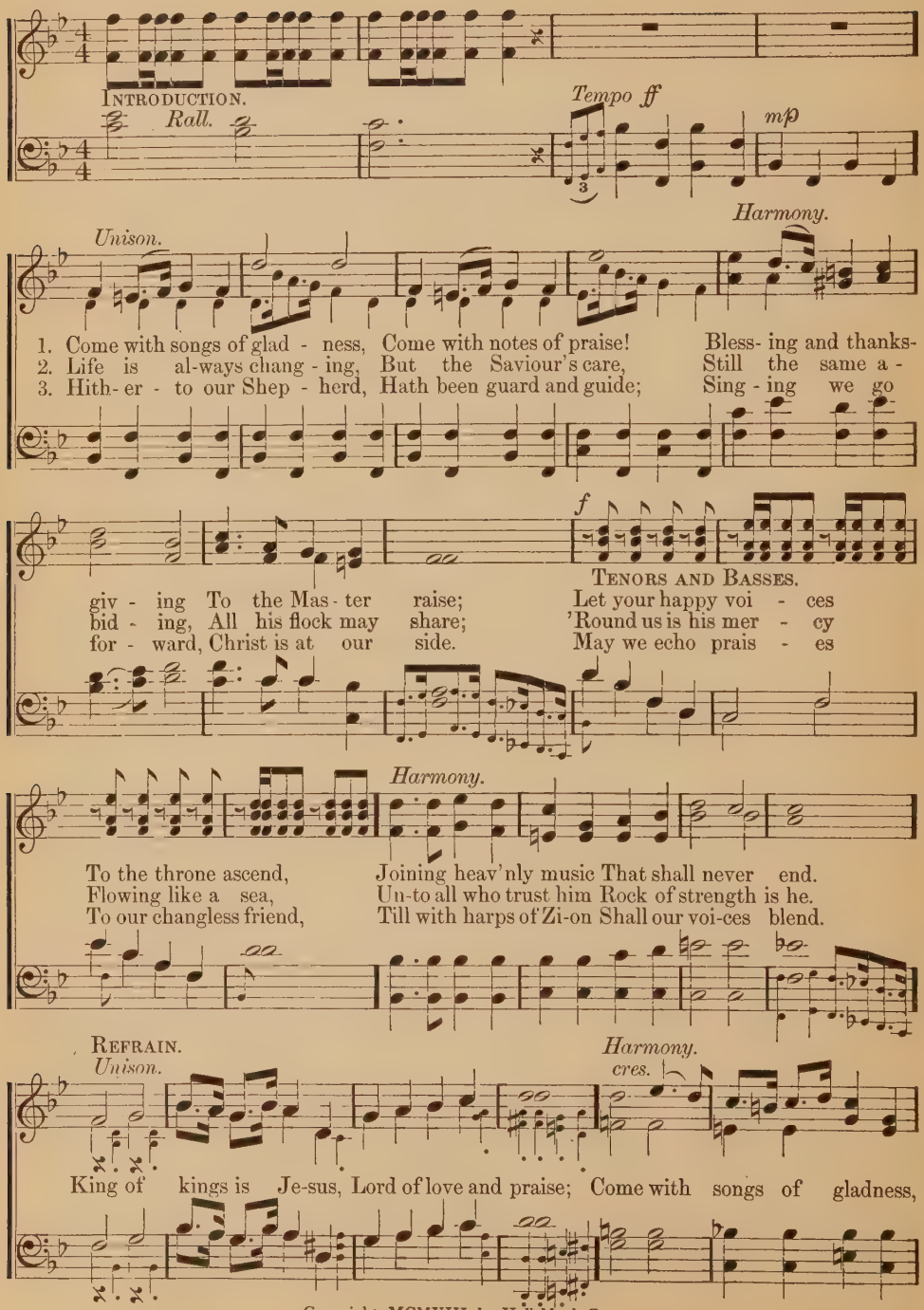
No. 36. Come With Songs.

M. S. Haycraft. J. S. Warburton.



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Come With Songs.—Concluded.

Unison.

Come be- fore his face, Pray'r with praise we min - gle, As our voice we

Harmony. *Unison.*

raise; Lord grant that faith - ful ser - vice Crowd our fu - ture days.

rall.

No. 37. Christ Needs Me.

T. M. EASTWOOD. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. A ser- vant of the Lord am I A work-er for the king, I must go forth at
2. This world is full of brok-en hearts And cries for help in vain, O may I go with
3. Down in the depths of sin and woe, Souls perish sad and lone, Lord give me strength to
4. When in the days a-gone, my Lord Gave up his life for me, He taught me at the
5. O may I nev - er live to self Nor e'er forget Christ's call, He bids me serve my

CHORUS.

his command And oth-ers to him bring.
heal- ing balm To soothe its hurt and pain.
lend them aid, Help lift them to thy throne.
cru - el cross, A sac - ri - fice to be.
fel - low men With love and strength to all.

} Christ needs me, Christ needs me, He needs me

ev -'ry-where, 'Tis a world of sin I am liv - ing in, Christ needs me ev'ry-where.

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No. 38. Work On.

E. E. Hewitt. C. Austin Miles.

All the Girls, or Solo.

1. Be ye not wea - ry in serv- ing your King, Work on, work on;
2. Care for the loved ones, your neighbors and friends, Work on, work on;
3. Fail not to think of the wand'rers a - far, Work on, work on;
4. On- ward, be- liev - ing, he work- eth with you, Work on, work on;

Some lov - ing trib - ute be ea - ger to bring, Work on, work on.
Trust- ful - ly, pray'r-ful - ly, go where he sends, Work on, work on.
Till ev - 'rywhere shines the bright Morning Star, Work on, work on.
Pow'r will be giv - en his bid - ding to do, Work on, work on.

Refrain.

Tell of the Sav- iour, who seeketh to save; Tell of the ran- som he gave;

Look up for or - ders, be loy - al and brave, Work on, work on.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is com - ing Un - der the sun- set skies; While their bright tints are

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Work On.—Concluded.

sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows bright - er,
la - bor; Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute
glow - ing, Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth—

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com- ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com- ing, When man works no more.
Fad - eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

No. 39. Set Up Your Banners.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. M. H. MUNFORD.

1. In the midst of op - po - si - tion, Are you called to stand alone? In his name set up your
2. Do not tremble in the bat - tle, He has pledged his word to save; Set your banners up for
3. In the name that always conquers, Fall in line with joyful song; Raise your banners, onward

CHORUS.

ban-ner, He will sure-ly keep his own.
Je - sus, Grace he gives un- to the brave.
sol-diers, Trust in God, in him be strong.
} On- ly cowards fold their standards, Fear not,

God will make you strong; In his name set up your banner, Shout with joy the victor's song.

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No. 40. Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of His fold; Dear is the love that He
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of His fold; Some from the pastures are
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine." Dear are the sheep that have
4. Green are the pastures inviting, Sweet are the waters and "still;" Lord, we will answer thee

gives them, Dearer than silver or gold. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are His
stray - ing, Hungry and helpless and cold. See, the good Shepherd is seeking, Seeking the
wan - dered Out in the desert to pine. Hark! He is earnestly call - ing, Tenderly
glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will! Make us Thy true under-shepherds, Give us a

"oth - er" lost sheep; Over the mountains he fol- lows, O-ver the waters so deep.
lambs that are lost; Bringing them in with rejoic - ing; Saved at such infinite cost.
pleading to - day; "Will you not seek for My lost ones, Off from my shelter astray?"
love that is deep; Send us out in- to the des - ert Seeking Thy wandering sheep."

CHORUS. *poco rit.*

Out in the des - ert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

f a tempo.

Off to the res - cue { He hast - ens, } Bringing them back to the fold.
(*4th verse.*) { we'll hast - en, }

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No. 41. Home to the Morning Land.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. On! to the golden por- tals, On, to the realms of love, Life ev - er-more im-mor - tal,
2. On! to the throne of glo - ry, On, to the tide-less sea, Soon we shall tell the sto - ry,
3. Glories of heav'n unfolding, Won'ring our eye shall greet, Lov'd ones again be-hold - ing,

Waits in the home a- bove, Sweetly the harps are ringing, Raptured, the ransomed stand,
Ev - er from sin set free, An- gels their praises voicing, Thronging on ev - 'ry hand,
Joy, ev - er-more complete, Forward in a - dor - a- tion, Led by a Father's hand,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Forward we press with singing, Home to the morning land!
Onward we haste re - joic - ing, Home to the morning land!
Onward with ex - ul - ta - tion, Home to the morning land!
On, on to - day,

He leads the way, Bright on our path gleams hope's triumphant ray,

Parts.

Onward with song, Valiant and strong, Till we shall praise him with the blood-bought throng.

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No. 42. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so - e'er you go, Someone is looking to you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Someone is
2. Someone is grop - ing his way to God, Someone is looking to you! Fol - low - ing on where your feet have trod, Someone is
3. Someone your coun - sel will sure - ly take, Someone is looking to you! And by your life his de - cis - ion make, Someone is
4. Someone has al - most ac - cept - ed him, Someone is looking to you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Someone is

Chorus.

look-ing to you. Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

Let your light shine the dark - ness through, O be faith - ful, and

loy - al, and true, For someone is look - ing to you.

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No. 43. Unfurl the Banner.

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Un - furl the ban - ner, let it wave A - bove the land and sea, Till
2. Un - furl the ban - ner, let it wave Till lands in dark - ness now Shall
3. Un - furl the ban - ner, let it wave Where-ev - er man is found, Till

all the world its folds shall know And who be - hold, are free. Un - furl the
own the Lord as Sov'reign King. And at his feet shall bow. Till all the
ech - oes of the gos - pel truth Shall o'er the world re - sound. Then in the

crim- son cross of Christ, The sign of him who died, The ban - ner of the
heath-en tribe of men Shall know his sav- ing grace, And ev - 'ry land and
man-sions of the blest Be - yond the bounds of grave The heav'n - ly cho - rus

Chorus.

Ris - en One Who o- pened heav-en wide.
ev - 'ry clime Shall be his dwelling place.
loud shall ring And still the ban ner wave.
} Un- furl the ban- ner let it wave A -

bove the land and sea; Till all the world its pow'r shall know And his salvation see.

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No. 44. Does Jesus Care?

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF. ROBERT HARKNESS.

Slowly.

1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some tempta- tion strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows wea-ry and long?
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

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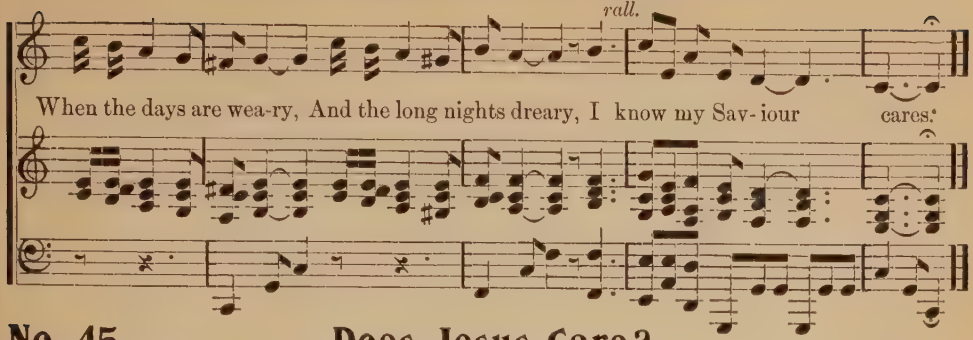
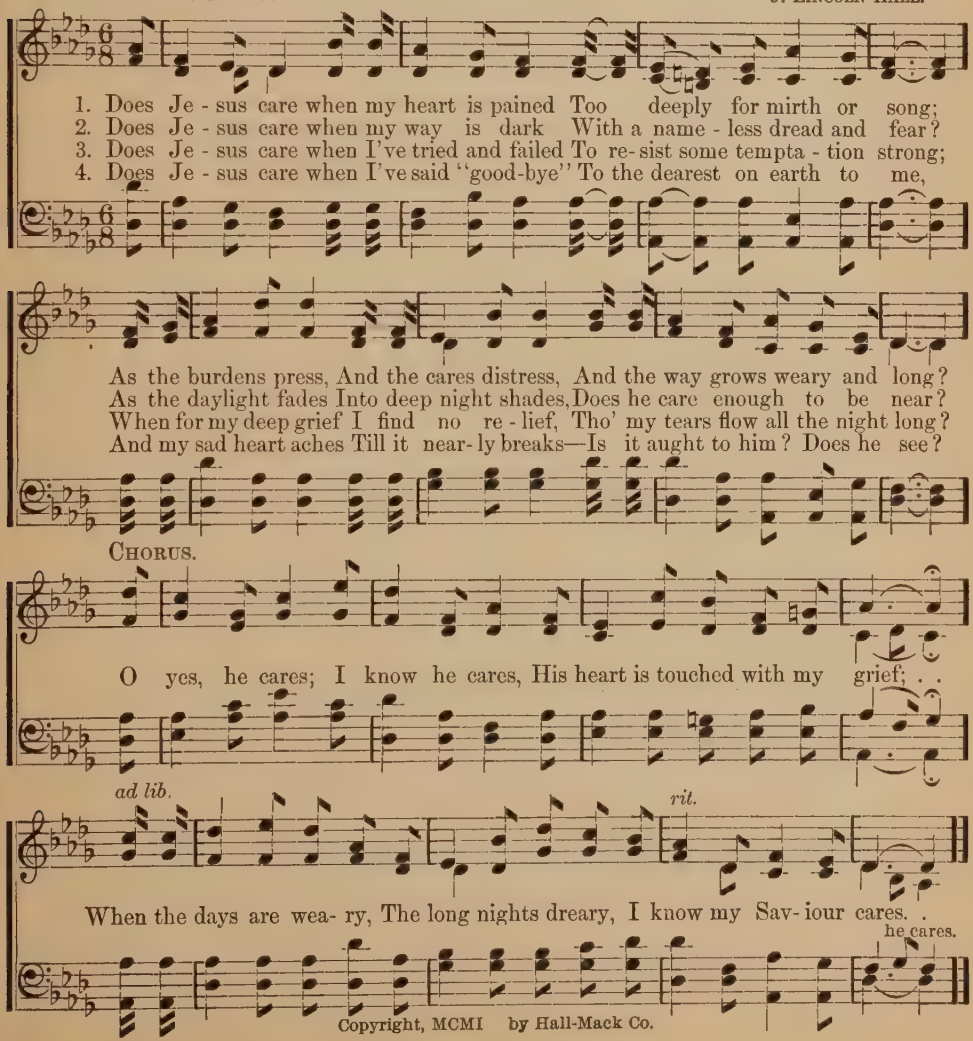
Does Jesus Care?—Concluded.



No. 45. Does Jesus Care?

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.



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No. 46. There Is a Friend.

K. Robertson. T. Edwin Solly.

Tranquillo con espressivo.

1. There is a Friend, . . a faithful Friend, . Whose tender heart can feel
2. There is a Friend, . . a loving Friend, . Who never will for - sake
3. O loving Friend, . . O faithful Friend, . Whom, yet unseen, we love;

Each joy we know, . . each bit-ter woe; . . . Who all our grief can heal;
Tho' others fail, . . . when foes as-sail . . . And storms of sor - row break;
Still lead us on, . . . till toils are done, . . To dwell with thee a - bove.

Male Voices only.

Whose presence calms . . . when fear alarms; Who leads . . . us, day by
Yet, tried and true, . . . he bears us through; On him . . . we may de-
We need thy pow'r . . . in tri-al's hour; By thee . . . we o - ver-

day: For - ev - er near our prayer to hear And guide us lest we stray.
pend. He knows each heart, and naught can part From him, our faithful Friend.
come; So guide, uphold, till we behold Our ev-er-last - ing home.

Refrain. (Female Voices sing upper part, Male Voices lower part.)

O lov- ing Friend, O precious Friend, Still keep . . us at thy side; . .

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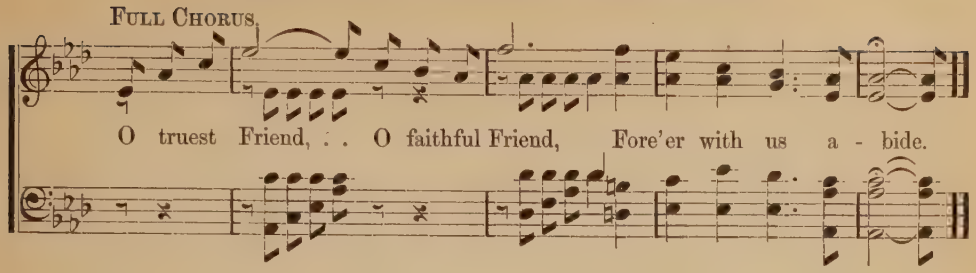
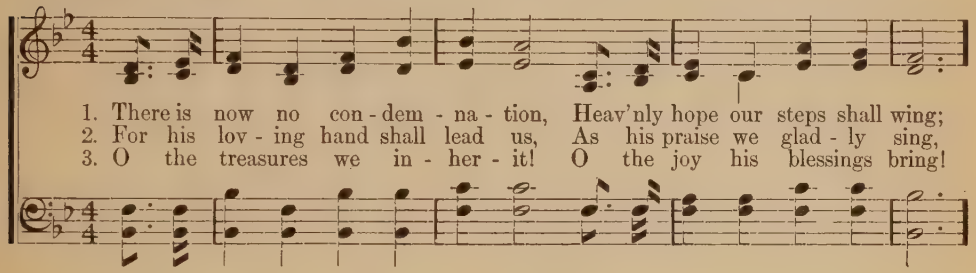
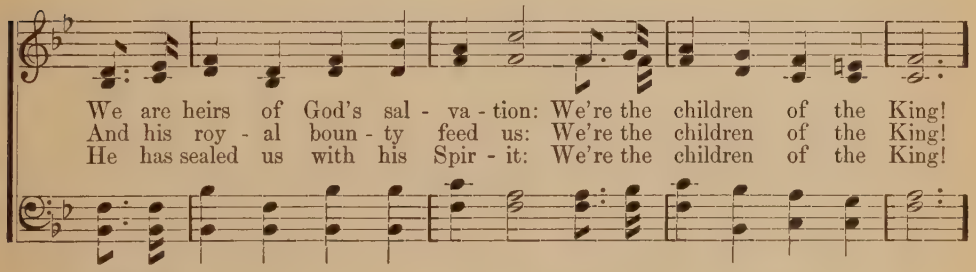
There Is a Friend.—Concluded.

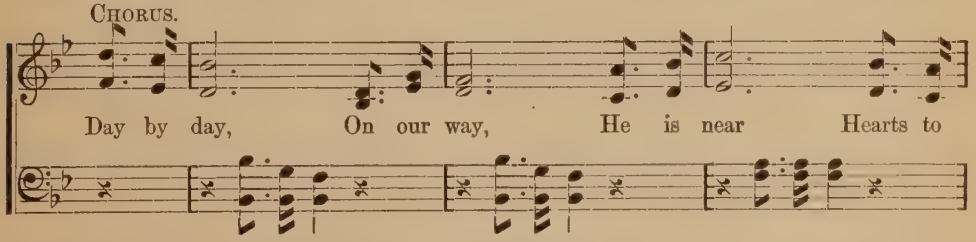


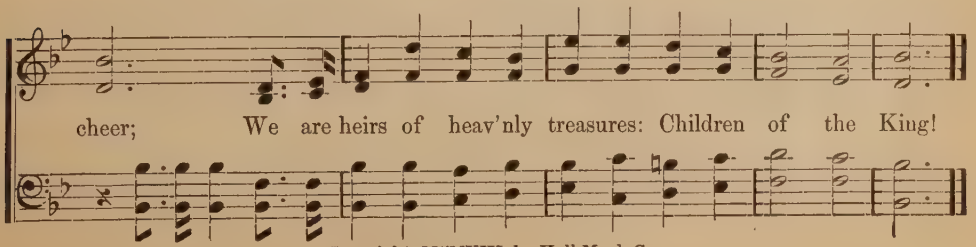
No. 47. Children of the King.

Gertrude E. Lewis. E. Alonzo Cassellbery.









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No. 48. March of the Christian Soldiers.

(Introducing the Chorus of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Onward Christian Soldiers.")

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

f

1. Forward press, O sol - diers true, Christ the Lord shall lead the way;
2. Forward press, the trumpet calls; Hark! Its notes, so loud and clear,
3. Forward press, for an - gel hosts, Gaz - ing down from heights a- bove,

For his sake count all as lost, His commands o - bey.
Bid us to the bat - tle haste, Vic - to - ry is near.
Wait to crown us in that home Where is light and love;

In his name we'll on - ward go, Triumph soon o'er ev - 'ry foe,
In the strength of Christ be strong, Marching on with glad - some song,
Then, while they from heav'n look down, Onward, there to gain our crown,

ff CHORUS.

With the cross of Je- sus Go - ing on be- fore. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on before.

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No. 49. Lo, the Signals Flying!

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Lo, the sig - nals fly - ing O - ver land and sea; Tell of hope un - dy - ing,
2. Lo, the sig - nals fly - ing Dauntless courage bring; Dan - gers all de - fy - ing,
3. Lo, the sig - nals fly - ing Tell of triumph's hour; On our God re - ly - ing,

Sig - - - - nals, sig - - - - nals,

Her - ald vic - to - ry Bid us still re - joic - ing, For-ward press to - day,
Bat - tle for our King! Soon comes rest im - mor- tal, Peace, for war and strife,
We may claim his pow'r, We shall come vic - to- rious, Hearts with love a - flame

Sig - - - - nals, sig - - - - nals,

sig - - - - nals.*

CHORUS.

Glad ho-san- nas voic-ing, Fight to win the day.
Death is but the por- tal Of e - ter - nal life.
To our mansions glorious Con-q'rors thro' his name.

Sig - nals, sig - nals,
Signals are flying, signals are flying,

sig - - - nals.

bid us forward go, All un-daunt - ed sin to o- ver-throw, Sig - nals,
bid us forward, forward go, Go all undaunted, go all undaunted, sin to overthrow, o'erthrow, Signals are flying,

sig - nals, to the breeze unfurled, Still let us o-bey, conq'ring for Christ the world.
signals are flying.

* A few selected female voices may sing small notes, while rest of female voices sing melody.

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No. 50. Where His Voice is Guiding.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hark, 'tis the Master! He's calling you to-day, Follow where his voice is guid - ing;
2. New fields of blessing will o - pen to your view, Follow where his voice is guid - ing;
3. What tho' temptations may beckon you aside? Follow where his voice is guid - ing;

Look for his footprints along the heav'nward way, Follow where his voice is guid - ing.
Seek - ing his Spir - it, your dai - ly strength renew, Follow where his voice is guid - ing.
Un - der his ban - ner, in loy - al - ty a - bide, Follow where his voice is guid - ing.

He, . . . who lives for - ev - er - more, Trod . . . this earthly path be - fore,
Press - - ing onward, glad and free, Sweet - - er will his ser - vice be,
Though . the way seem hard and long, Faith . . will sing her cheer - y song;

Knows . its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
Rich - - er his rewards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
Soon . . we'll lay the bur - dens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

Chorus.

Follow, fol - low where his voice is guiding, Follow, fol - low where his voice is
Fol - - low where his voice is guid - ing, Fol - - low where his voice is

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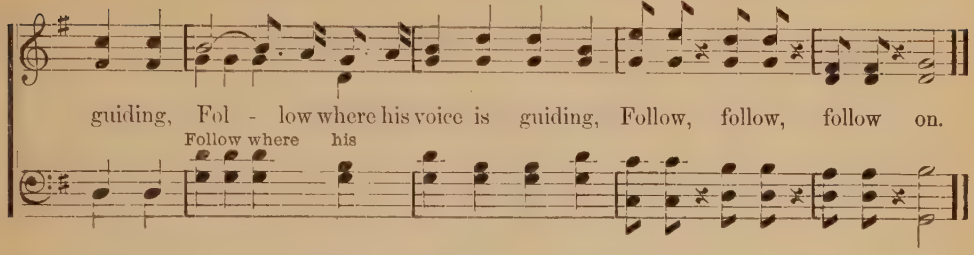
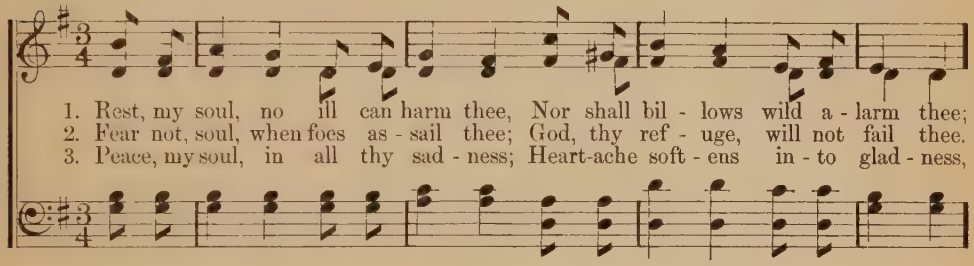
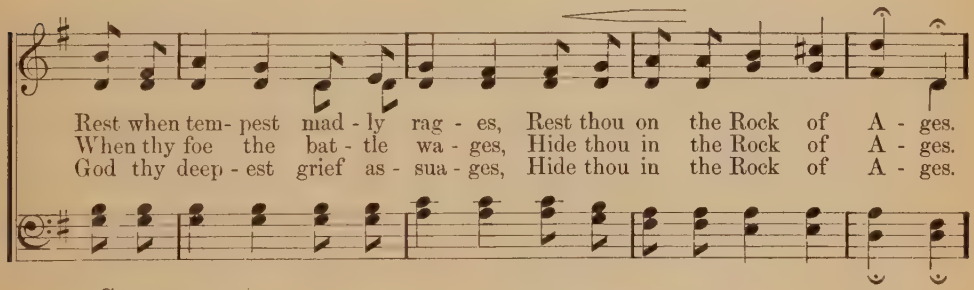
Where His Voice is Guiding.—Concluded.



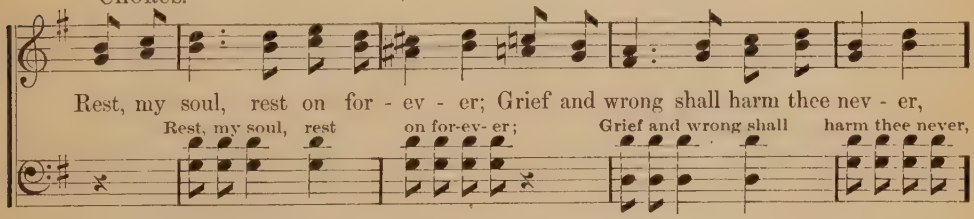
No. 51. Blessed Rock of Ages.

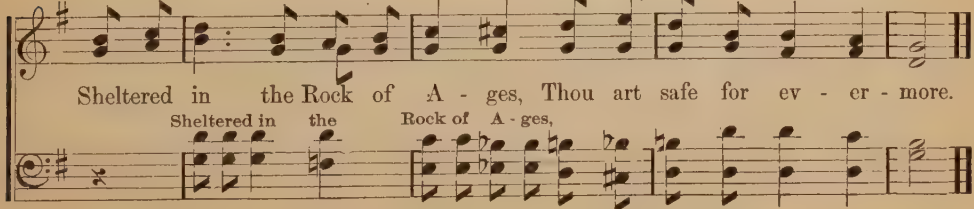
W. C. Martin. C. Austin Miles.





Chorus.





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No. 52. The Trumpet Calls to Triumph.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The trumpet calls to triumph, a glorious vict'ry waits; The angel host are watching be-
2. The trumpet calls to triumph, O let the watchword ring; Then onward with rejoic- ing in
3. The trumpet calls to triumph, tho' foes be fierce and strong; And we, in realms of glory, shall

side the pearly gates. March on, with hearts exult- ing, count gain of earth as dross; The
Christ, the conqu'ring King! March on, with faith and fervor, ne'er fearing pain or loss; The
sing the victor's song. O brief shall be the bat - tle, we ne'er can suffer loss; The

CHORUS.

trumpet calls to triumph 'neath the banner of the cross! The trumpet calls,

the trumpet calls; Press on with gladness, fearing neither

pain nor loss. The trumpet calls, the trum - pet

nor loss.

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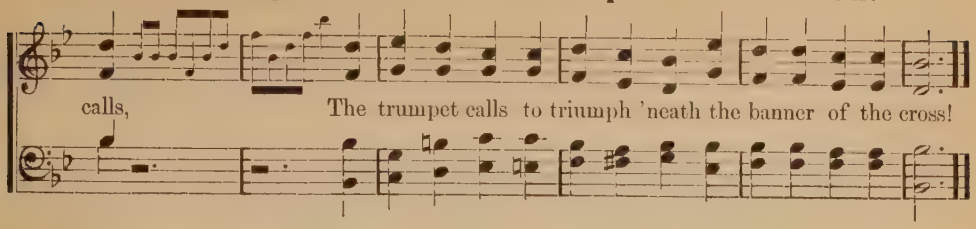
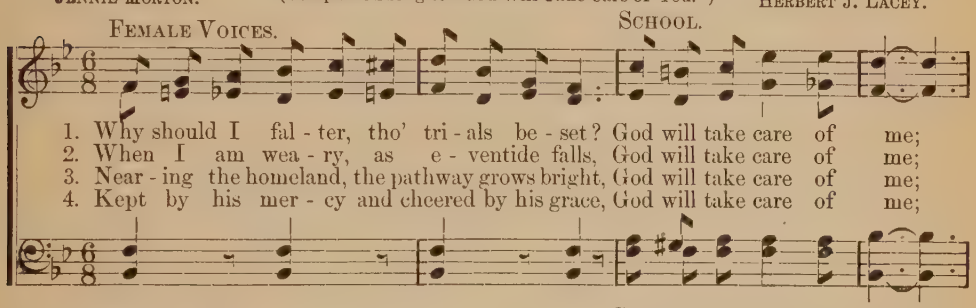
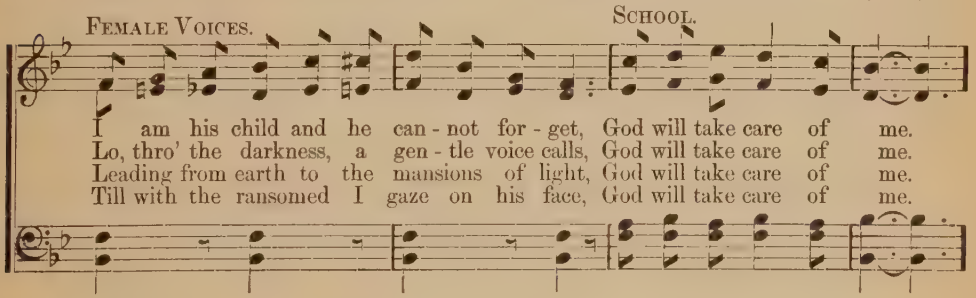
The Trumpet Calls to Triumph.—Concluded.

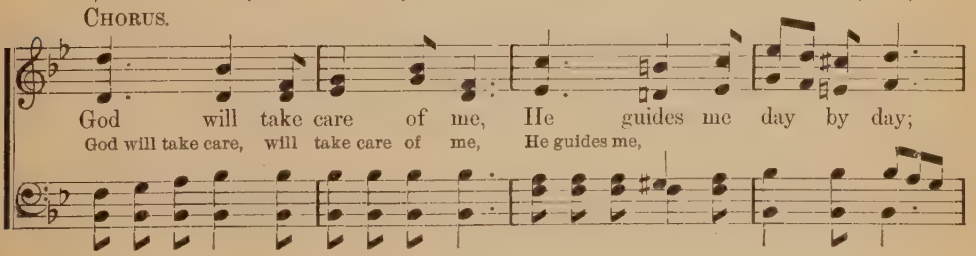


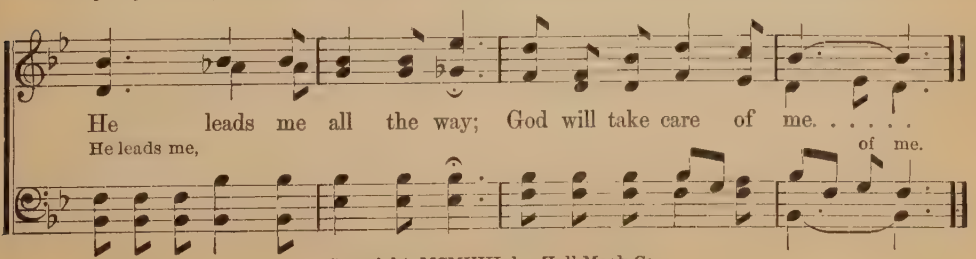
No. 53. God Will Take Care of Me.

JENNIE MORTON. (Companion song to "God Will Take Care of You.") HERBERT J. LACEY.









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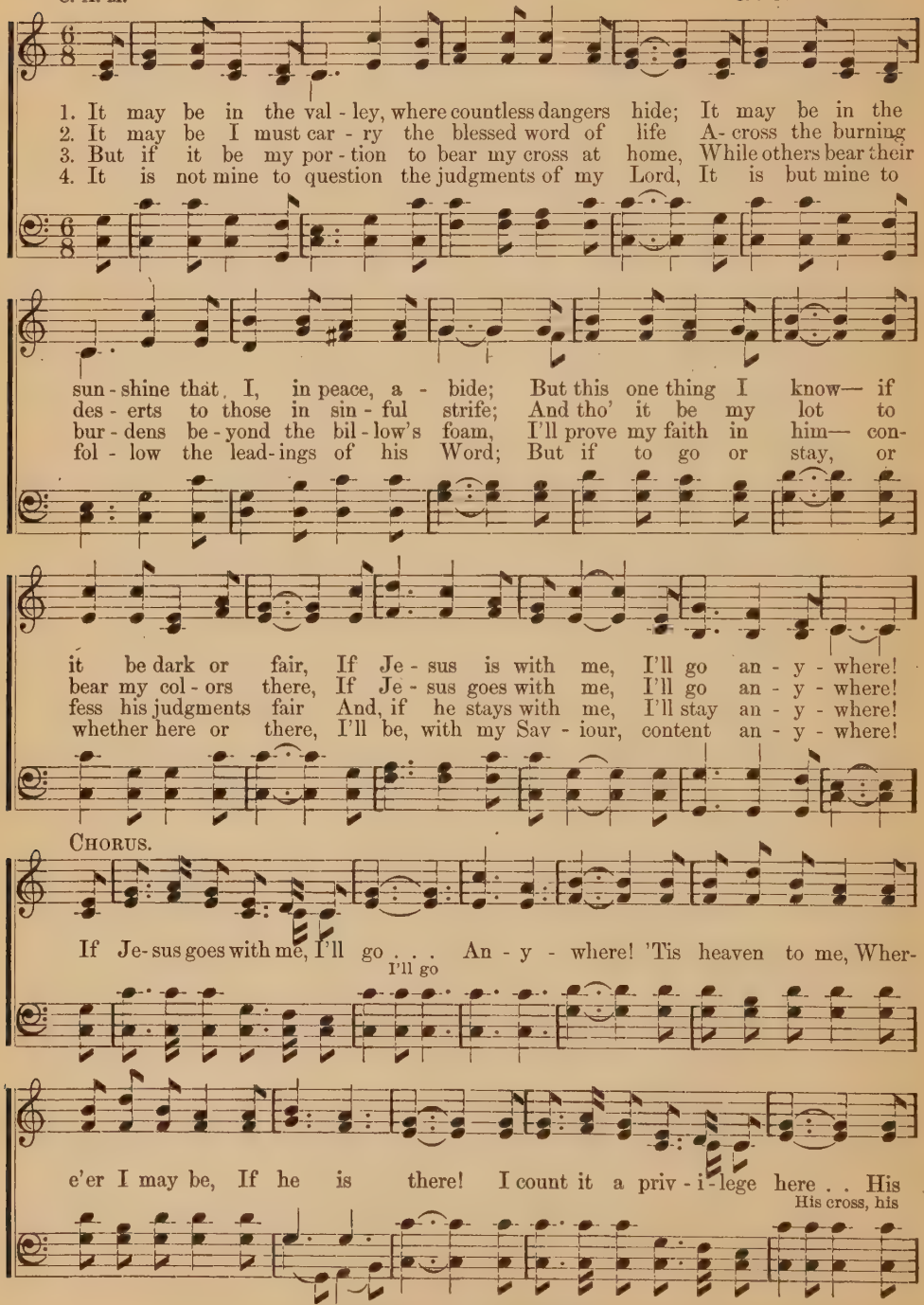
No. 54. If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.



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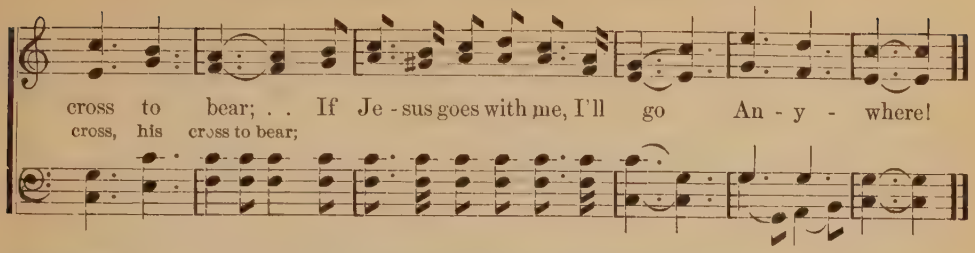
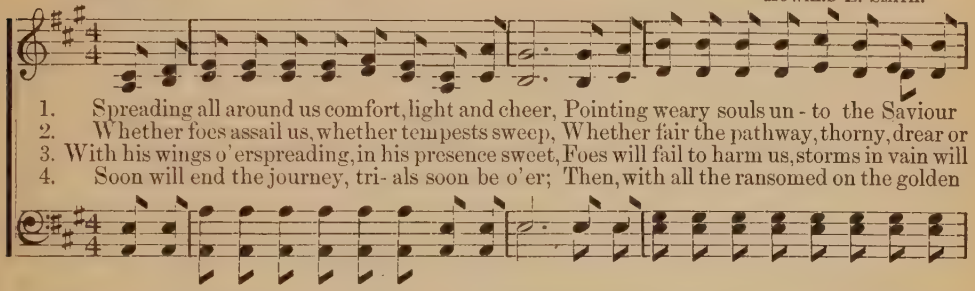
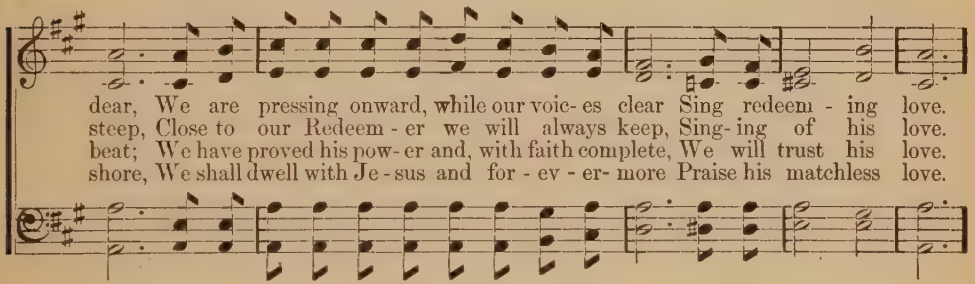


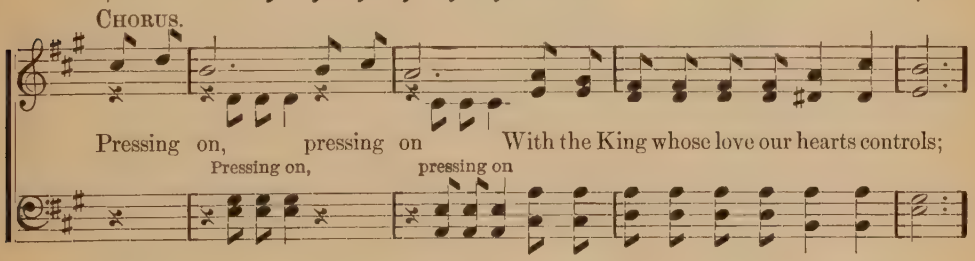
No. 55. Pressing On With the Saviour.

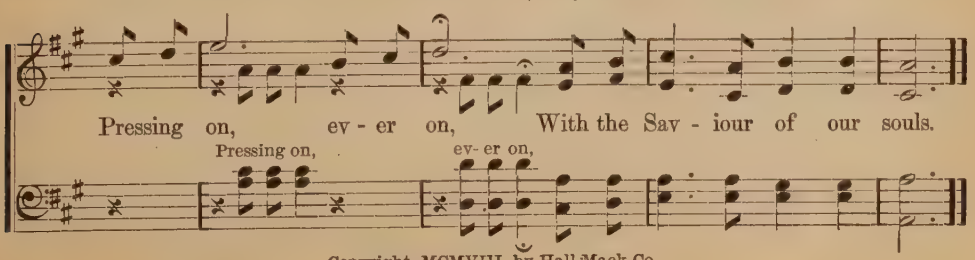
JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.





CHORUS.





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No. 56. Exalt Him, Ye Nations.

A. A. Payn. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Let ev - 'ry tribe and na- tion Rejoice! Rejoice! In Christ, who brings sal-
2. Let ev - 'ry voice be ringing, Rejoice! Rejoice! In thankfulness be
3. His word can break sin's power, Rejoice! Rejoice! So, hail this glorious

Girls.

va - tion Re - joice! Re - joice! "Lift high his roy - al ban - ner," Let
singing, Re - joice! Re - joice! He, born for our re - demption, Shall
hour, Re - joice! Re - joice! In high - er, ho - lier liv - ing, Let

All.

ev - 'ry heart rejoice, Now sing a - loud ho - san- na, Rejoice! Rejoice!
take our sin a - way. In Christ, who brings sal-vation, Rejoice! Rejoice!
ev - 'ry life be found; With all in gladness giv - ing, Rejoice! Rejoice!

Chorus. Girls.

Melody. Boys.

Ex - alt him, O ye nations, Who rules and reigns supreme! Let his re - deeming

All.

pow - er Be all your hope and theme, Till thro' the world's dark regions This

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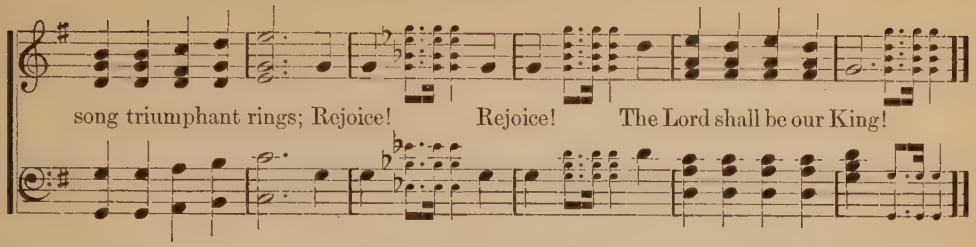
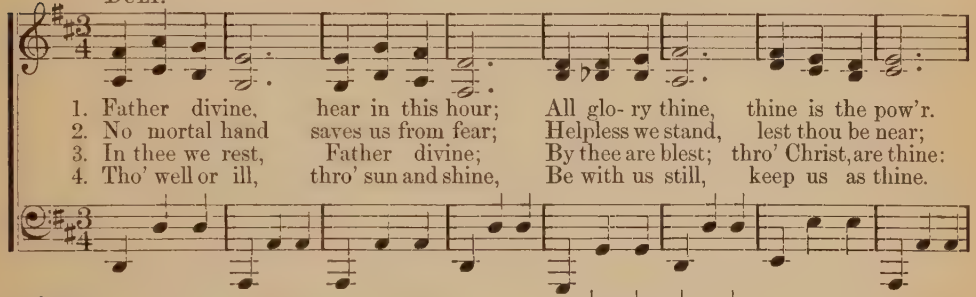
Exalt Him, Ye Nations.—Concluded.

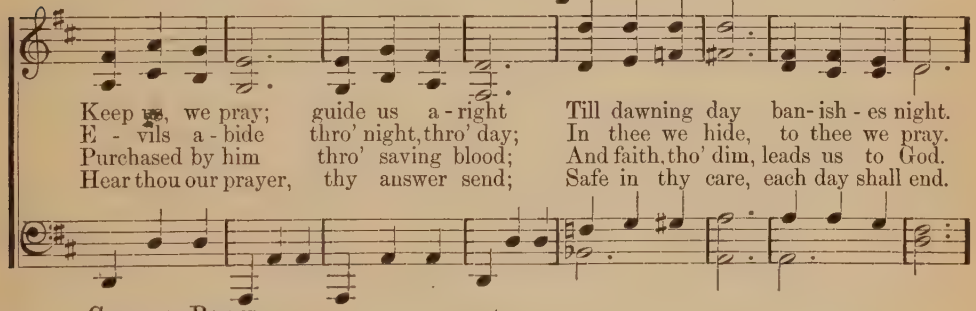


No. 57. Keep Us, Father.

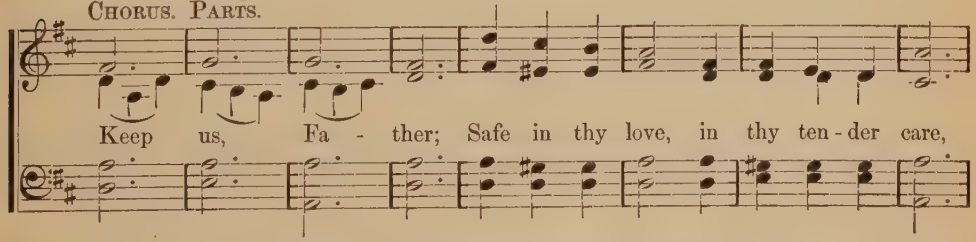
A. A. Payn. J. Lincoln Hall.

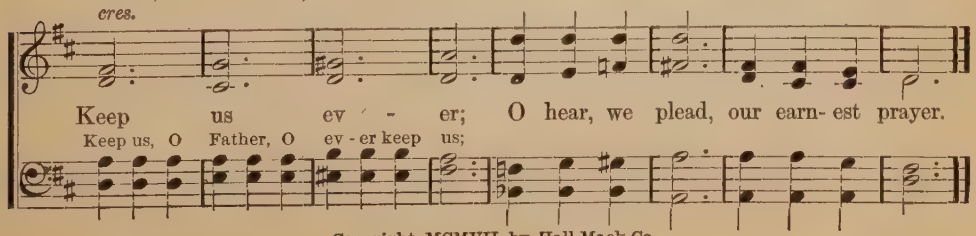
Duet.





Chorus. Parts.





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No. 58. Rose of Sharon.

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET, *or all the girls.*

1. Bloom in my heart to - day, Sweet Rose of Sha - ron, Blos - som in bright ar - ray, Sweet Rose of Sha - ron, Shed- ding thy sweet per-fume,
2. Bloom with thy ten - der grace, Sweet Rose of Sha - ron, Where was a des - ert waste, Sweet Rose of Sha - ron, Sun - light of Je - sus' love,
3. Bloom in the thorn- y ground, Sweet Rose of Sha - ron, Tares shall no more a - bound, Sweet Rose of Sha - ron, Fill all my heart with light,

Ban - ish-ing grief and gloom, Find in my heart thy room, Sweet Rose of Sha- ron.
Peace as a heav'nly dove, Bring me from heav'n a- bove, Sweet Rose of Sha- ron.
Drive out the shades of night, Naught can thy beau- ty blight, Sweet Rose of Sha- ron.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, sweet Rose of Sha- ron that blooms so fair, Je - sus, wondrous thy mer-cy be-yond com - pare, Je - sus, boundless the blessings thy children share,

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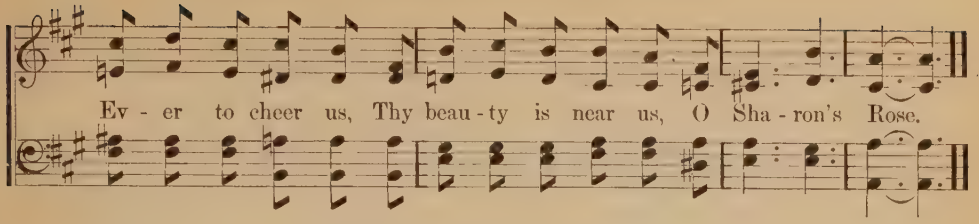
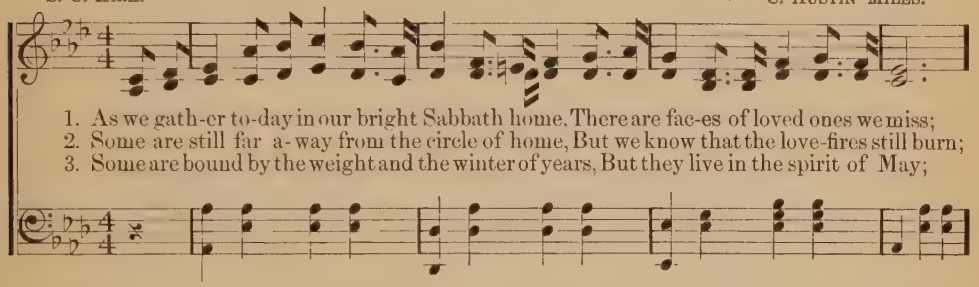
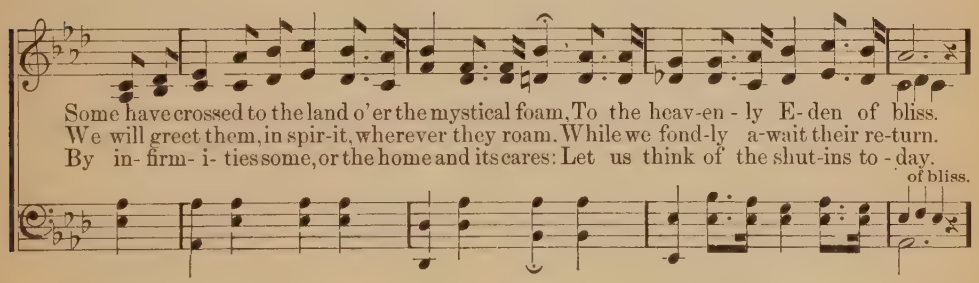


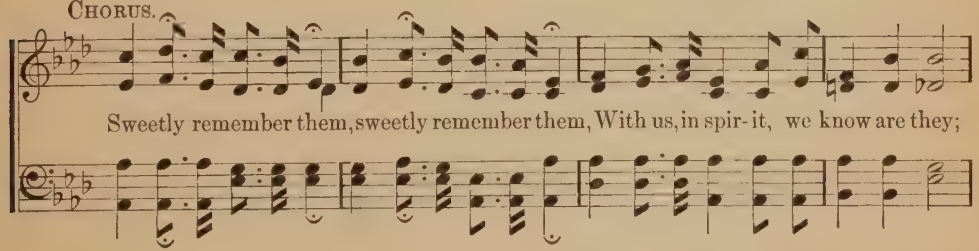
No. 59. Our Absent Ones.

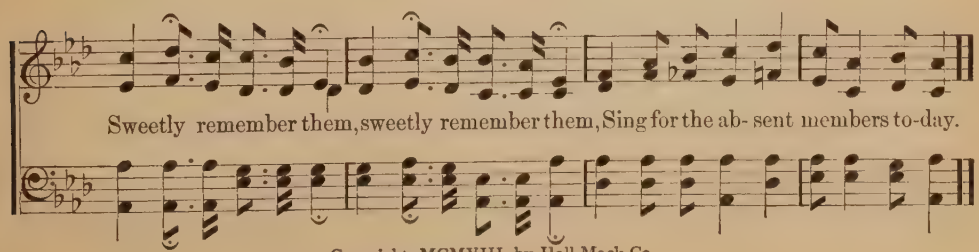
S. C. Kirk. C. Austin Miles.





Chorus.





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No. 60. Launch Away the Life-Boat.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Launch a - way the life-boat, tho' the waves are roll - ing high; Far a- cross the
2 Launch a - way the life-boat, nev - er fear the roll - ing foam; Bring the souls in
3. Launch a - way the life-boat, for the Lord of Gal - i - lee Still can calm the

bil - lows comes a bit - ter, anguished cry! Shipwrecked souls are sink- ing; to the
per - il to the harbor's rest and home. Hast - en, then, to save them, lest they
bil - lows of the rag - ing, rest - less sea; O'er the storm - y o - cean is his

rit.

res - cue while you may, Fear- ing not the tempest, launch a - way, launch a - way!
per - ish soon for aye; Lis - ten to their pleading! Launch a - way, launch a - way!
strong and mighty sway; He will ev - er guard you, launch a - way, launch a - way!

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Launch a - way! Launch a - way! Heed the call that comes to-
Launch a- way! Launch a- way!

Slower.

day; Haste the dy - ing souls to save, Far a - cross the o - cean
Launch away! Launch away!

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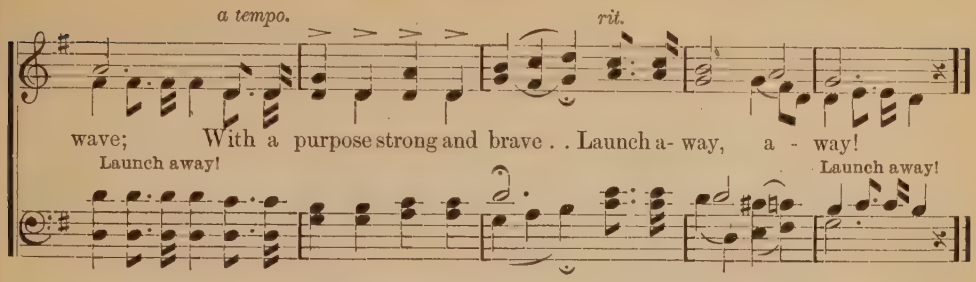
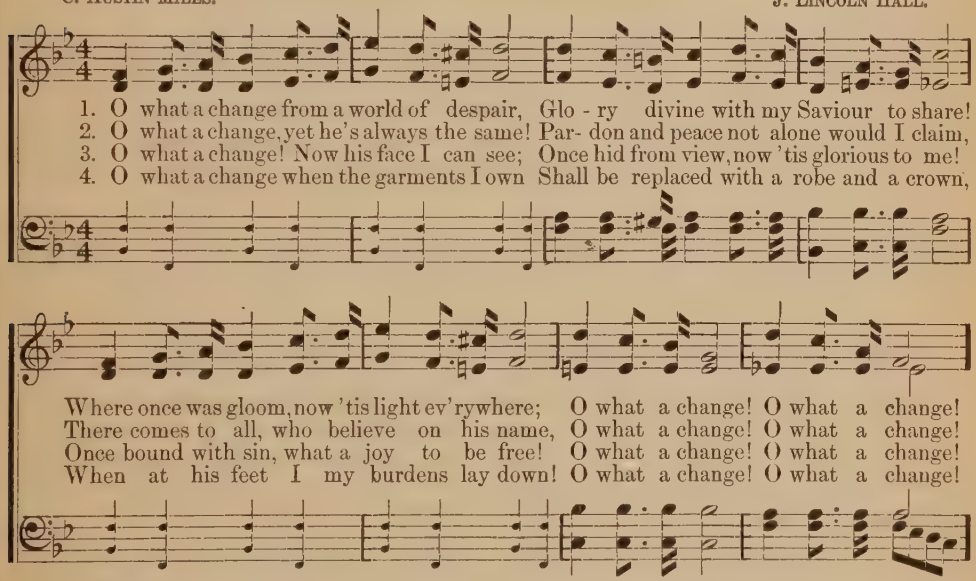
Launch Away the Life-Boat.—Concluded.

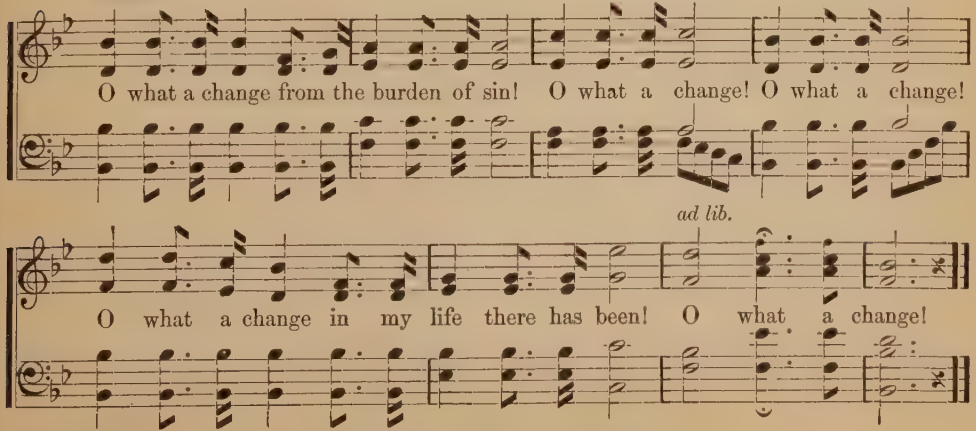


No. 61. O What a Change.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.



Chorus.



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No. 62. At the Battle's Front.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the fight may be
2. With the ban - ner of love and of lo - li - ness unfurled, Full sal - va - tion pro-
3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy- al ones and true? Will you dare now to

long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the armor of God and the Spirit's trusty sword,
claim to a sin- ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast from the enemy be hurled,
stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now and the covenant renew?

Chorus.

At the front of the bat- tle you will find me. Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the
Tramp! tramp! tramp!

army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're routing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the
Tramp! tramp! tramp! Tramp! tramp! tramp! Tramp! tramp! tramp! Tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, Marching on to vic - to - ry! . . . . I'm in this ar - my, this glorious
Tramp! tramp! tramp! Hal- le - lu - jah! Tramp! tramp! tramp!

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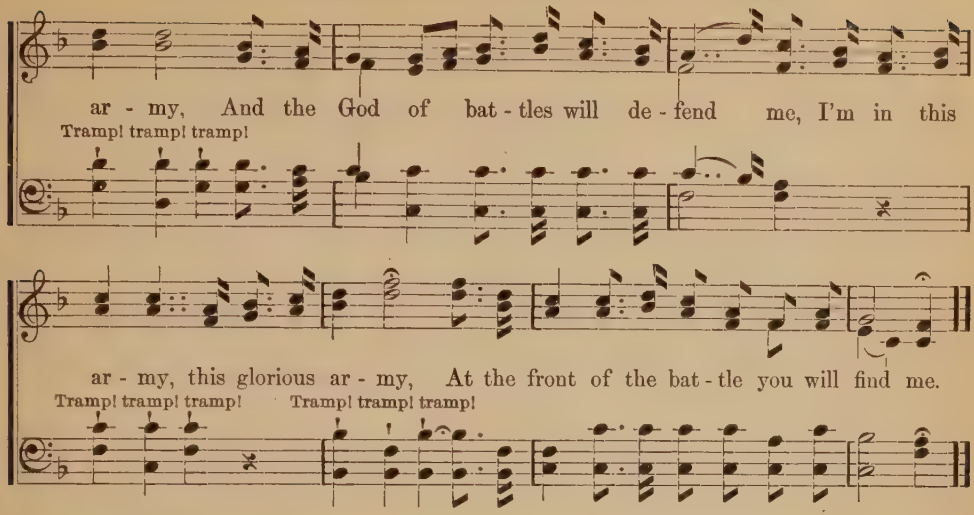
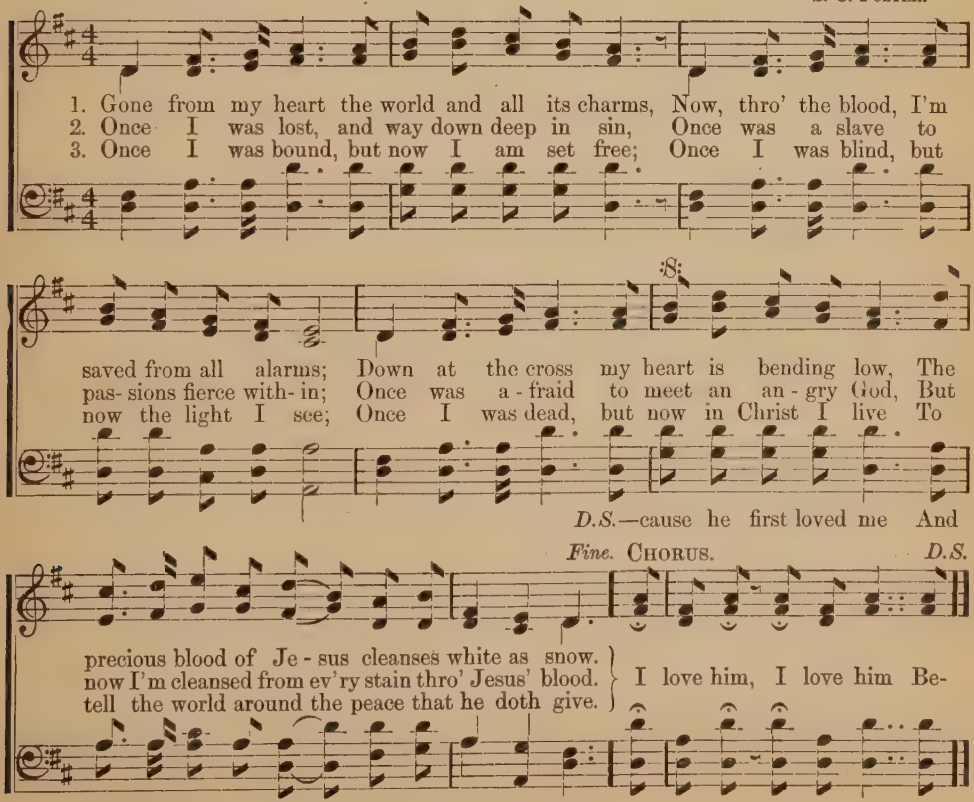
At the Battle's Front.—Concluded.



No. 63. I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. S. C. FOSTER.



No. 64. He's Growing More Precious To Me.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. I find him so pre- cious in time of dis - tress, So read - y to help me, to save and to bless Com-pas-sion- ate, ten- der, a true friend is he,
2. I find him so pre- cious, when oth - er friends fail, When earth-ly hopes de - ceive when trouble as- sails, No one is like Je- sus, nor ev - er can be,
3. I find him so pre- cious—his blood makes me whole The "Riv - ers of bless-ings" are flooding my soul; New beauties in Je- sus, each mo-ment I see,

Chorus.

He's grow- ing more pre- cious to me.
He's grow- ing more pre- cious to me.
He's grow- ing more pre- cious to me.
} He's grow- ing more pre - cious to me, ... He's growing more pre-cious to me, ... Com- pas-sion - ate, ten- der, a true friend is he, He's growing more precious to me. . . . . .

more precious to me, more precious to me, more pre-cious to me.

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No. 65. Is the World a Happier Place?

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Are you working for the Lord, Dai - ly trusting in his Word, Ev - er liv - ing with a
2. Just a lit - tle word or deed Oft may help the sor- est need, Bringing hope and joy to
3. O this world is dark with sin! Are you let- ting sunshine in? Are you willing for the

purpose firm and true? Are you scatt'ring flow'rs of cheer O'er its pathways dark and drear;
sadden'd hearts a-new, O this li - eth in your pow'r! Are you helping hour by hour?
Lord to dare and do? Are you lead- ing souls to God, Who the paths of sin have trod?

CHORUS.

Is the world a happier place because of you? Is the world a happier place because of

you? Are you living with a purpose firm and true, Are you scatt'ring flow'rs of cheer
because of you? firm and true,

O'er its pathways dark and drear? Is the world a happier place because of you?

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No. 66. Gather the Roses.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. O - ver your pathway bloom God's ros - es fair, Tho' there are bri - ars
2. Life is a bless - ing when God's love is known, Goodness un - fail - ing
3. Gath-er the ros - es, let your heart be glad; Car - ry a bless - ing,

scattered ev - 'ry - where; Faith sees the ros - es in the soil of love,
ev - 'ry-where is shown; Flow-ers a- bund - ant grow in ev - 'ry land,
oth - er hearts are sad; Be like your Sav - iour, fragrant with God's love;

Chorus.

Perfumed with bless - ing from the hand a - bove.
Gath - er the ros - es, gifts of Fa-ther's hand.
Gath - er the ros - es, sent from God a - bove.

Gath - - er the ros - es scattered in the way; Live . . . . in God's sun - shine ev - 'ry pass - ing day; Thank - - ful and hap - py,

Gather the ros - es, gather the ros - es Live in God's sunshine, live in God's sunshine Thankful and hap - py, thankful and hap - py,

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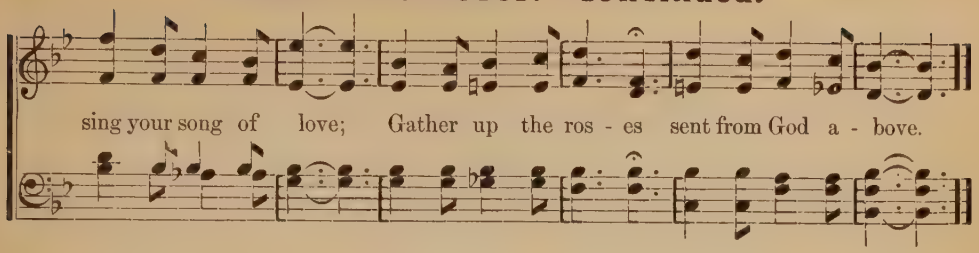
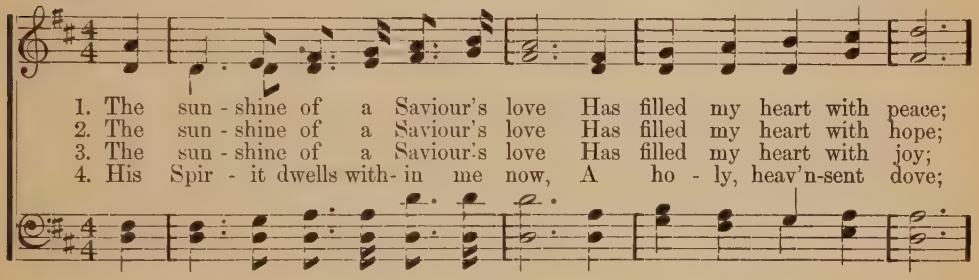
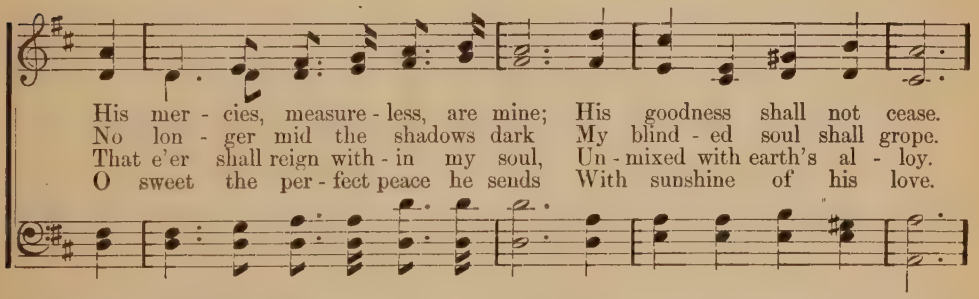
Gather the Roses.—Concluded.



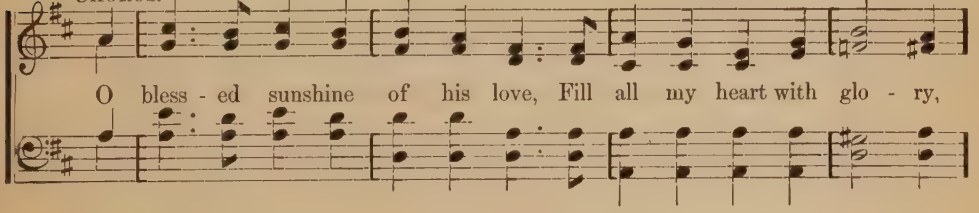
No. 67. The Sunshine of a Saviour's Love.

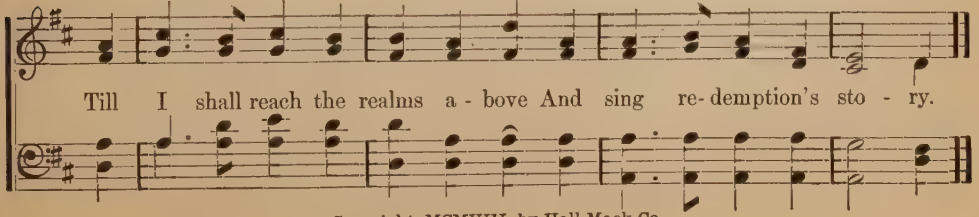
ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. AUSTIN MILES.





CHORUS.





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No. 68. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring Gould. Adam Geibel.

Unison.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tion's quiv - er
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er

Leads against the foe; Forward in - to battle, See his banners go.
At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.

Chorus. Parts.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

Onward, onward,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

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No. 69. Always Remember.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Al-ways re-mem-ber you be-long to the Sav-iour, He has re-deem-ed by his
2. Al-ways re-mem-ber you be-long to the Sav-iour, Do - ing his will must be your
3. Al-ways re-mem-ber you be-long to the Sav-iour, Gold-en the moments which to

own precious blood; Nev-er for-get tho' you are heir to his kingdom, You are the
con- stant employ; In ev - 'ry ser- vice he is read - y to help you, Read - y to
him you may give; Chosen to bear his name, a ves - sel of mer- cy, Prais-ing the

Chorus.

ser - vant and your Sav-iour is Lord.
crown your life with heav- en - ly joy.
Lord that you to him now may live.
} Always re-mem-ber, you belong to Je - sus,

All that you have and all you are to - day, Bod - y and Spir- it, ev - 'ry

tal - ent and mo-ment You must sur - ren - der to Je - sus for aye.

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No. 70. Like as a Father.

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Like as a fa - ther, God on his throne Cares for his children, guarding his own,
2. Like as a fa - ther, God in his love Guides us for-ev - er, watching a - bove,
3. Like as a fa - ther, ten- der and strong, His is the bur-den, ours is the song.

Shields from all dan-ger, mighty his arm, Knows ev-'ry sor- row, keeps from all harm.
Match-less, his mer- cy, boundless his pow'r, Keep-ing in safe- ty, thro' tri - als' hour.
Man- sions, a- wait us, built by his hand, Soon in the homeland, joy - ous we'll stand.

CHORUS. *Two parts.*

Melody.

Like as a fa - ther, ten - der his care, Bless - ings so bound - less ev - er we share, Doubts ne'er dis- tress us,

BOYS.

Two parts.

fears ne'er ap- pal, Like as a fa - ther, he guards us all.

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No. 71. One By One.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. The golden sands are flowing, the moments swiftly go - ing; Beyond the world's re-
2. The moments, closely pressing, are sent each with a blessing, Although in loving
3. With purpose true be greeting the moments, quickly fleeting, And give to each its

call - ing, they fol - low one by one: As blessings sent from heav- en, to
kindness with- hold - en from our eyes; The hours that pass so slow - ly are
bur - den to bear in - to the past; Of Je - sus' word the tok - en, a

mor - tals they are giv - en, So use them for the Master ere the night comes on.
fraught with duties ho - ly; Ac- cept the fleeting moments as a precious prize.
word in kindness spoken, Abound in helpfulness as long as time shall last.

Chorus.

One by one, . . the sands are flowing, One by one, . they're passing by;
One by one, the sands are flowing, they are flowing, One by one, they're passing by, passing by;

One by one, . the hours are fad- ing: Past recall they swiftly fly.
One by one, the hours are fading, they are fading: Beyond recall they swiftly fly, swiftly fly.

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No. 72. Homeward.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Homeward, homeward o'er the roll-ing ocean, Staunch our ship and true, Fear we not the
2. Homeward, homeward joyously we're steering O'er the dashing foam, Rocks and reefs and
3. Homeward, homeward tho' the gales are sweeping, Wild the breakers roar, Safe we rest with-

tumult and commotion, Christ will bear us through. Sails all set and col- ors ev - er fly- ing,
hearts are never fearing, Storms but speed us home. Onward, onward o'er the raging billows,
in a Father's keeping, Soon we'll reach our shore. Lo! the dawn of gold-en day is breaking,

Storms of life will soon be past, Our voy - age o'er For - ev - er - more,
Though the skies be o - ver - cast, Our Lord shall save From wind and wave,
Shades of night are fad - ing fast, Our joy - ous praise To God we raise,

rit. CHORUS.

We'll an - chor in our port at last. { Then home, home, home, Un- til our
Then home, home, home, Un- til our

1

anchor we shall cast, The stormy winds cannot prevail, Ever on with joy we sail,
Pilot's face we see, (*Omit.* . . . . . .)

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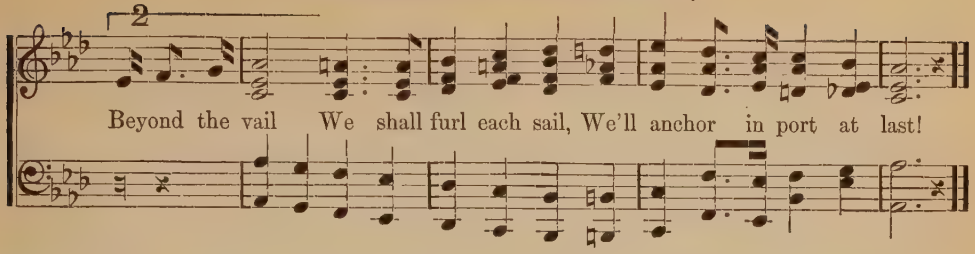
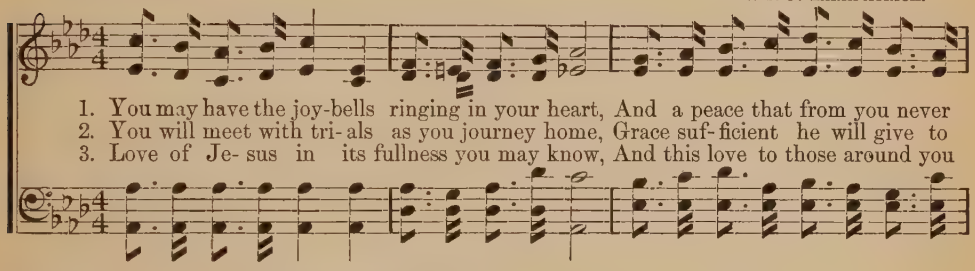
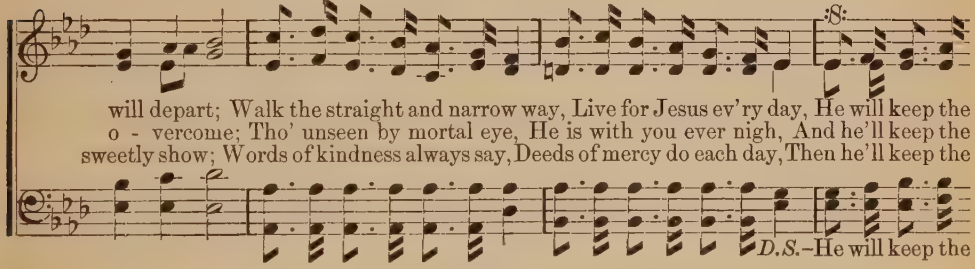
Homeward.—Concluded.



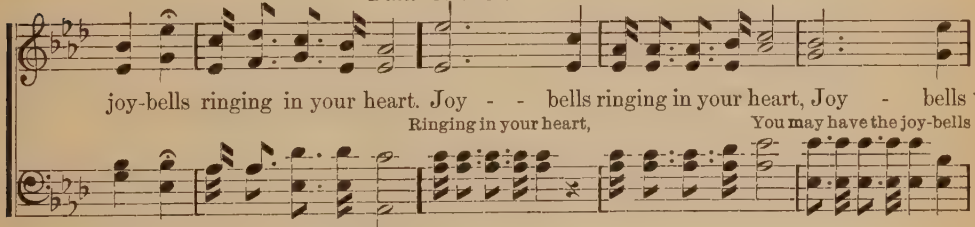
No. 73. You May Have the Joy-bells.

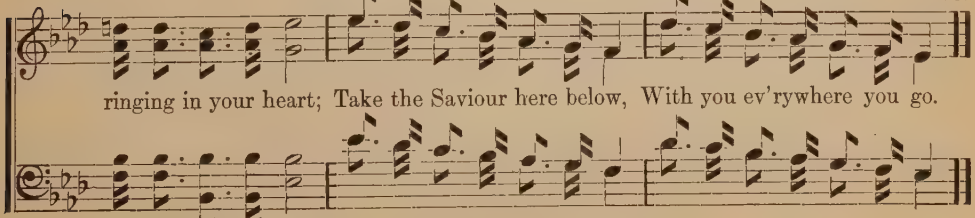
J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





Fine. Chorus.





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No. 74. Serving My King.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

Brightly.

1. When I reach the gold- en por - tal Of that heav- en - ly land, And with
2. O the loved of earth shall meet us In that glo - ri - ous place, And my
3. When my jour - ney shall be end - ed, And my Lord I shall see; When the

ransomed host im-mor - tal In glo - ry I stand, When the throne of God sur -
Sav - iour then shall greet me, I'll gaze on his face, An - gel cho - rus loud- ly
prais - es are as-cend - ing By bright jas - per sea, I will tell the wondrous

rounding, Saints and seraphs all sing, With glad harps resounding, I'll still serve my King.
swelling, How the ech- oes will ring, His wondrous love tell - ing, I'll still serve my King.
sto - ry: Death is robb'd of its sting, And ransomed in glo - ry, I'll still serve my King.

CHORUS.

With expression.

Serving my King in that cit - y a - bove, Serving my King whom for-ev-er I love,

Wondrous the joys that the homeland will bring, Sweetest is this, I will still serve my King.

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No. 75. Forward!

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Animato.

1. Christ, our mighty Captain, leads against the foe, We will nev - er fal - ter
2. Sa - tan's fearful onslaughts can-not make us yield While we trust in Christ, our
3. Let our glorious ban - ner ev - er be unfurled, From its mighty stronghold
4. Fierce the bat - tle rag - es— but 'twill not be long, Then triumphant, shall we

when he bids us go; Tho' his righteous pur - pose we may nev - er know,
Buck- ler and our Shield; Press- ing ev - er on— the Spir- it's sword we wield,
e - vil shall be hurled; Christ, our mighty Cap - tain, o - vercomes the world,
join the bless - ed throng, Joy - ful - ly u - nit - ing in the victor's song—

Chorus.

Yet we'll fol- low all the way.
And we fol- low all the way.
And we fol- low all the way.
If we fol- low all the way.

Forward! Forward! 'Tis the Lord's command,

For - ward! For - ward! To the promised land; For - ward! For - ward!

let the cho - rus ring: We are sure to win with Christ, our King!

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No. 76. To the Harvest Field.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A band of faithful reapers, we, Who gather for e - ter - ni - ty,
2. We are a faithful gleaning band, And labor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by;

The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev-'ry val - ley, hill and plain;
Un- yielding, loy - al, tried and true, For lo, the reapers are but few;
Then take thy rust-y sick - le down, And la - bor for a fadeless crown;

Our song is one the reapers sing In honor of their Lord and King—
Be- hold the waving harvest field, Abund- ant with a golden yield;
Why will you i - dly stand and wait? Behold, the hour is growing late!

The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all: "Go reap for me to - day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves?

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To the Harvest Field.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

To the harvest field a - way, For the Master call - eth; There is work for all to-day, Ere the darkness fall - eth. Swiftly do the moments fly, Harvest days are go - ing by, Go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing by.

No. 77. Thou Art My Friend.

ERNEST WILLIAMS. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. Thou art my Friend, O Sav - iour dear, And by my side art ev - er near;
2. Thou art my King, O Mas - ter true, And bidd'st me on thine er - rands go—
3. Thou art my Rock; in thee I hide, Sheltered and safe, whate'er be - tide;

Walking with thee, no harm I fear: I'll trust thee ev - er, Je - sus.
Dai - ly thou dost my strength re - new: I'll serve thee al - ways, Je - sus.
And there my soul would aye a - bide, And rest in thee, Lord Je - sus.

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No. 78. A Messenger of the Cross.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. There are ma - ny souls in darkness liv- ing, Lord, It is the on - ly way they know;
2. If thy voice to me is gently calling, Lord, In tones so tender, sweet and low;
3. If to go or stay, then I am ready, Lord; To do thy will my joy, indeed!

There are ma - ny more who should be giving, Lord, The way of life to them to show.
If thy call to work on me is fall- ing, Lord, O grant that quickly I may go!
For I know thy strength shall keep me steady, Lord, And help me in my hour of need.

Girls.

Thy cross is still the on - ly way to heav'n, Thy blood is still our plea;
I know the path is oft - en dark and drear, And sometimes fraught with pain;
For work for thee reward - ed sure shall be, Thy hand bestows the crown;

All.

But who shall take the blessed message giv'n, If none a messenger will be?
But if to wan- der I am tempted here, Thy love shall call me back a - gain!
And wea - ried workers then shall sure-ly see The pow'rs of e - vil be put down.

Chorus.

Here am I! Here am I! Ready to meet the pain or suf- fer loss;
Here am I! Here am I!

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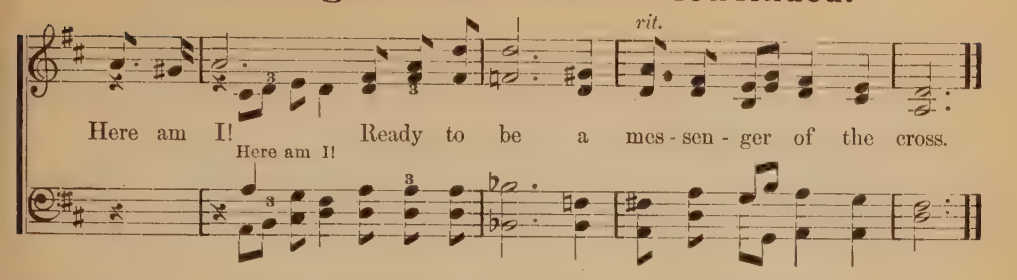
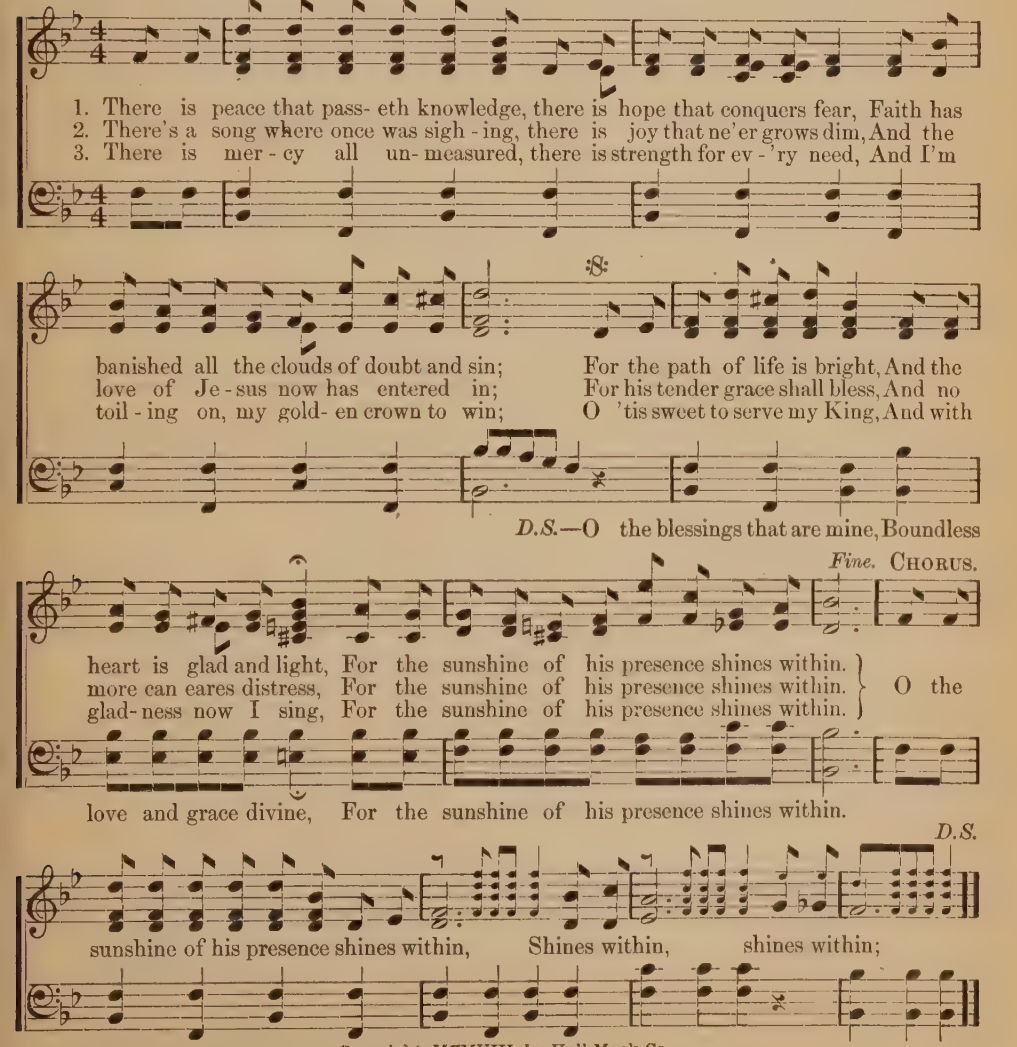
A Messenger of the Cross.—Concluded.



No. 79. The Sunshine of His Presence.

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.



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No. 80. Jericho.

S. C. Kirk. C. Austin Miles.

1. Around the walls of Jer-i-cho, Marching on, marching on, Be-hold the mighty
2. A-gain, a-gain the call resounds, Marching on, marching on, Around the cit-y's
3. O hear a-gain the trumpet blast, Marching on, marching on, It is the seventh
4. The hosts of God are sure to win, Marching on, marching on, Against the Jer-i-

arm-y go, Marching on, ... marching on; No loud huz-za, nor beat-en drum, Ac-
guarded bounds, Marching on, ... marching on. The seventh dawn, and qui-et reigns Up-
and the last, Marching on, ... marching on. O hearken now! The silence breaks, And
cho of sin, Marching on, ... marching on! But not by might, nor strength, nor boasts, But

claim them as they go and come, Marching to the trum-pet's blow. . . . A-
on the Jor-dan's palm-y plains, Now the sun is shin-ing low . . . . Up-
see! the might-y fortress shakes! Now a blast, a shout, and lo! . . . . . The
faith in him, the Lord of hosts! May the weak-est arm o'er throw . . . Thro'

Chorus.

round the walls of Jer-i-cho!
on the walls of Jer-i-cho!
crumbling walls of Jer-i-cho!
him, the strongest Jer-i-cho!
} Marching on! marching on! In the

strength of God they go. Marching on! marching on! Fear-ing

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Jericho.—Concluded.

not the mighty foe, On the arm of their God re-lying, And the stronghold of sin de-

fy - ing; Marching on! marching on! Around the walls of Jer - i - cho.

No. 81. Some Glad Morning.

JAMES ROWE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Cloud- less skies will meet my sight, All my wrongs will end in right,
2. Miss - ing friends, for whom I sigh Deep - er as the years go by,
3. With my bur - den laid a - side, I shall wake be - yond the tide
4. I shall hear the an - gels sing, And the bells of heav - en ring,

CHORUS.

I shall thrill with pure de - light, Some glad morn- ing.
I shall meet in yon - der sky, Some glad morn- ing.
And be ful - ly sat - is - fied, Some glad morn- ing.
I shall stand be - fore the King, Some glad morn- ing.
} Some glad morn- ing,

Some fair dawn- ing, I shall reach the bless- ed goal, Some glad morn-ing.

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No. 82. Put Out the Life Boat.

PERCIVAL G. UNDERWOOD. WALTER T. ADAMS.

1. As you stand on the shore of the o - cean of life, And look on the bois - ter - ous wave, ... You will see some poor soul who needs help - ing. . . . . So has - ten my broth - er and save. . . . . .
2. As you put out the life - boat and pull for the wreck, The break - ers may thun - der - ing roar, ... But fear not, the Lord will stand by you. . . . . And bring you safe home to the shore. . . . . .
3. Oh, the joy when life's per - il - ous jour - ney is o'er, And the sun sinks at last in the west, ... When Je - sus the pi - lot shall bring us. . . . . All safe to the ha - ven of rest. . . . . .

rit.

CHORUS.

Then has - ten my broth-er, And fear not the wind or the wave,
Then put out the life-boat my broth-er, my brother,

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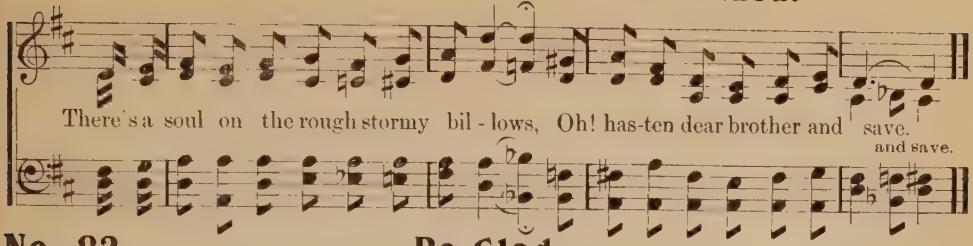
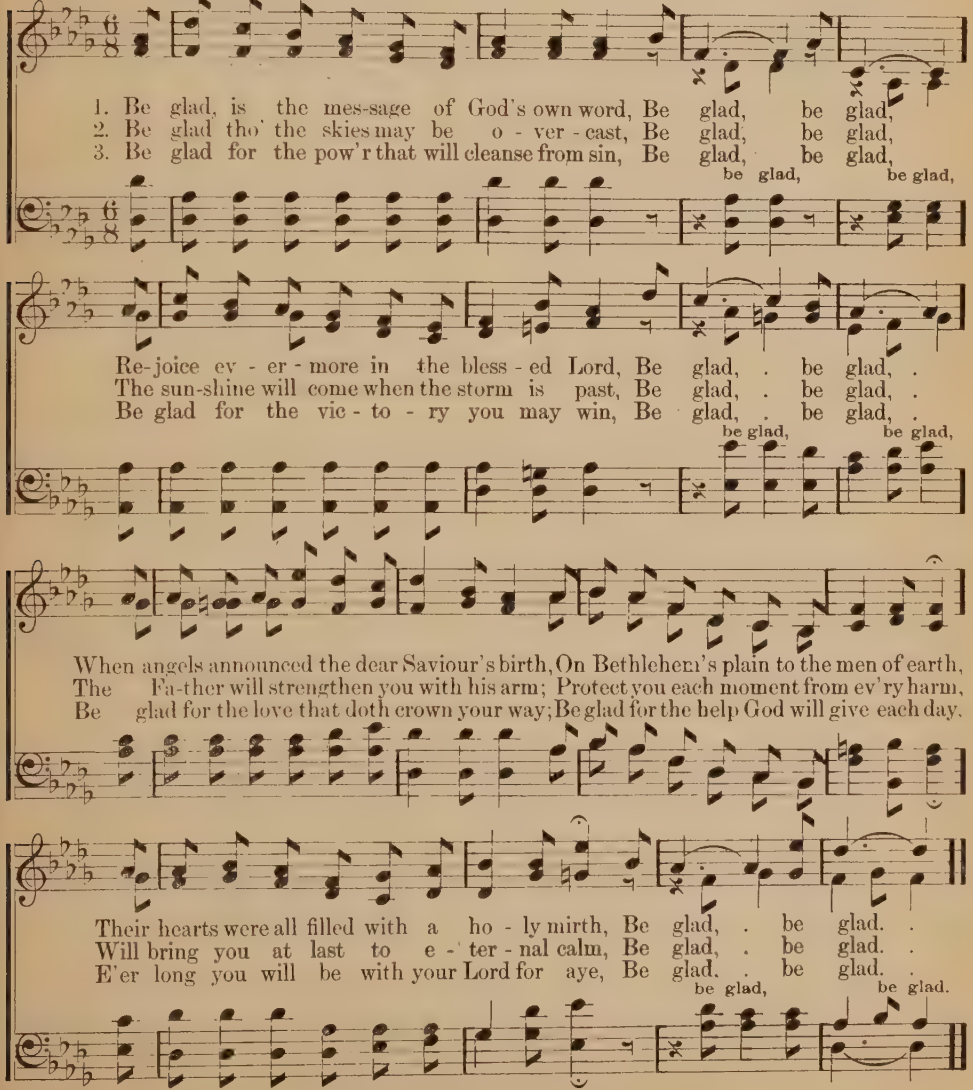
Put Out the Life Boat.—Concluded.



No. 83. Be Glad.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.



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No. 84. On Our God Relying.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Forward to-day, with our hearts a-glow, Zeal to his service bring-ing;
2. Forward to-day, in the Master's name, Trib-ute to him we ren-der;
3. Forward to-day, for a gold-en crown Waits at the heav'nly por-tal,

Tri-umph awaits o-ver ev-'ry foe, For-ward with joy-ful sing-ing.
Hope ev-er-last-ing our hearts shall flame, On-ward with no sur-ren-der.
Where we our arm-or at last lay down, Reaching the land im-mor-tal.

Girls.

He, who our ev-'ry sor-row bore, Leads us a-long the way.
Far, far a-way, to cheer us on, Lights of the homeland shine;
Con-flicts of earth will soon be o'er, Rest there remains a-bove;

Strong in the strength we will conquer now, Onward to win the day.
Dan-gers of earth we will all de-fy, Kept by a love di-vine.
On-ward, our faith we will now re-new, Led by the Lord of love.

Chorus. Unison.

On our God re-ly-ing, With a hope un-dy-ing,

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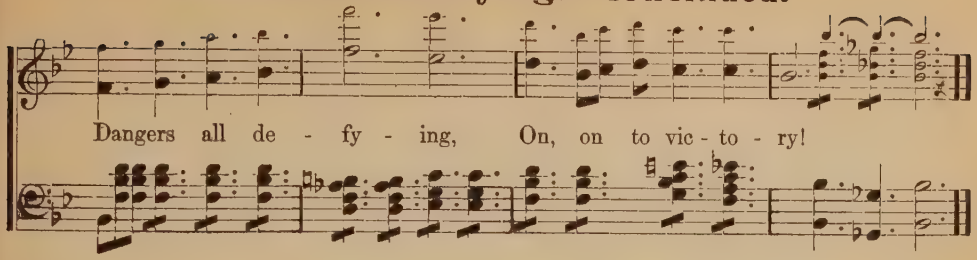
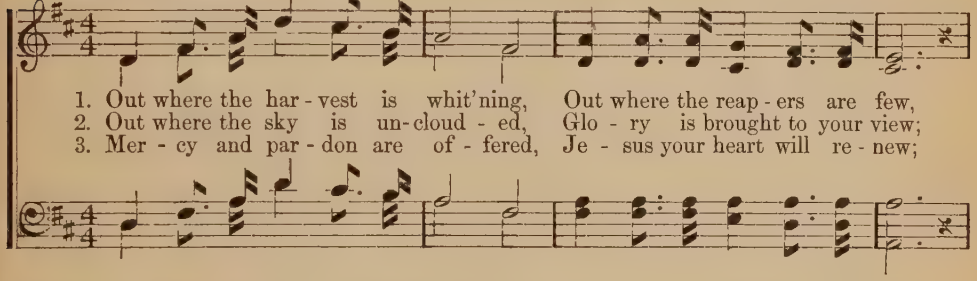
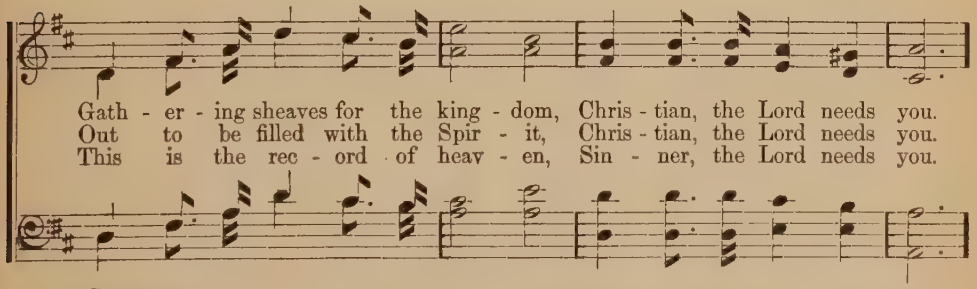
On Our God Relying.—Concluded.



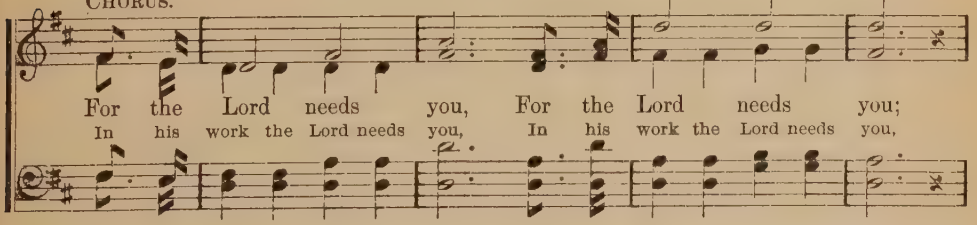
No. 85. The Lord Needs You.

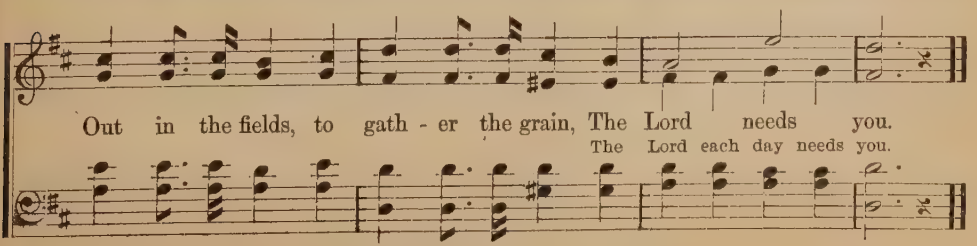
MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.





CHORUS.





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No. 86. The Sower.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO OR ALL THE GIRLS.

1. A sow - er was wending his homeward way, And his steps were sad and slow,
2. The sow - er made answer in words like these: "I have toiled since break of day;
3. "O sow - er, be trustful," I made re - ply; "You have worked for Christ the Lord;
4. A sow - er was wending his homeward way, But his steps were glad and fleet;

So weary with toiling the live - long day—And I called in accents low:
My forehead was kissed by the morning breeze And 'twas scorched by noontide ray,
He sendeth the sunlight from smil- ing sky, From his hand the rain is poured;
He caroled a song, 'twas a hap - py lay, And it told of faith so sweet;

DUET.

rit.

"O why are you sad at e - ventide? You've scattered the good seed far and wide;
I fear that the thorns will choke the seed, The birds of the air may on it feed,
He'll watch o'er the seed your hand did sow, The soft dews shall fall and breezes blow,
For trust then had come in place of fear, "In God's own good time will grain appear,"

a tempo. *cres. f rit.*

By streamlets fair, on mountain side, You've worked till the sunset glow."
Perchance on rocks 'twill die in - deed, Then what will the Mas - ter say?"
Till tall and fair ripe grain shall grow—For such is the promised word."
A glad "well done" the toil - er hear, His heart shall with rap - ture beat.

CHORUS.

"Then sow in the morn thy seed, . . At eve withhold not thy hand;"
thy seed, thy hand;"

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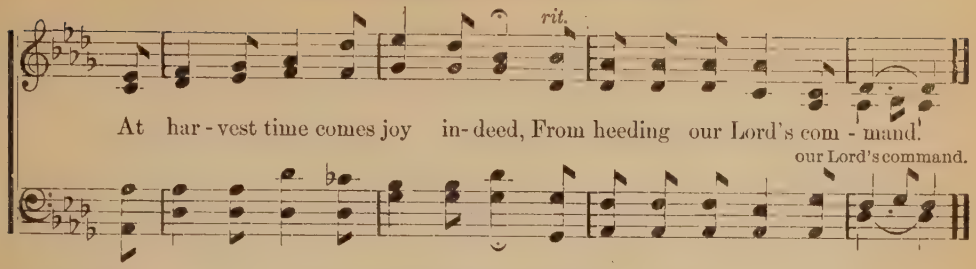
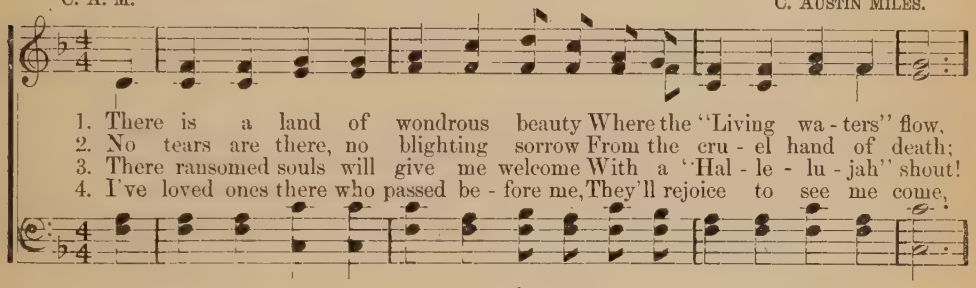
The Sower.—Concluded.

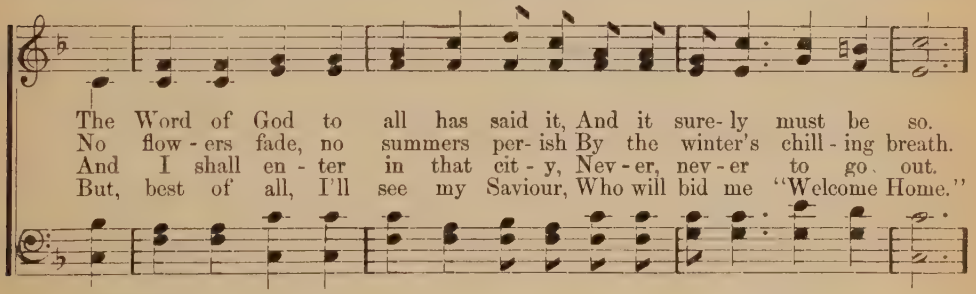


No. 87. I'm Going There.

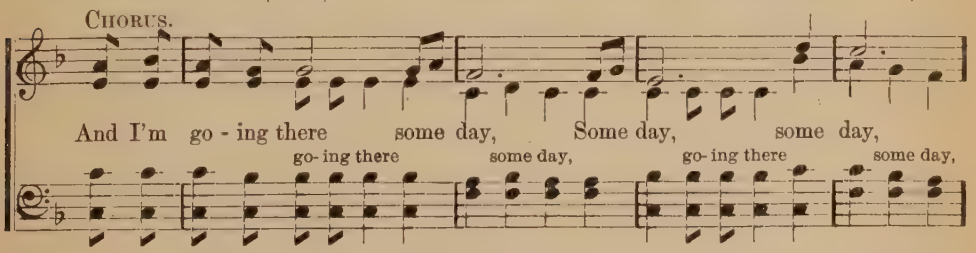
C. A. M.

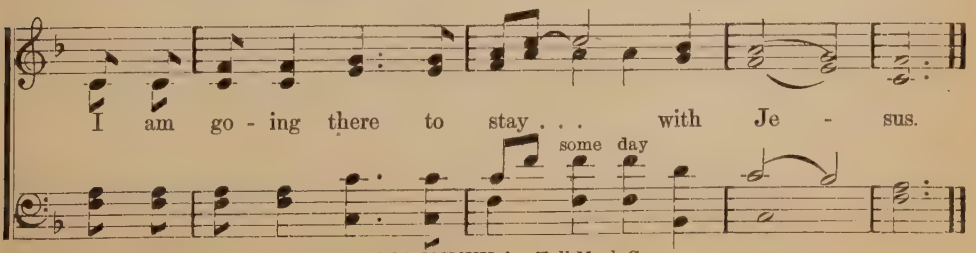
C. Austin Miles.





Chorus.





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No. 88. Christ Our Corner Stone.

MARY PIERSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Maestoso.

1. Built up-on a sure foun - da - tion, All se-cure our souls shall rest,
2. Love di-vine our souls is cheer-ing, Joy - ous hope our hearts has filled,
3. So we toil with glad en - deav - or, With our sil - ver and our gold,

We re-joice in our sal - va - tion, By the love of Je - sus blest.
As our man-sion we are rear - ing, Ev - er faith - ful, may we build.
That our work may per-ish nev - er, When our Mas - ter we be - hold.

Vigoroso.

Though by rag - ing storms sur - round - ed, When the skies have dark - ened grown,
Though the storms are 'round us sweep-ing, We can nev - er be o'er-thrown,
Soon we'll sing sal - va - tion's sto - ry, As we stand be - fore the throne,

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, Je - sus Christ our cor - ner stone.
We are safe with - in his keep - ing, Je - sus Christ our cor - ner stone.
Let us build for God's own glo - ry, Je - sus Christ our cor - ner stone.

CHORUS. *Giocoso.*

Safe a - bid - ing, Safe a - bid - ing, Trusting him, and him a - lone,

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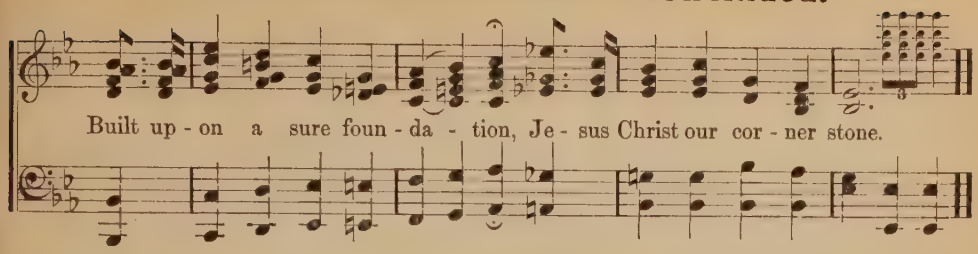
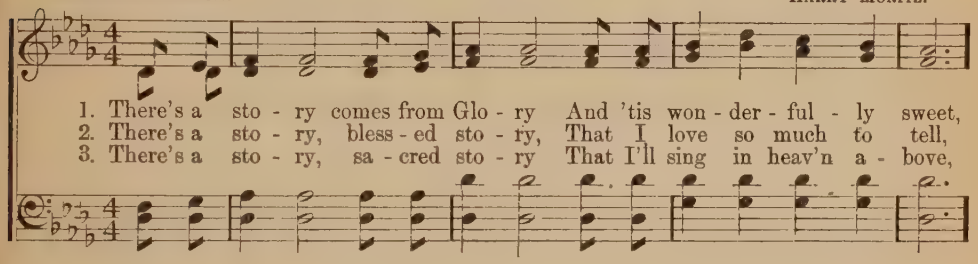
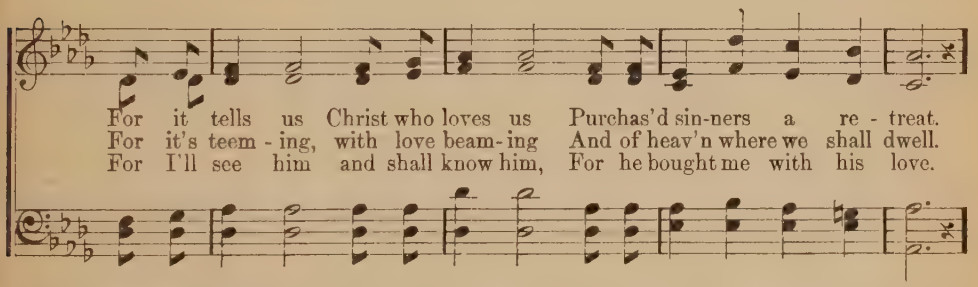
Christ Our Corner Stone.—Concluded.



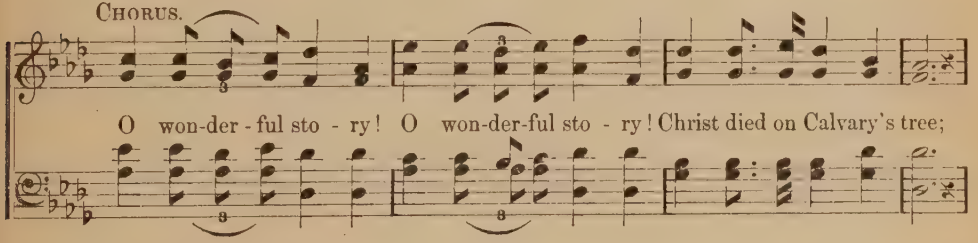
No. 89. The Wonderful Story.

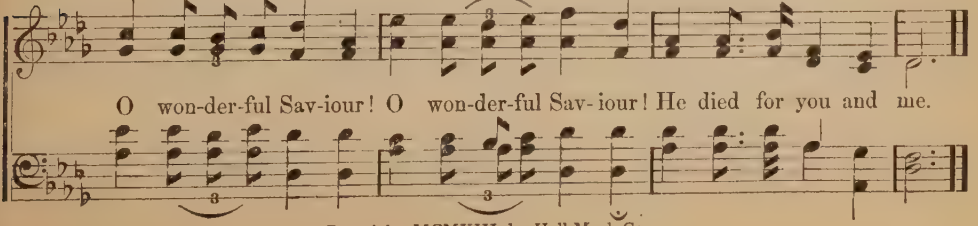
ROBT. E. ANDERSON. HARRY MORITZ.





CHORUS.





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No. 90. The Story Never Old.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The sweet - est sto - ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a - bove,
2. He, like a Shepherd kind and true, Came seek - ing for his own;
3. He took up - on him - self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
4. "There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
5. "O dear - ly, dear - ly hath he loved, And we must love him, too,

Is told of Je - sus and his birth, Of Je - sus and his love.
Yet see! In Pi - late's judgment hall He stands, despised, a - lone!
And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
And trust in his re - deem - ing love, And try his works to do."

CHORUS.

O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
nev - er old, ev - er told!

gates of gold swing back for me, ... I'll tell it o'er and o'er,
gates of gold swing back for me, o'er and o'er,

And then, on yonder shore, It still for ev - ermore my song shall be.
yon - der shore, ev - er - more

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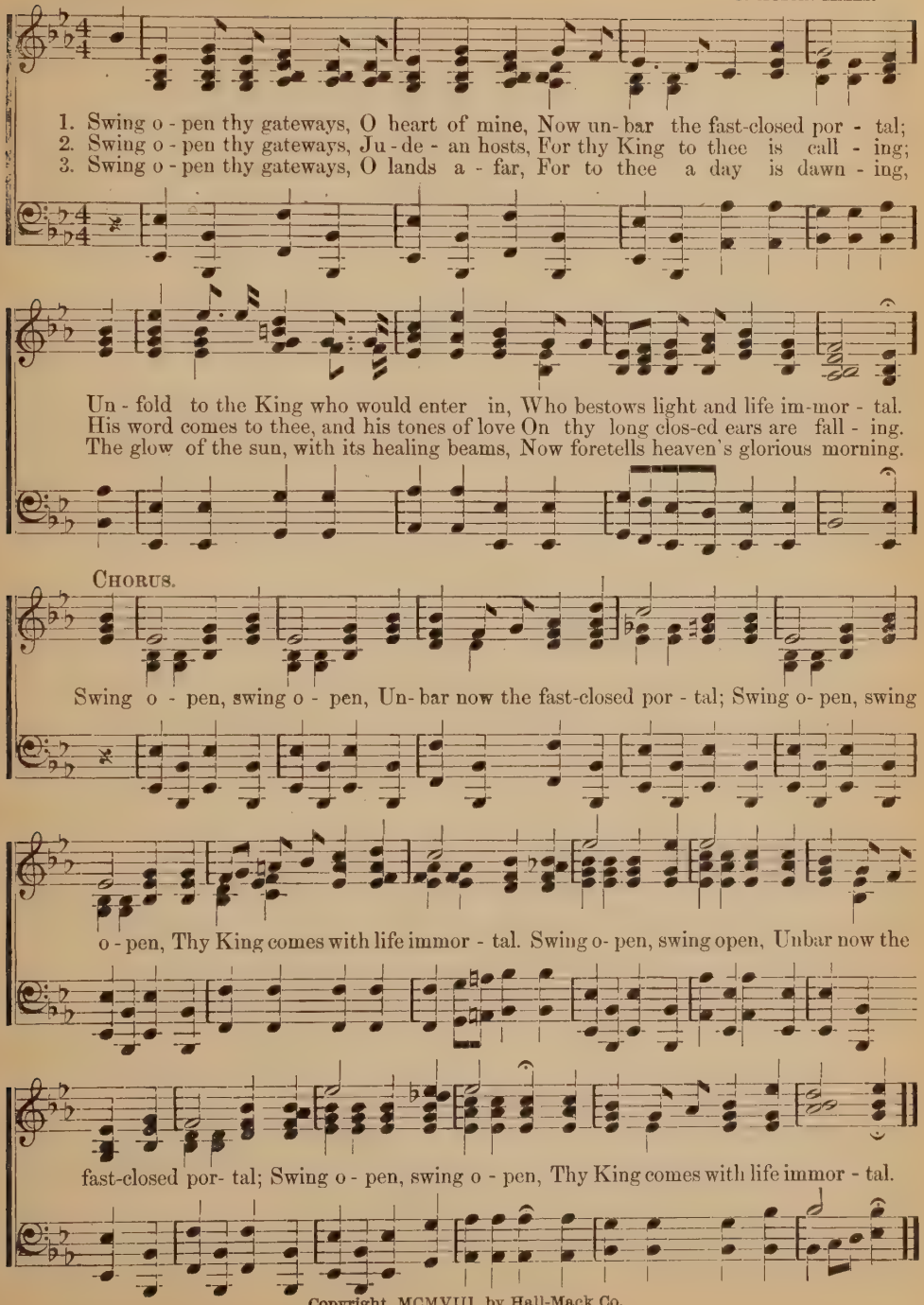
No. 91. Swing Open.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. AUSTIN MILES.



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No. 92. The World for Christ.

A. A. Payn. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There's a might-y arm - y marching, Which can never be dismayed; With the
2. They are read- y for the con- flict, Sure to come with hosts of sin; Un - der
3. Not for them the noise of bat - tle, As the wars of earth are won, But they

Son of God their Cap - tain, His commands shall be o- beyed. They are pray- ing
him whose eye shall guide them They the fight shall sure - ly win. They are pray- ing
wage an earn- est war - fare, In the name of God the Son. They are pray- ing

as they go, They are trust- ing as they sing, For the Lord of hosts leads

Chorus.

on The Children of the King. March on, march on, chil-dren of the

King; March on, march on, raise the ban- ner high; March on, march on,

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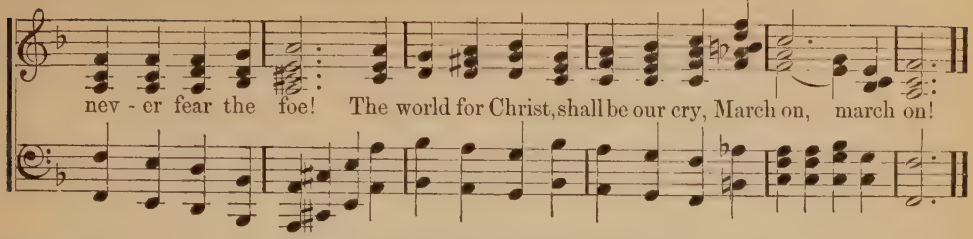
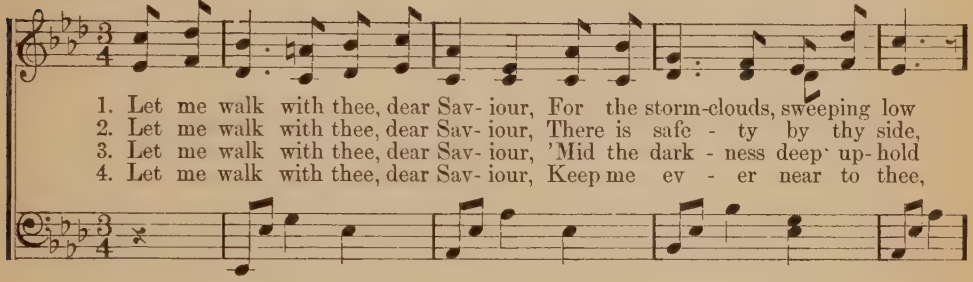
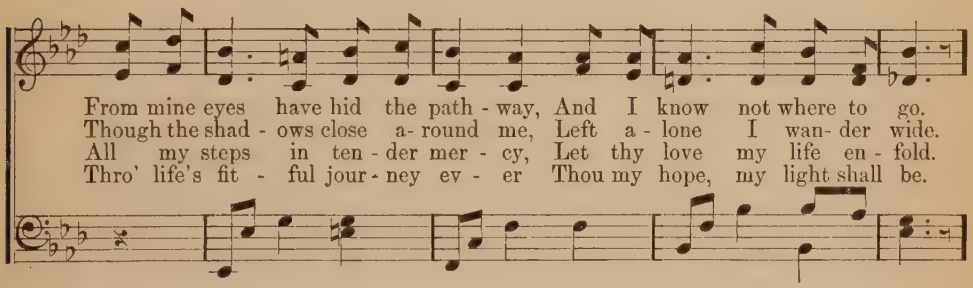
The World for Christ.—Concluded.



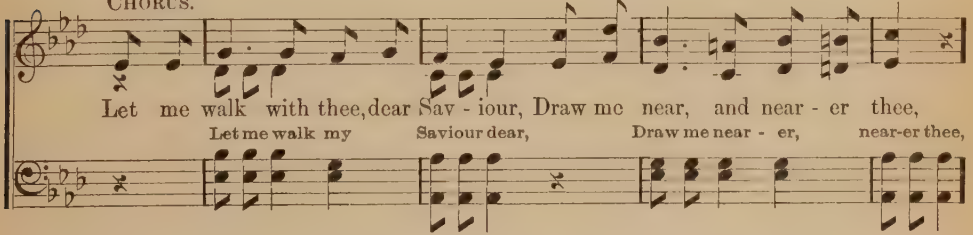
No. 93. Let Me Walk With Thee.

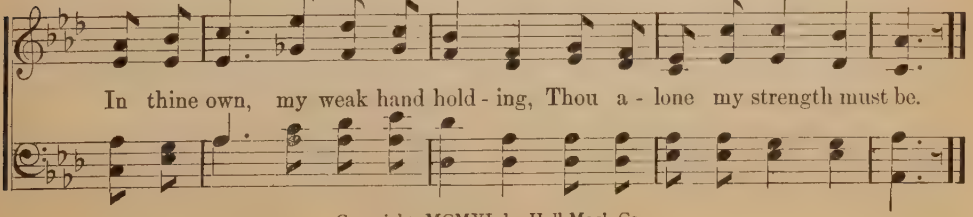
IDA L. REED. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.





CHORUS.





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No. 94. Rally!

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

Girls. *Boys.* *Girls.*

1. Here in the name of Christ our King, Ral-ly! Ral - ly! Glad- ly we come his
2. There is a work we all must do, Ral-ly! Ral - ly! Har- vest is great and
3. Here with the strength of God renew'd, Rally! Ral - ly! Here with the pow'r of

All. *Girls.*

praise to sing, Safe in his lov - ing care. Forth to the field of la - bor,
la - b'rers few, And our re-ward is sure. Come then with faith un-daunt- ed,
God en - dued, Come we to work to - day. Here in the name of Je - sus,

Boys. *All.*

Ral- ly! Ral-ly! Ral - ly to- day, the gospel burdens free - ly share.
Ral- ly! Ral-ly! Join in the work and to the end the toil en- dure.
Ral- ly! Ral-ly! Trusting the Lord who gives us pow'r and grace al-way.

Chorus.

Ral - ly to work to - day, Trust-ing in God al - way, Thro' sun and show'rs

His love is ours, His pow- er will pre- vail; Spreading the gos- pel truth,

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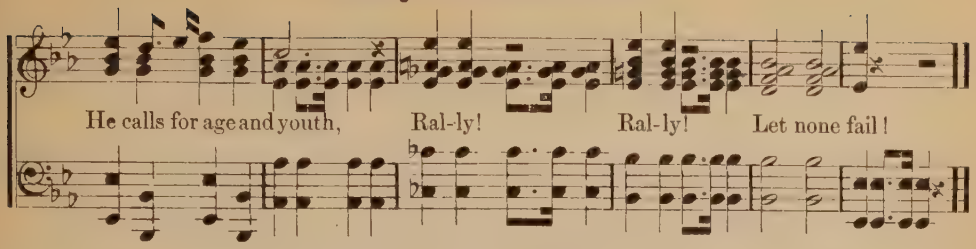
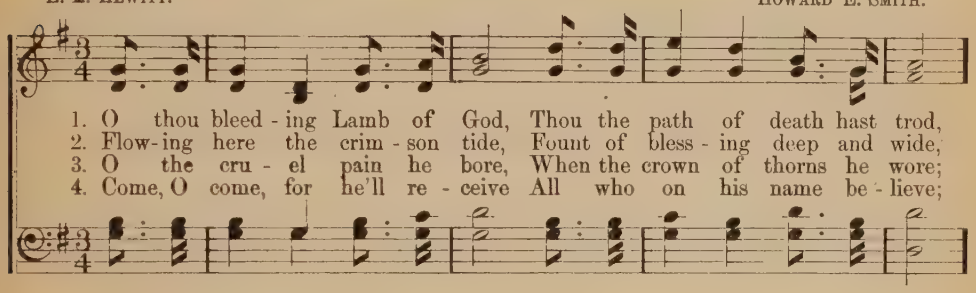
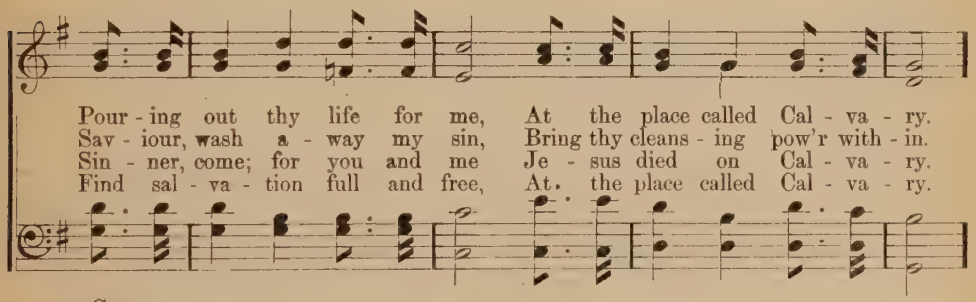
Rally.—Concluded.

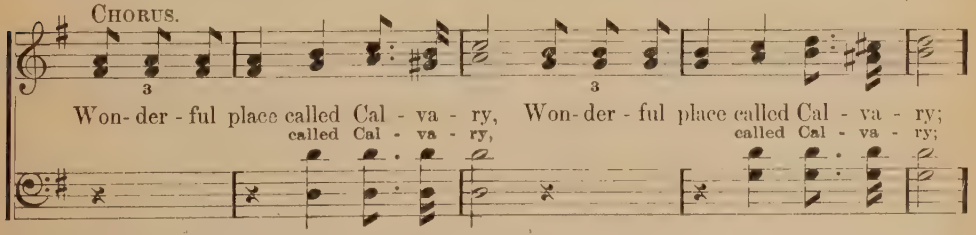


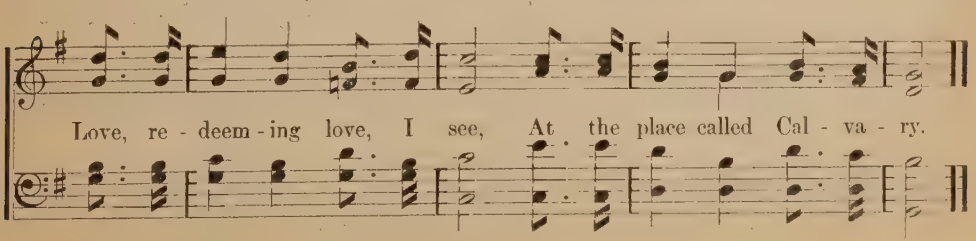
No. 95. The Place called Calvary.

E. E. Hewitt. Howard E. Smith.









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No. 96. Come, Holy Spirit.

ANNA M. ROGERS. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, come, Find in our hearts thy home, Dwell thou within,
2. Spir-it for-ev-er blest, Now in our souls find rest, Heav-en-ly dove,
3. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, give Grace that our souls may live, Com-for-ter, guide,

rit. *a tempo.*

Cleanse from all sin, Guide us lest a-far we roam. Ten-der-ly in-ter-cede,
Sent from a-bove, Com-fort bring to souls oppressed. Teach us to do his will,
Ev-er a-bide, Tell of him who doth for-give. Heav-en-ly love re-veal,

Now for the sin-ful plead, Fill ev-'ry heart, Com-fort im-part,
May we his word ful-fil, Gladness re-store, Guide ev-er-more,
Un-to the Fa-ther seal, Fill ev-'ry heart, Blessings im-part,

CHORUS.

Un-to the Fa-ther lead.
Sor-row and sad-ness still.
Now as we low-ly kneel.
} Guide us, guard us lest we stray,

Com-fort, cheer us by thy pow'r we pray, Coun-sel, keep us,

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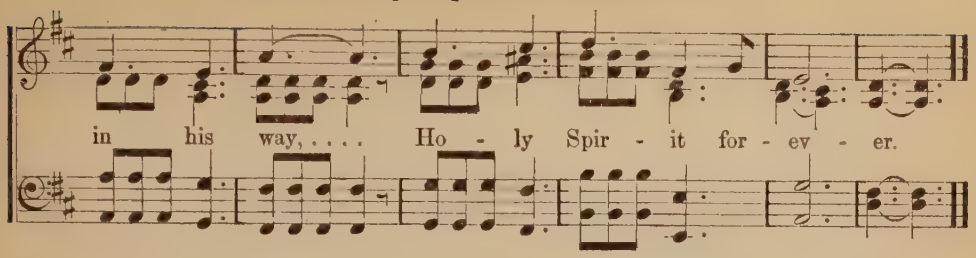
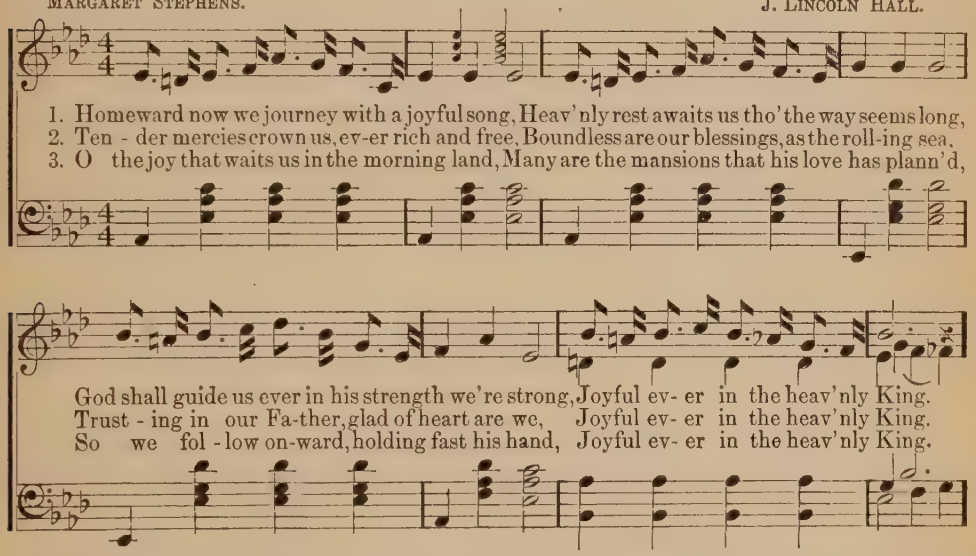
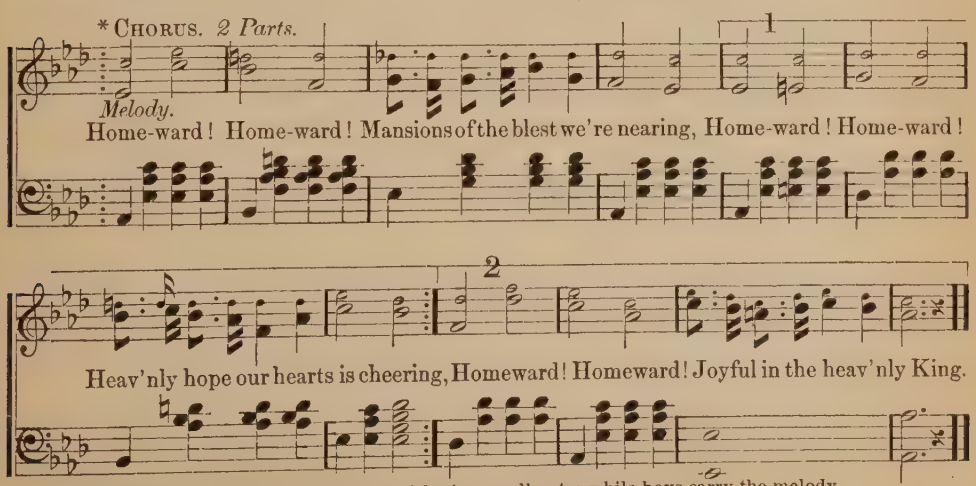
Come, Holy Spirit.—Concluded.



No. 97. Homeward.

MARGARET STEPHENS. J. LINCOLN HALL.





* A fine effect will be obtained by having girls sing small notes while boys carry the melody.

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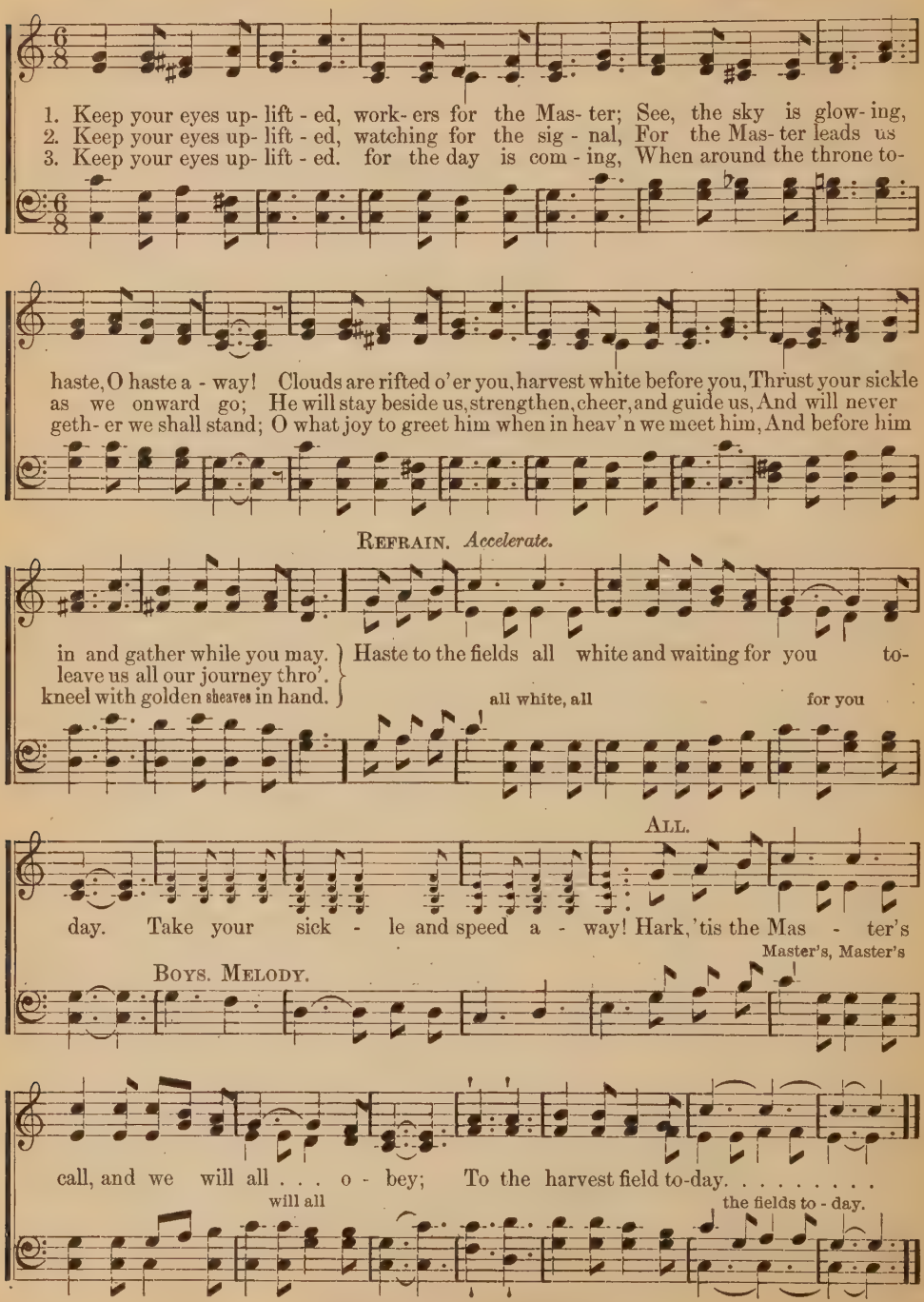
No. 98. Keep Your Eyes Uplifted.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER. ALFRED H. ACKLEY.



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No. 99. Thousand Voices Ringing.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Thousand voices, ring - ing Out in field and grove, Joy- ful songs are sing - ing
2. Thousand voices, ring - ing Out in field and grove, Tell that God is watching
3. Thousand voices, ring - ing Out in field and grove. All, as one, proclaim- ing

To the King above; Fountain, plain and riv- er Join, as one, in praise To the mighty
O'er us with his love; Nature's wide do-minions, All are his domain, Shining vale and
Mes- sa- ges of love; Fountain, vale and riv - er Join, as one, in praise To the mighty

CHORUS.

giv - er Of the sum - mer days!
mountain, And the si - lent plain.
giv - er Of the sum - mer days!
} Thousand voices, ring - ing Out in field and

BOYS. MELODY.

ALL.

grove, Joyful songs are sing- ing To the King a - bove; Join the hap - py

cho - rus, Render love and praise For the countless blessings Crowning all thy days!

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No. 100. The Heavens Declare.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. The heav'ns de - clare the glo - ry of the Lord, The earth re - veals the won - ders of his word; And star-gemmed skies his love proclaim, While storm and sunshine own his mighty sway. The tides of o - cean ev-er do his will, His grace and glo - ry all cre- a - tion fill, To him we raise, Our joyous praise, And bless his holy name for aye.

2. In path of light be - hold the gold- en sun, Which day by day un - ceasing course doth run; While si - lent stars in mid-night sky, In ten - der vig - il on our slumber shine. The wind and waves obey their ruler's voice With ver- dure clad the mountains all re-joice, On him we call, The Lord of all, And praising him our King divine.

3. The God of might is yet the Lord of love, In ten - der - ness he watch - es from a-bove; And he who guides the glow- ing sun In love looks down on e'en the lowly flow'r. Our times are ev - er in a Father's hand, Our path his wis- dom wond'rously hath plann'd, And safe we rest, For- ev-er blest, Still guarded by his might and pow'r.

CHORUS.

{ Hail him King, Prais-es sing, Join with an-gel hosts a-round the
{ Choirs a - bove, Tell his love, (*Omit.* . . . . . .

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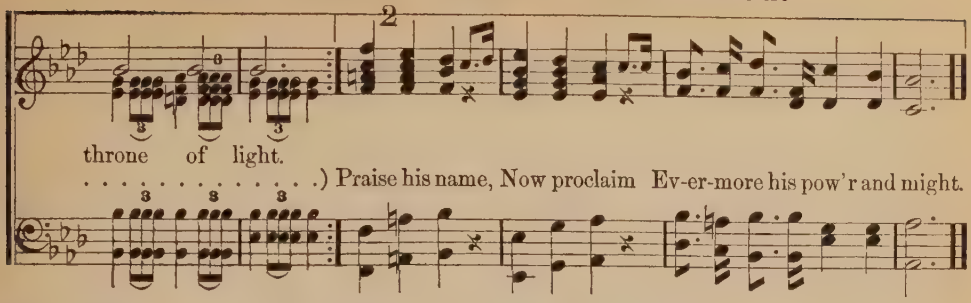
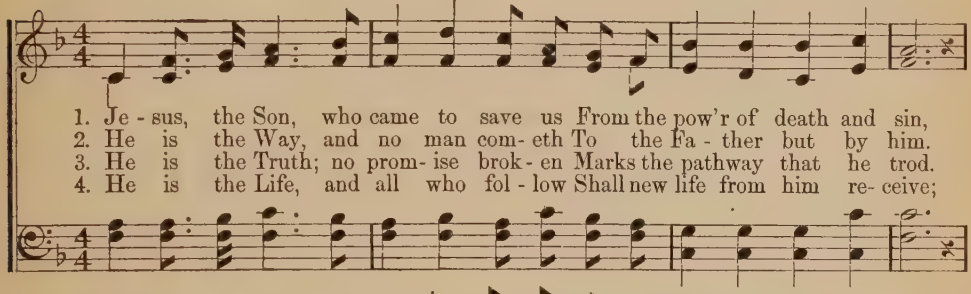
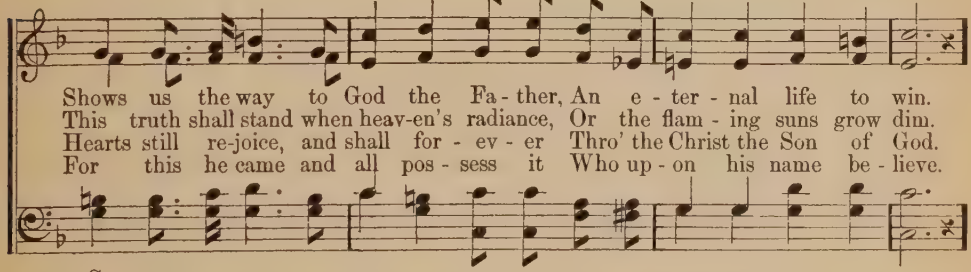


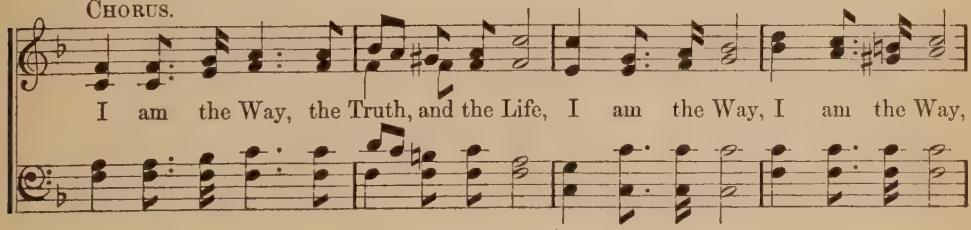
No. 101. The Way, Truth, and Life.

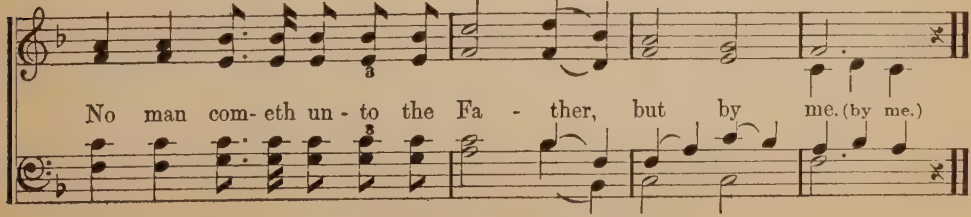
C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.









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No. 102. Only Remembered.

H. Bonar, D. D. J. Lincoln Hall.

Duett.

1. Fad - ing a- way like the stars of the morn-ing, Los - ing their light in the glo - ri - ous sun; Thus let me pass from the earth and its toil - ing,
2. Shall we be missed, though by oth-ers suc-ceed - ed, Reap-ing the fields we in spring-time have sown? Yes; but the sow - ers must pass from their la - bors,
3. On - ly the truth that in life we have spok-en, On - ly the seed that in life we have sown, These shall pass on - ward when we are for- got - ten,
4. Oh, when the Sav - iour shall make up his jew - els, When the bright crowns of re- joic - ing are worn, Then shall his wea - ry and faith - ful dis - ci - ples

Chorus.

On - ly re - mem-bered by what I have done.
Ev - er re - mem-bered by what they have done.
Fruits of the har - vest, and what we have done.
All be re - mem-bered by what they have done.
} On- ly re-membered, on- ly re- mem- bered, On - ly re- mem- bered by what I have done; Thus let me pass from earth and its toil - ing, On - ly re- mem-bered by what I have done.

rit.

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No. 103. One Word—"Jesus."

Mrs C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. One word when my heart is o'erwhelmed with its sin, One word when I long the new life to be - gin; One word when life's vic - t'ries I'm striv - ing to win, That one pre - cious word is Je - sus.
2. One word tells the sto - ry of in - fi - nite grace, One word brings the sun - shine to a - ny dark place; One word is the gos - pel to all our lost race, That one pre - cious word is Je - sus.
3. One word,—and the cho - rus of heav - en will sing, One word,—ev - 'ry Chris - tian his hom - age will bring; One word, 'tis the name of the glo - ri - ous King, That one pre - cious word is Je - sus.

Chorus.

Je - sus, Je - sus, That won - der - ful word is Je - sus, A song to the heart that word will im-part, That won - der - ful word is Je - sus.

Je - sus, Je - sus,

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No. 104. I Know Who Pilots Me.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. When an-gry waves a-round me roll, And hide my path a - cross life's sea,
2. Day aft - er day, tho' tossed a - bout, And oft - en dan-g'rous rocks I see,
3. Tho' each new day brings tri - als sore, Tho' rougher still the o - cean be,
4. My Saviour's love still guides me on, My on - ly chart and com-pass he;

No fear a - larms my trust-ing soul, For well I know who pi - lots me.
There comes to me no fear nor doubt, For well I know who pi - lots me.
I know that I shall reach the shore, For well I know who pi - lots me.
I'll trust him till the journey's done, For well I know who pi - lots me.

CHORUS.

Yes, well I know . . . . . who pi - lots me . . . . . A- cross life's
Yes, well I know who pi - lots me

ev - er-troub - led sea; . . . . . The winds may rave. . . . . and waves may
Across life's ev-er-troub-led, ev - er-troubled sea; The winds may rave

swell, ... While Je - sus pi - lots, all is well. . . . . .
and waves may swell, While Je - sus pi - lots, all is well, yes, all is well.

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No. 105. Be Strong in Jesus.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. HERBERT J. LACEY

1. Be strong, be strong in Je - sus, His love our shield and stay, His ban-ner o'er us floating, He leads a- long the way. Press on, press on undaunted, His grace shall ev - er guide, Be strong, be strong in Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry died.
2. Be strong, be strong in Je - sus, And by his arm of might Go forth in faith and valor, To bat-tle for the right. Gird on the gos- pel ar-mor, De - feat we ne'er shall know, Be strong, be strong in Je - sus, Conqu'ring all be - low.
3. Be strong, be strong in Je - sus, His grace shall e'er a - vail, Thro' him we'll ne'er surrender, But o'er our foes pre-vail. Re - joice, for saints and angels From heav'nly heights look down, Be strong, be strong in Je - sus, Who our toil shall crown.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Be strong, be strong in Je - sus, And con - quer by his grace.

Parts. *rit.*

Un - til in realms of glo - ry, We see him face to face!

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No. 106. Singing for Jesus.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, and try - ing to win Ma - ny to love him and
2. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our life and our light; Sing - ing for him as we
3. Sing - ing for Je - sus, yes, sing - ing with joy; Thus will we praise him and

join in the song; Call - ing the wea - ry and wan - der - ing in,
press to the mark; Sing - ing for him when the morn- ing is bright,
tell out his love; Till he shall call us to bright - er em - ploy,

CHORUS.

Roll- ing the cho- rus of glad- ness a - long.
Sing- ing, still sing- ing for him in the dark.
Sing- ing for Je - sus for - ev - er a - bove.
} Sing - ing, sing - ing

all a - long the way; Sing - ing, sing - ing for Je - sus ev - 'ry

day; . . . . Sing - ing, sing - ing all a - long the

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way; Sing - ing, sing - ing for Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

No. 107. You Never Can Tell 'Til You Try.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. There's a say- ing, and tho' it is old, 'Twill bear ev - 'ry day to be told,
2. Ma - ny men have dropp'd out by the way, A - fraid of the heat of the day,
3. For the glo - ry of Je - sus your friend, On whom ev - 'ry hour you de - pend,

When your task seems too hard and the day seems too long, Cheer up, let your heart sing this song:
Pressing forward we know is the way to grow strong, Cheer up, let your heart sing this song:
In the service he gives you must move right a- long, To cheer someone else sing this song:

CHORUS. UNISON.

For you nev- er can tell 'til you try, You must nev- er, no, "nev- er say die;"

What you can go thro', how much you can do, You nev- er can tell 'till you try.

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No. 108. Praise Jehovah!

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Glo- ry to God in the highest, Worship we and a - dore; Highest arch-angels in glo - ry, Praise him forever - more. Let us exalt him, our Father, Loud let the chorus ring; Praise him whose name is Jeho - vah, Worship our God and our King.
2. Sweetly your gratitude voic- ing, Gladly the strain upraise, Enter his courts with re- joicing, Enter his gates with praise. Jesus hath purchas'd salvation, Low at his feet we bow, While ev- 'ry kindred and na - tion Glad-ly ex- alt him now.
3. Praise to Je- hovah the Father, Glo- ry to Christ the Son, Hon- or to thee, Ho- ly Spir- it, Hail him, the Mighty One! Now and thro' ages e- ter- nal Thy name exalt- ed be; Wor- ship the King in his beau - ty, Laud him unceas-ing - ly.

Halle- lujah! All

CHORUS.

f

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo- ry to God on high! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!
Glo- ry! Glo- ry! Glo - ry! Glo- ry! Glo- ry! Glo- ry! Glo - ry! Glo- ry!

Shout thro' the earth and sky; . . . . Saints, a - dore him, Loud let the
Saints, a- dore him, bow be- fore him,

Praise Je- ho- vah, ye

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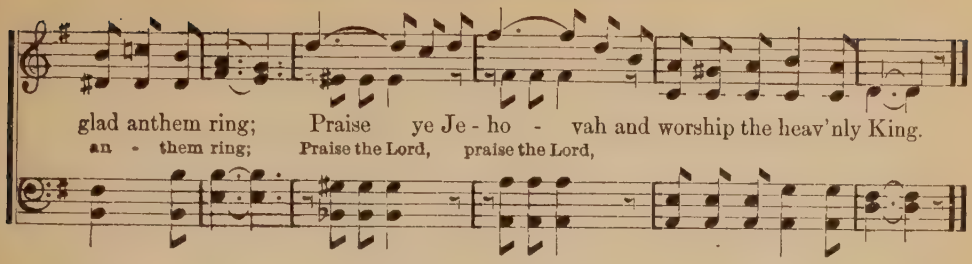
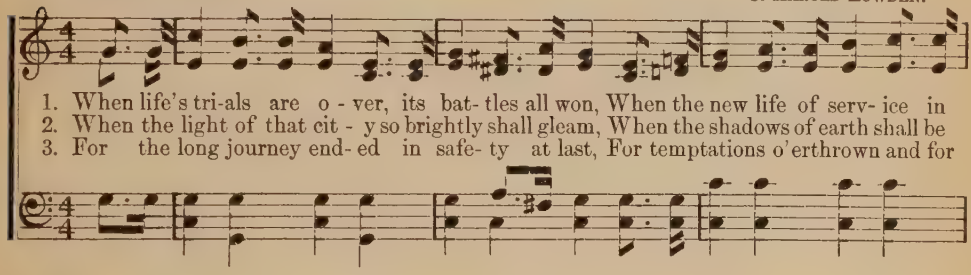
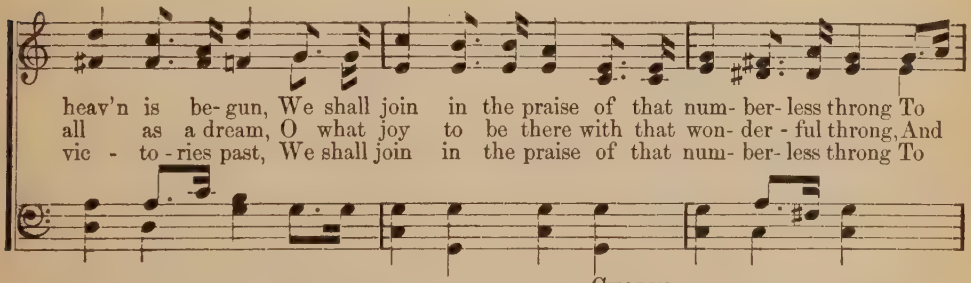
Praise Jehovah!—Concluded.



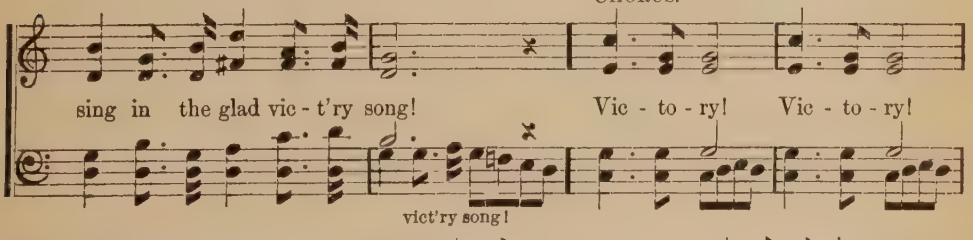
No. 109. The Victory Song.

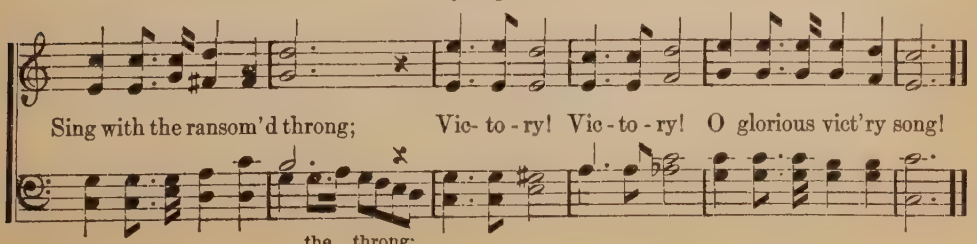
ALICE JEAN CLEATER. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.





CHORUS.





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No. 110. The Day is Far Spent.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. The day is far spent, O Mas - ter, The eve - ning shadows fill the sky,
2. The day is far spent, O Mas - ter, And young and old must find a rest,
3. The day is far spent, O Mas - ter, And from each oth - er we must part,

But day or night there is no dan - ger, If thou, O Mas- ter wilt be nigh.
But in these closing hours we pray thee, A - bide with us a welcome guest.
But may thy love be ev-er o'er us, To guide each hand and cheer each heart.

a little faster.

The winds that toss the foam-ing bil - lows, The waves that beat up- on the strand,
There is no dan-ger in the tem - pest, The wind and wave can do no harm,
From sin and harm do thou pro-tect us, And give us strength each cross to bear,

ff *p* *rit.*

The stars that sil - ent shine a - bove us, Are kept by thine al- might- y hand.
Thy voice can still their fear-ful rag - ing, There's pow'r unmeasured in thy arm.
O send to us di - vine com-pas - sion, That oth - er's sor - rows we should share.

Chorus.

The day is far spent, O Mas - ter, The shad - ows fall o'er land and sea;

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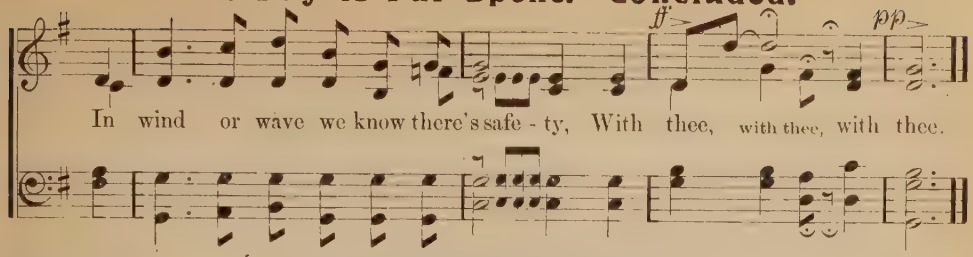
The Day is Far Spent.—Concluded.



No. 111. Heaven Seems Nearer.

A. W. S. (CLOSING HYMN.) ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

Softly, with feeling.

1. Twi - light is fall - ing, Soft on the sea, Faint stars are gleam - ing,
2. Twi - light is fall - ing, Soft ev - 'ry - where, Lift - ing our spir - its,
3. Twi - light is fall - ing, O'er vale and hill, Peace like a riv - er,
4. When falls the twi - light Of life's brief day, When from the hill - tops,

far o'er the lea; Like bells of heav - en, sweet voi - ces come,
to God in pray'r; Like dews of eve - ning, bless - ings de - scend,
our hearts shall fill; Love like a ban - ner, o'er us is spread,
light fades a - way;— Faith sees a dawn - ing, end - less and fair,

p CHORUS.

Wak - ing fond mem-'ries of days that are gone.
While in com-mun - ion, our hearts sweet - ly blend.
Vis - ions of glo - ry, are hung o - ver head.
E - ter - nal morn - ing, shall break o'er us there.
} Heav - en seems near - er,

f *rit.*

when day - light dies, When gates of glo - ry are swung in the skies.

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No. 112. The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye soldiers brave and true; Je - ho - vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise

heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry, The
vic - t'ry will assure: Go buck - le on the arm - or God has giv - en you, And
spans the east - ern sky; His glorious name in ev - 'ry land shall honored be, The

Chorus. Unison.

tri - umph of the right will soon appear.
in his strength un-to the end endure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
} The fight is on, O Christian soldier, And face to

face in stern ar - ray, . . With armor gleaming and colors streaming, The right and

Harmony.

wrong engage to - day; The fight is on, but be not weary, Be strong and in his might hold

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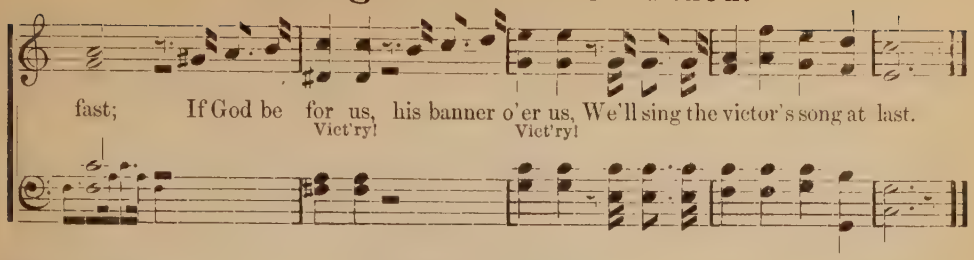
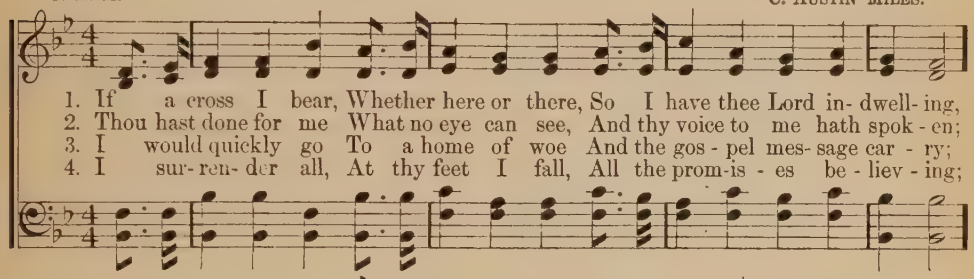
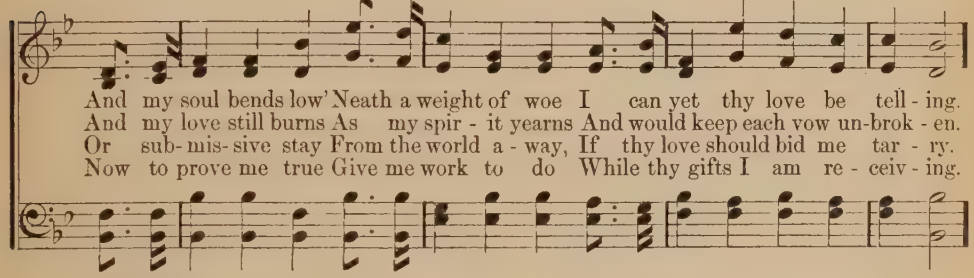
The Fight Is On.—Concluded.



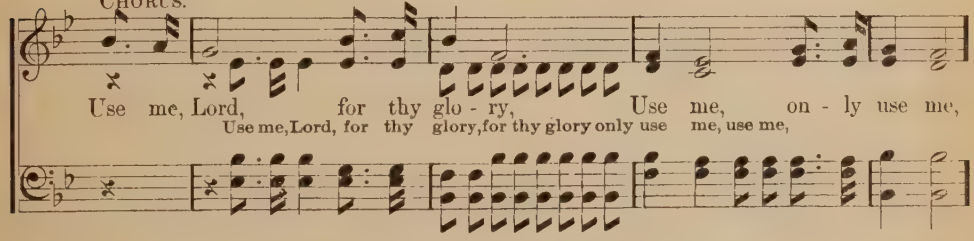
No. 113. Use Me, Lord.

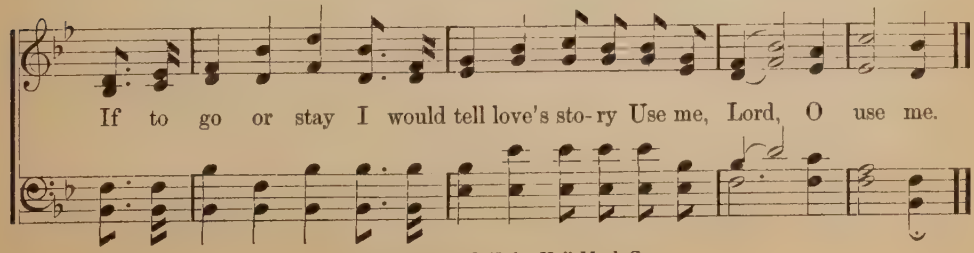
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.





Chorus.





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No. 114. Onward and Upward.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. The clarion call is ringing clear, Onward and upward; The Lord of hosts is ev - er near To vict'ry to lead us on. Then mount the hills that, round about, Are keeping Canaan's gladness out, And with a glad triumphant shout loft - y height Be- hold the radiant vision bright, And feast thine eyes on this glad sight:
2. Pos - sess the land that yonder lies, Onward and upward; Nor yet thy Lord's command despise Who with thee thus far has come. Now from the mountain's anthems rend the skies, With love ev - 'ry bo - som thrills. Nor yet like him who failed to stand Within the borders of that land, Our lives and all our hopes are spanned
3. While pray'rs and songs of praise arise, Onward and upward; And joy- ful fend from e - vil host, And aught that may mar dis- miss. Thy fruits and fields, thy fer - tile plain, Shall yield our souls the golden grain That makes the wounded whole again
4. Thy verdant meads shall be our boast, Canaan, fair Canaan; Thee we'll de-

Chorus.

We'll view the conquest won.
Thy country and thy home!
By thy fair forest hills.
And gives e - ternal bliss.
} Canaan, fair Ca - naan, O may we enter in

Conqu'rors, vic - to - rious O'er the hosts of sin! Mighty Je - ho - vah,

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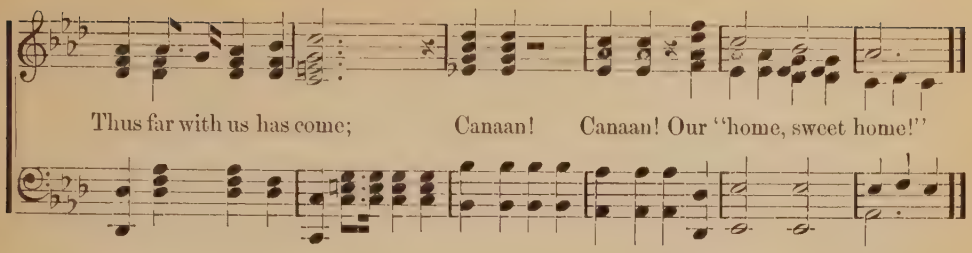
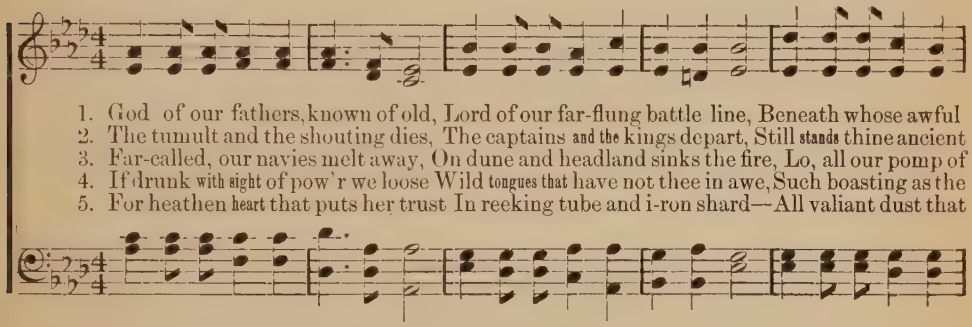
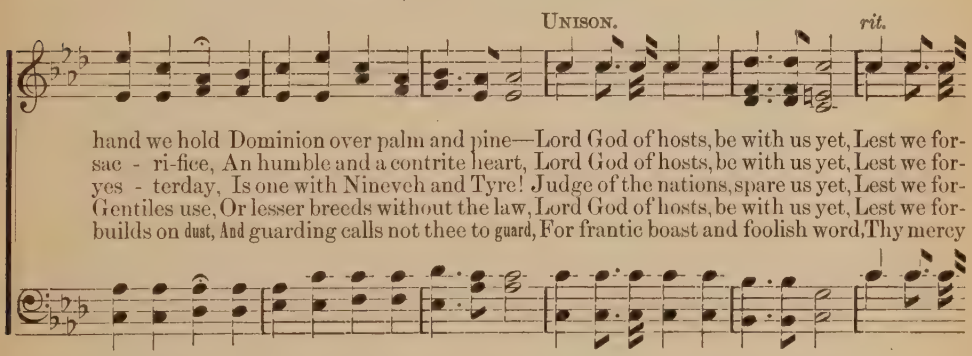
Onward and Upward.—Concluded.

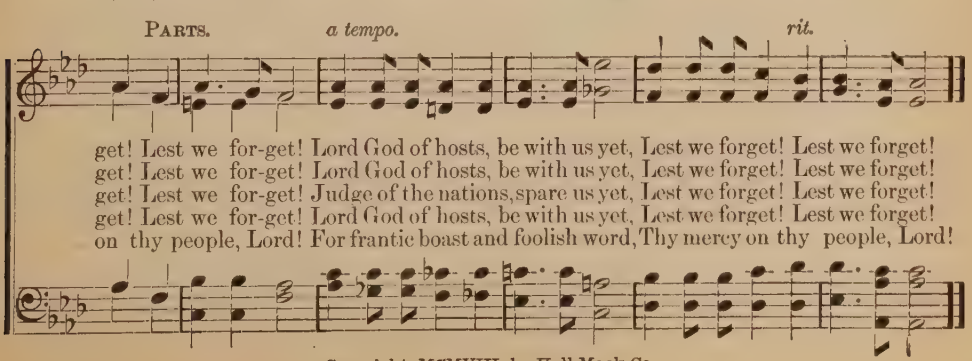


No. 115. Recessional.

RUDYARD KIPLING. J. LINCOLN HALL.







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No. 116. Lo, the Crimson Banners.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Lo, the crimson banners loy-al, Leading onward to the fray, Bid us with a courage
2. For the Lord of hosts shall guide us, And his truth our shield shall be; Naught of evil can be-
3. Crowns of glory shall be giv-en To the conqu'rors evermore; There remains a rest in

loy-al Forward press to win the day; For the hosts of sin shall scatter And the
tide us, From our doubts and fears set free. Marching 'neath our Sov'reign's standard, To the
heav-en, When the conflicts all are o'er; For the cross of Christ shall triumph, And the

:S: *Fine.*

foe be downward hurled, While the vict'ry song, Joyful vict'ry song, Is ringing o'er the world.
breez-es now unfurled, While the vict'ry song, Joyful vict'ry song, Is ringing o'er the world.
bat-tle flags be furled, While the vict'ry song, Joyful vict'ry song, Is ringing o'er the world.

D.S.-O'er the earth unfurled, For the vict'ry song, Joyful vict'ry song, Is ringing o'er the world.

CHORUS.

O the vict'ry song is ringing, ringing, Ringing far and wide; While the cross is triumph

D.S.

bringing, bringing, Joys that e'er a-bide. To the breeze our banners flinging, flinging,

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No. 117. O Blessed Book.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. O bless - ed Book, whose glo - ry The a - ges can - not dim,
2. O bless - ed Book, we cher - ish Thy prom - is - es di - vine;
3. O bless - ed Book, the tok - en Of God's e - ter - nal love;

Which tells the Saviour's sto - ry And leads us un - to him!
Thy words shall nev - er per - ish, But through the a - ges shine.
The words that he hath spok - en Shall lead to realms a - bove.

CHORUS. UNISON.

O Book of books, the sag- es Thy depths can never reach, Yet heaven's truth thy

PARTS. UNISON. PARTS.

pag - es To low- ly learners teach. O Book of books e - ter - nal, How -

rich thy treasured store! O feed us, O lead us, And guide us ev - er-more.

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No. 118. Safe We'll Be.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

Melody well marked, other parts staccato. Slowly.

1. While we're sleeping, God is keep- ing Watch above each cot and bed, And at-tend- ing,
2. He who loves us, Keeps a-bove us Faithful watch as now we part, And be-hold-ing,
3. With the breaking, Dawn a-wak- ing, Comes the du-ties of the day, Then at-tend us

rit. *Girls.* *a tempo.*

An - gels bending, Lin-ger o - ver-head. Naught shall harm us, Nor a-larm us, But the
Sees un-fold-ing Thoughts of ev'ry heart. Faith- ful ev - er We shall never, Fail to
And defend us From all sin we pray. Our en-deav - or, For thy fa- vor, Thy ap-

rit. *All.*

eye of God doth see, Wake, or sleeping, In his keeping, Safe we'll ev - er be.
walk as in his sight, Lov- ing du - ty, Fills with beauty, Moments ev - er bright.
prov-al shall re - ceive, Keep us ho - ly, Meek and low-ly We thy word be-lieve.

Refrain.

Girls.

L. H. L. H.

'Till we meet, 'till we meet, May our Lord watch a-bove us day and night,

All.

L. H.

'Till we meet, 'till we meet, We will live as in God's sight.

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No. 119. 'Tis the Old, Old Story of His Love.

JAMES ROWE. IRA B. WILSON.

With expression. May be used as a Duet.

1. There's a sweet, old story which I love to hear When the night is long and dreary,
2. There's a sweet, old story that I love to read When my spir - it dreads the morrow,
3. There's a sweet, old story that I love to tell To the heart by grief o'er-tak - en,

When I feel the power of the tempter near, And my soul is sad and wea- ry.
When, to help me onward, strength or cheer I need, Or when comfort I would borrow.
To the friendless brothers who in darkness dwell, And to those by hope for- sak - en.

CHORUS.

'Tis the old, old sto - ry of his love, 'Tis the sweet, old
The sto - ry of his love,

message from a - bove; For no oth- er I can find that can
The message from a - bove;

rit. ad lib.

calm a troubled mind Like the sweet, old sto - ry of his love.
The sto - ry of his love.

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No. 120. The Mighty Army.

S. C. Kirk. Herbert J. Lacey.

1. Do you know the might - y ar - my That is ral - ly - ing to - day?
2. 'Tis a host of ma - ny mill - ions, But they car - ry not the sword;
3. O'er them floats King Je - sus' ban - ner, In his name they're marching on;
4. Marshal, then, the might - y ar - my! Let there be no ling'ring one;

It is ral - ly - ing for bat - tle— Do you hear it on the way?
They are sol - diers, loy - al sol - diers; Their commander is the Lord.
They will stand like val - iant sol - diers Till the vic - to - ry is won.
Hold a - loft the roy - al ban - ner Till the vic - to - ry is won.

Chorus. *Unison.*

Ral - ly the mighty ar - my! Marshal ev - 'ry one! Onward, yes, onward,
Ral - ly, then, the might - y army! ev'ry one! Onward, on - ward,

soldiers! Conflict has be - gun! Ral - ly the mighty ar - my!
onward, soldiers! has be - gun! . . Ral - ly, then, the mighty army!

Marshal ev - 'ry one! Lo, the morning breaketh! Vic - to - ry is won.
Then forward!

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No. 121. Jesus Knows and Cares.

M. S. MARGARET SHULTZ.

1. On life's path - way are there cross-es? Je - sus knows and cares;
2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
3. When the e - ven-tide is near- ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
4. Are you heav - y bur-dens bear- ing? Je - sus knows and cares;

1. On life's pathways are there cross - es? Je- sus knows and Je - sus cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
Tho' the fu - ture seems ap - pall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
When the light is dis - ap- pear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
Glad - ly all your sor - row shar - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;

Do you suf- fer heav - y loss - es? Je- sus knows and Je - sus cares;

Doth there come the hour of weep - ing, Treas-ures van - ish from your keep - ing,
Tho' the years their griefs are bring - ing, Hush-ing ev - 'ry voice of sing - ing,
When with tears the eyes are fill - ing, An - guish deep the soul is thrill - ing,
Tho' your life be filled with cry - ing, Pleasures van - ished, joys be dy - ing.

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap- ing? Je- sus knows and cares.
Fear ye not, the cry is ring - ing, Je- sus knows and cares.
Peace he brings, his heart is will - ing; Je- sus knows and cares.
Yet look up be- yond the sigh - ing, Je- sus knows and cares.

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares.

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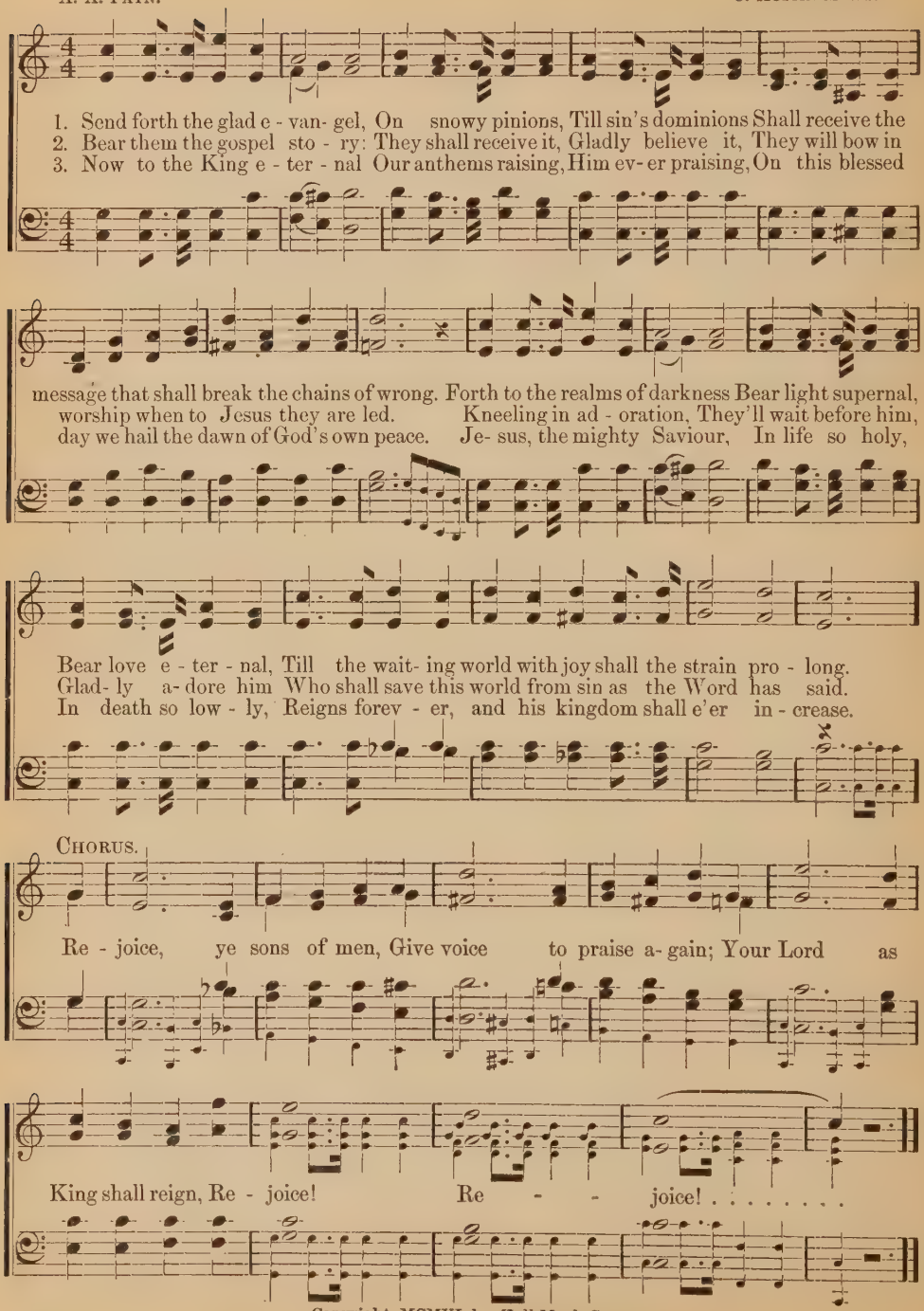
No. 122. Send Forth the Evangel.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.



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No. 123. Victory.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Raise the stan-dard of the Lord on high, Bring the ban-ner of sal-va-tion nigh;
2. Joy-ful be our hearts, our lives be bright, Press-ing on-ward in the Saviour's might;
3. Take the mes-sage un-to all the earth, Let the na-tions know the gos-pel worth;

Forward, Christians, shouting vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! This the song shall be.
Courage, Christians, heed the Captain's call, Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Peace and joy for all.
Has-ten, with the news that God is love; Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Cometh from a-bove.

CHORUS.

On! On! With his ban-ners o'er us, On! On! Je-sus goes be-fore us,
On! On! Where-so-e'er he sends us, On! On! God a-bove de-fends us,

1

On! On! Raise the hap-py cho-rus, Vic-to-ry!

2

On! On! Vic-to-ry at-tends us Ev-'ry-where we go.

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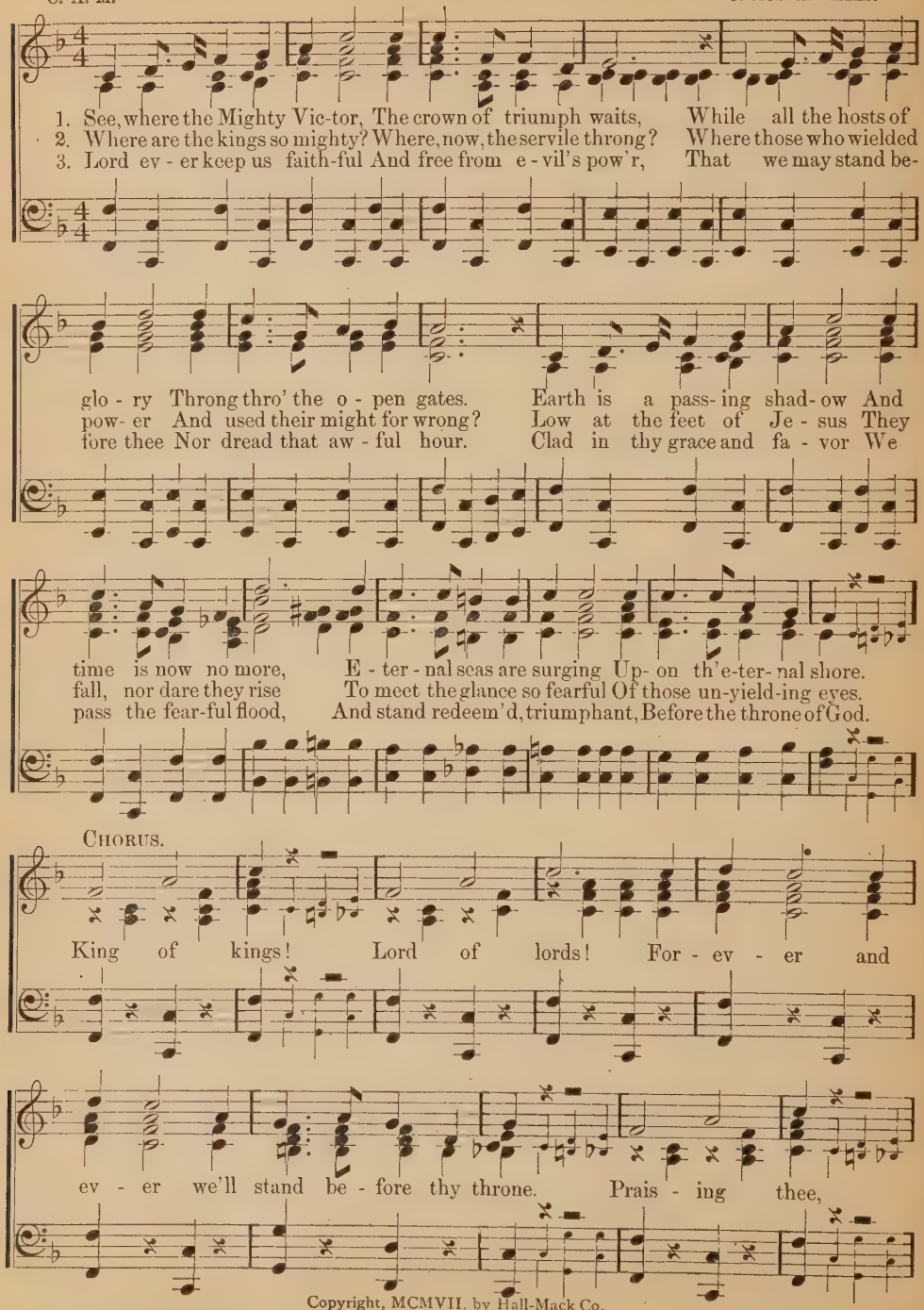
No. 124. The Mighty Victor.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.



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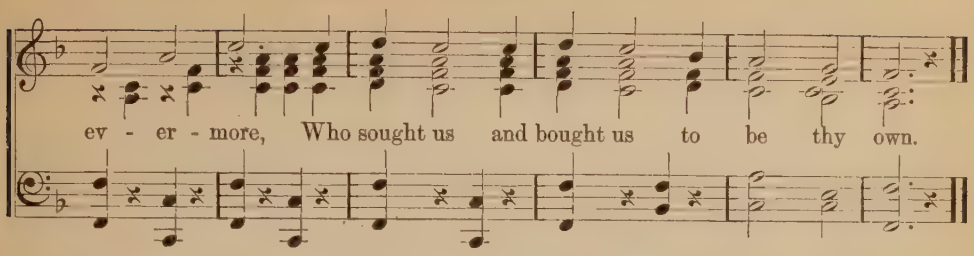
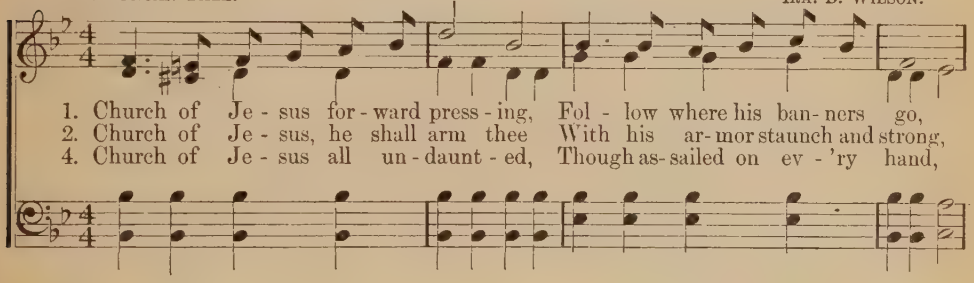
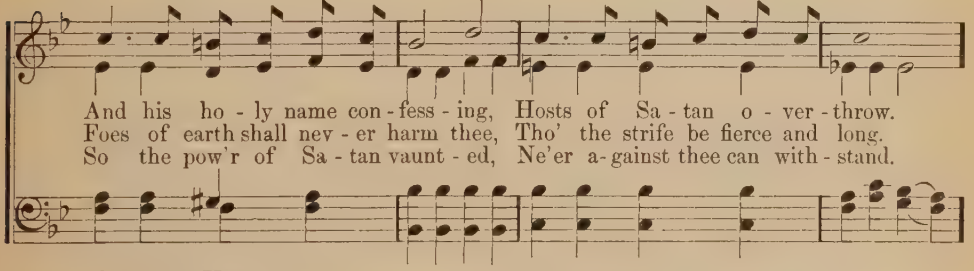


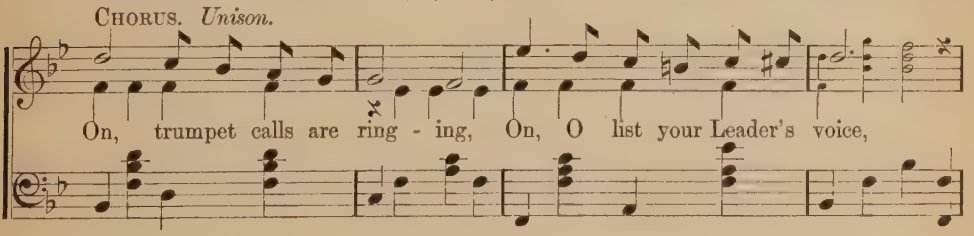
No. 125. Church Victorious.

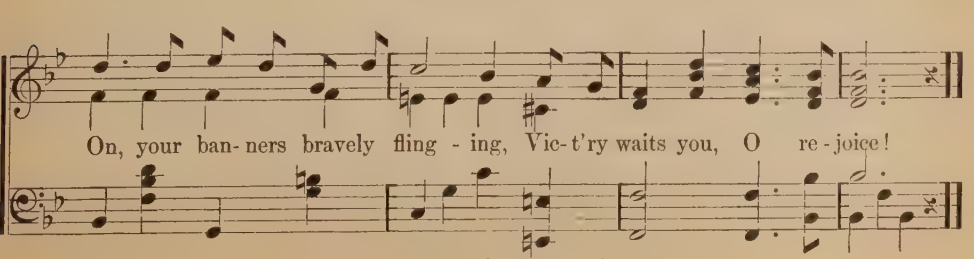
ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. IRA. B. WILSON.





CHORUS. *Unison.*





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No. 126. My Shepherd Leads.

MARY S. LEONARD. F. A. CLARK.

Andante. Quietly, but with expression.

1. In - to the val - leys of bless - ing My Shep - herd leads; . . .
2. In - to the ways that are wea - ry My Shep - herd leads; . . .
3. In - to the land all im- mor - tal My Shep - herd leads; . . .

Peace is my spir - it pos- sess - ing, My soul he feeds. . .
Dark tho' the skies be, and drear - y, He knows my needs. . .
Un - to the glo - ri - ous por - tal My way he heeds. . .

p *Slowly.*

Pastures so green are a - round me, Wa- ters of life shall flow; . . .
Heav-y the load I am bear - ing, Love hath my pathway planned; .
Mansions of heav- en - ly splen - dor Wait me when I shall come. . .

con affeto.

Fair - est of flow - ers surround me, Ev - er I on - ward go. . . . .
Trust-ing, I'm still forward far - ing, Led by my Shepherd's hand. . .
Led by my Shepherd so ten - der, Un - to my Fa - ther's home. . .

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

My Shepherd leads a - long the way; Kept by his care, I can - not stray;

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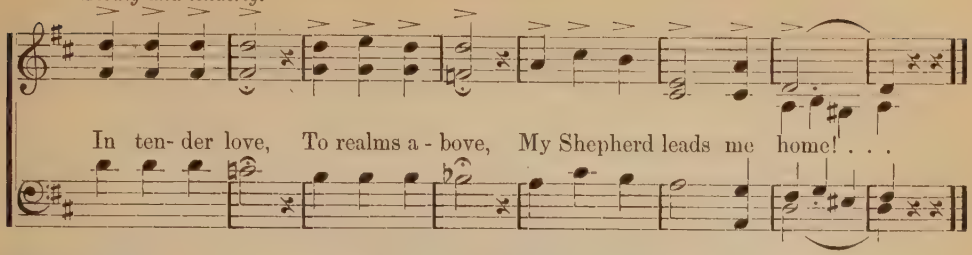
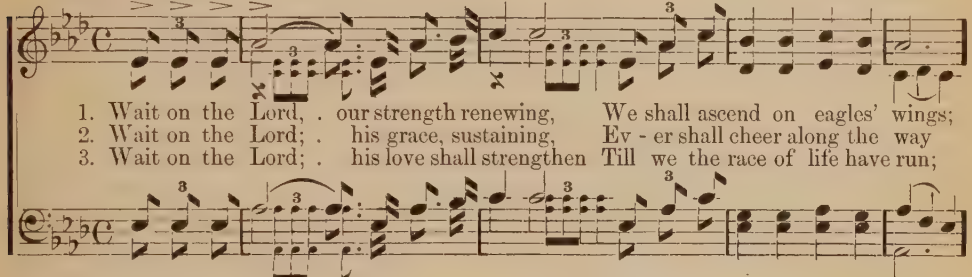
My Shepherd Leads.—Concluded.

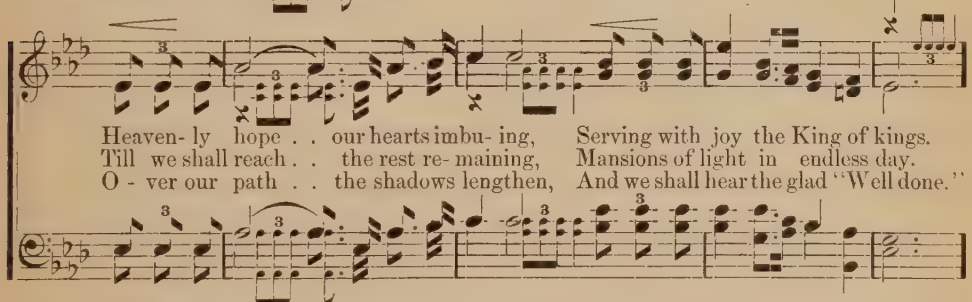
Slowly and tenderly.



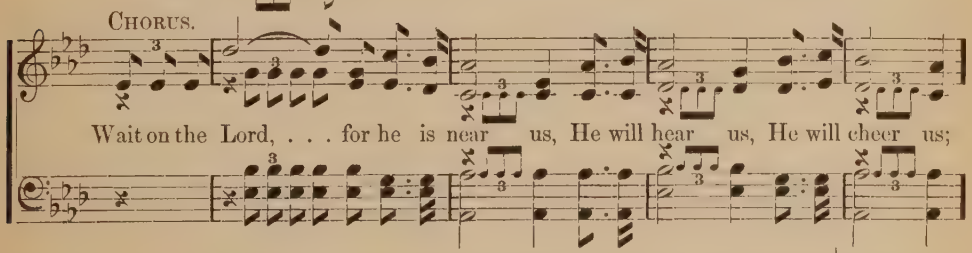
No. 127. Wait On the Lord.

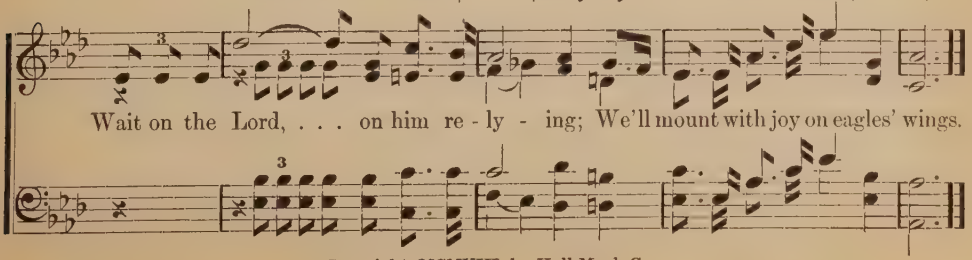
ANNA M. ROGERS. W. A. POST.





CHORUS.





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No. 128. The Victory Depends On You.

H. W. HUNTLEY. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O the bat- tle cry is ring-ing, There's a triumph to be won, And our loy- al ban-ner
2. So we haste with hearts undaunted, And we'll win for God our land, For the foe with pow'r so
3. So we'll strive to save our nation, And our homes we'll seek to guard, From the sin and des-o-

flinging On-ward till our warfare's done. O a joy - ful song shall cheer us, And our
vaunted Ne'er against us shall withstand. For the Lord of hosts shall hear us, And to
la - tion, That the land so oft have marred, And the hosts of sin shall fear us, For their

cour-age still re - new, For the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may depend on you!
him we'll e'er be true, O the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may depend on you!
strength we'll soon subdue, O the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may depend on you!

CHORUS.

O our foes shall ev - er fear us, And shall see our tri - umph, too,

For the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may de - pend on you!

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No. 129. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

EDNA L. PARK. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. We shall reach the sum-mer land, Some sweet day, by and by! We shall
2. At the crys-tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by! We shall
3. O these part-ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by! We shall

press the gold-en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; O the loved ones
find each brok-en link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that,
gath-er, friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-fore our

watch-ing there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to
fad-ing here, Left our hearts and home so drear, We shall see more bright and
Fa-ther's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are

CHORUS.

share, Some sweet day, by and by.
clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
known, Some sweet day, by and by.

By and by, Some sweet
By and by, yes, by and by,

day; We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

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No. 130. The Cross of Christ Shall Conquer.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The cross of Christ shall conquer; Press forward to the fray, O valiant hosts and loy-al, For
2. The cross of Christ shall conquer, Then wherefore shall we fear? Fling out the royal banner, For
3. The cross of Christ shall conquer; March onward with a song: We'll follow him, our leader, And

we shall win the day! Tho' fierce may be the conflict, Triumphant shall we be;
heav'nly help is near. What tho' encamped around us A mighty host we see?
in his strength be strong; For soon the ransomed nations To him shall bend the knee;

MELODY. BOYS.

ALL. CHORUS.

The cross of Christ shall conquer, On to vic - to - ry! The cross shall con - quer
The cross of Christ shall conquer, conquer

o - ver ev- 'ry foe; The cross shall con - quer, this we surely know! The cross shall
The cross of Christ shall conquer, conquer, The cross of Christ shall

con - quer, Sa- tan overthrow; With joyful song We march along To vic - to - ry!
conquer, conquer,

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No. 131. As the Day Breaks.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. As the shadows of the night round are fall - ing, I am thinking of that
2. When we gath - er home at last, there'll be sing - ing Such as an - gels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who

day by and by; When the trum - pet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev - er heard; For the song of souls re-deemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,

Chorus.

As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
When the day breaks o'er the hills.
} I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my

jour - ney home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be

shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.
the heavenly hills.

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No. 132. Tarry With Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. Tar - ry with me, my Sav-iour, When the morn breaks to view, When the du-ties be -
2. Tar - ry with me, my Sav-iour, And a - bide as the morn Press-es on in - to
3. Tar - ry with me, my Sav-iour, When the light grows more dim And I grope in the
4. Tar - ry with me, my Sav-iour, When the threshold I cross Of that heav-en- ly

fore me as a bur-den ap-pear; For each du- ty is pleasure, and each task is a joy,
noon-day with my la- bors not done; Tarry with me, when weary, and the burden grows light,
darkness tho' the sun still shines bright; When these eyes close forever on the scenes I have lov'd
mansion, there for- ev - er to stay They may question my ti- tle, but with thee at my side

Chorus.

And burdens grow light-er, if thou art but near.
For when thou art with me, two la - bor as one.
They'll o - pen, be- hold-ing thy face with de- light.
I'll cry, "Here's my Saviour! Ask him if I may."
} Tar-ry with me, my Saviour, Tar- ry

with me I pray, I need thee, greatly need thee each step of the way; Tar- ry with me in

sunshine Tar - ry with me in shade For when thou art near me I'll not be a - fraid.

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No. 133. I Belong to the King.

Ida L. Reed. Maurice A. Clifton.

Solo or Duet.

1. I be - long to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
2. I be - long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer - cy and
3. I be - long to the King, and his prom - ise is sure, That we all shall be

pal - ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a - bove, And his
kind-ness, so free, Are un-ceas- ing - ly mine, where-so-ev - er I go, And my
gath-ered at last In his kingdom a - bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this

Chorus.

chil - dren its splen- dors shall share.
ref - uge un - fail - ing is he.
life with its tri - als is past.
I be - long to the King I'm a

child of his love, And he nev - er for - sak - eth his own; He will call me some

day to his pal - ace a - bove, I shall dwell by his glo - ri - fied throne.

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No. 134. He Is Not Far Away.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. O soul, thy way seems hedged a - bout with care, The shad - ows
2. The God whose love for you will nev - er change Will hear and
3. To fill the hun - gry, thirst - y soul with joy; To shed a-

hide the light of day; Re - mem - ber, God still loves and watches you, He
an - swer when you pray: "Tho' like a flood the en - e - my may come," God
broad loves pure, sweet ray; To give his peo- ple strength for time of need, God

Chorus.

is not far a - way. He is not far a - way, He is not
God is not far a - way, God

far a - way, He is not far a - way; Re-
is not far a - way, not far a - way;

mem - ber, God still loves and watches you, He is not far a - way.

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No. 135. I Know He's Mine.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. B. Frank Butts.

1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends,
2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul he set me free;
3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord be - cause I know he's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

Chorus.

I know he's mine, ... this friend so dear, ... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me, ... he's ev - er near; . . . . . Ten thousand charms, ...
He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms,

a - round him shine, ... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
a - round him shine,

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No. 136. Saved for Service.

IDA L. REED. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Saved to serve him, Christ my Sav - iour, Saved to of - fer day by day
2. Saved and blessed to be a bless - ing, Saved to lead to Je - sus's feet
3. Saved to be his con- stant wit - ness, By my dai - ly life to bring
4. Saved to spread love's sun-shine ten - der, To my Lord to bring each day

Love's glad deeds wher - e'er I jour - ney, What - so - ev - er be my way.
Wan - der - er's from sin's dark path- ways By my lov - ing kind- ness sweet.
Joy and hope to oth - ers, ev - er Faith - ful al - ways to my king.
All my heart's pure hopes and treas- ures, He will bless me all the way.

CHORUS.

Saved, saved to tell the sto - ry Of his glad re - deem- ing love,

Saved, saved to bring the lost ones To his king - dom fair a - bove.

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No. 137. Loving Shepherd.

JANE E. LEESON. (CHORAL.) J. LINCOLN HALL.

p

1. Lov - ing Shep- herd of thy sheep, Keep thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;
2. We would praise thee ev - 'ry day, Glad - ly all thy will o - bey,
3. Lov - ing Shep- herd ev - er near, Teach thy lambs thy voice to hear;
4. Where thou lead - est we would go, Walk- ing in thy steps be - low,

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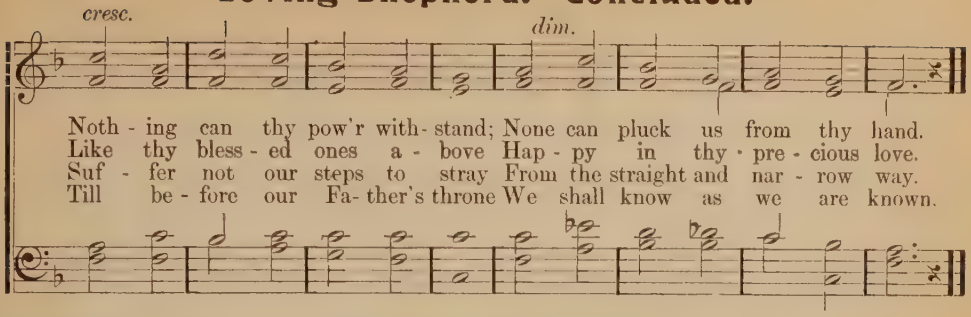
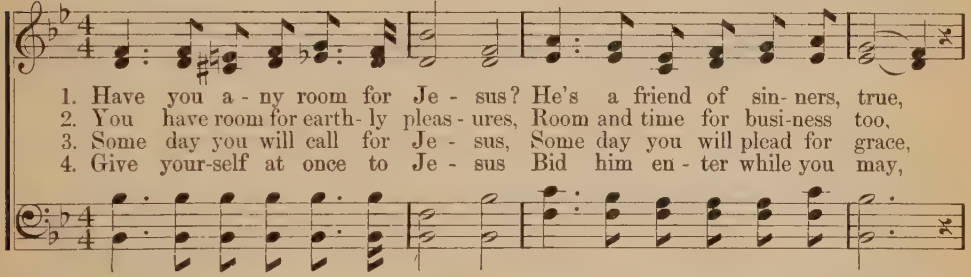
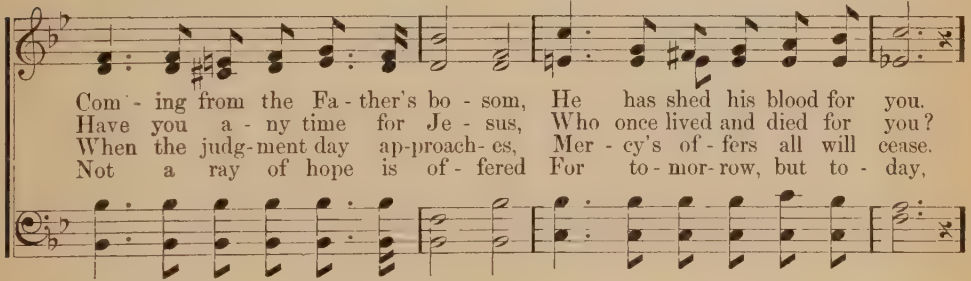
Loving Shepherd.—Concluded.



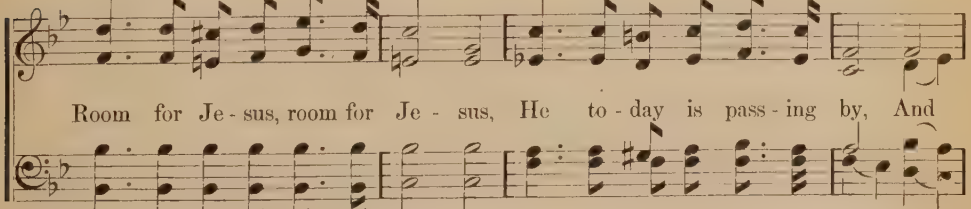
No. 138. Room for Jesus.

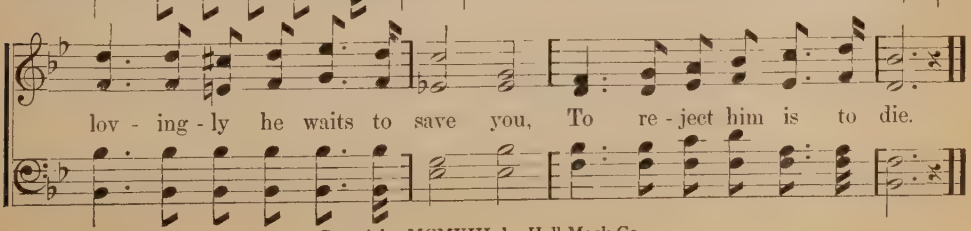
Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.





Chorus.





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No. 139. The World for Jesus.

IDA L. REED. M. H. MUNFORD.

1. The world, the world for Je - sus, Send out the bat - tle cry,
2. The world, the world for Je - sus, Each one may some-thing do,
3. The world, the world for Je - sus, O send a - broad the light,
4. The world, the world for Je - sus, Let each one watch and pray,

Go forth, ye loy - al le - gions, You'll con - quer by and by.
To win some soul to heav - en, Then to your trust be true.
Bring in, bring in the wand - 'rers, Long lost in sin's dark night.
Till all may know and love him, The truth, the life, the way.

CHORUS.

The world, the world for Je - sus, Speed on the hap - py day,
When all on earth may know him, The truth, the life, the way.

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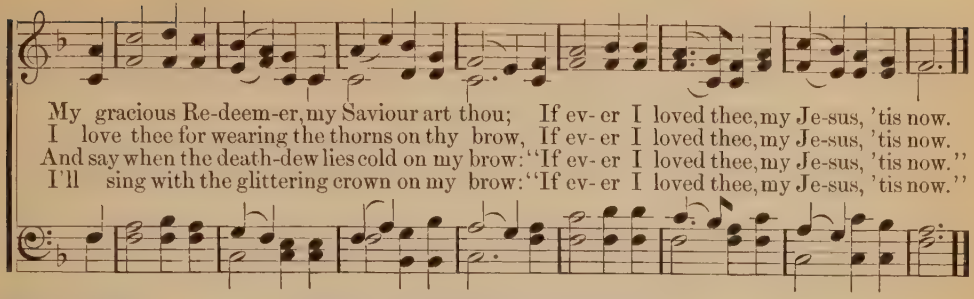
No. 140. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je-sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re- sign;
2. I love thee because thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchas'd my pardon on Calvary's tree;
3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath:
4. In mansions of glo - ry and endless de-light, I'll ev - er a- dore thee in heaven so bright;

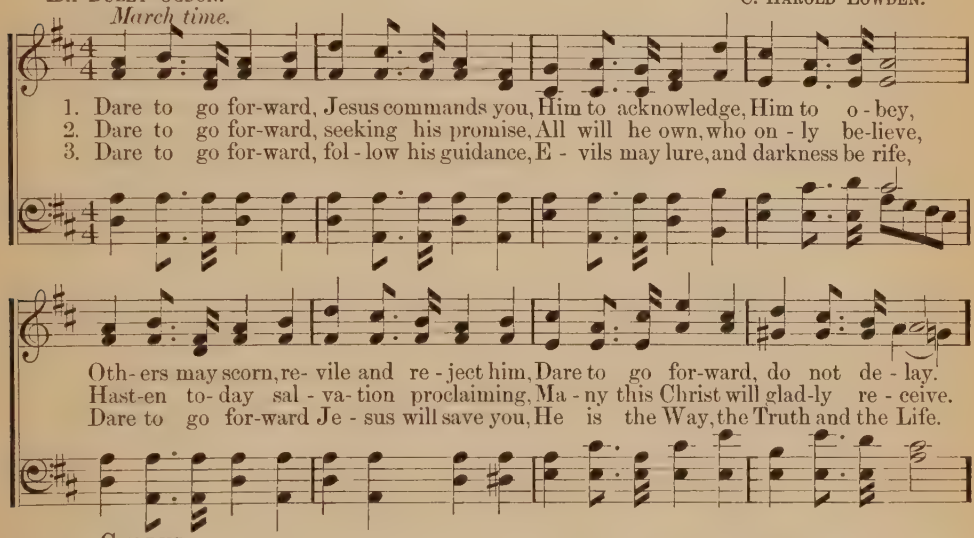
My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.



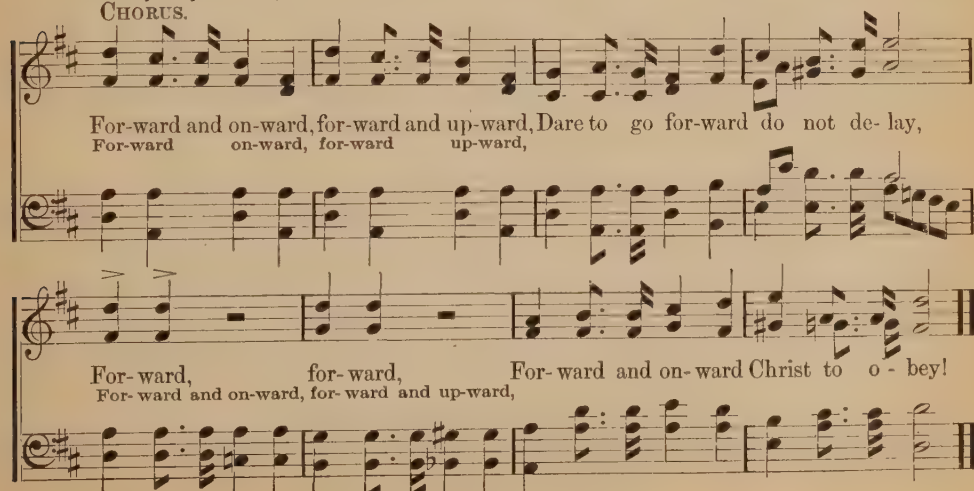
No. 141. Dare to Go Forward.

IDA DULEY OGDON. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

March time.



CHORUS.



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No. 142. Going With Jesus.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Go - ing with Je- sus the nar - row way, Bear- ing with Je - sus the cross each day,
2. Working with Je- sus in fields of sin, Seek- ing with Je - sus some soul to win,
3. Do - ing with Je- sus the will of God, Cleansed ev'ry day in the precious blood,

Liv - ing with Je - sus in "heav'nly place" Drawing from Je - sus the breath of grace.
Standing with Je - sus in fierc - est fight, Shin-ing for Je - sus with love's pure light.
Fit - ted with Je - sus to reign at last, When all the ser - vice of earth is past.

Chorus.

Love so a- maz-ing, rich - es of grace, Ev - er with Je - sus find- ing a place,

If in the earth my Lord I own, I shall in glo - ry share his throne.

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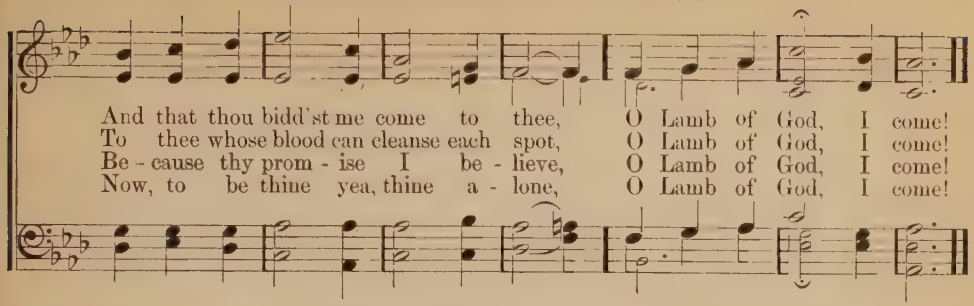
No. 143. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Joseph Barnby.

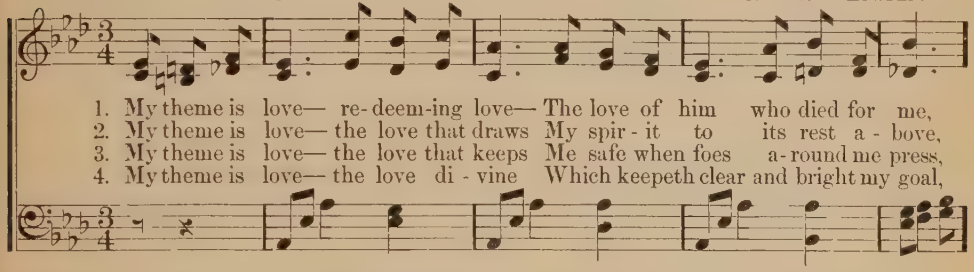
1. Just as I am, with- out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot.
3. Just as I am, thou wilt re- ceive, Wilt wel-come, par - don, cleanse, re-lieve;
4. Just as I am, thy love unknown Hath broken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

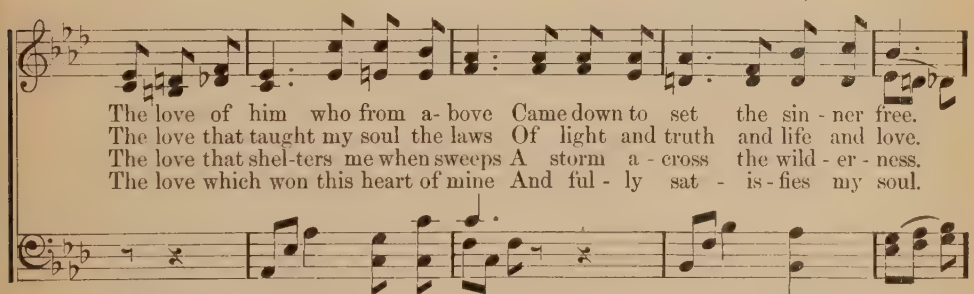
Just As I Am.—Concluded.



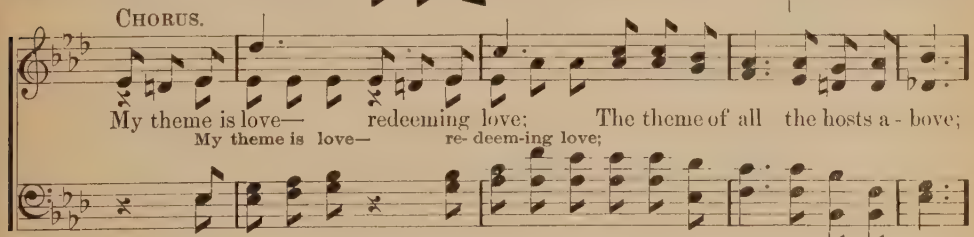
No. 144. My Theme Is Love.

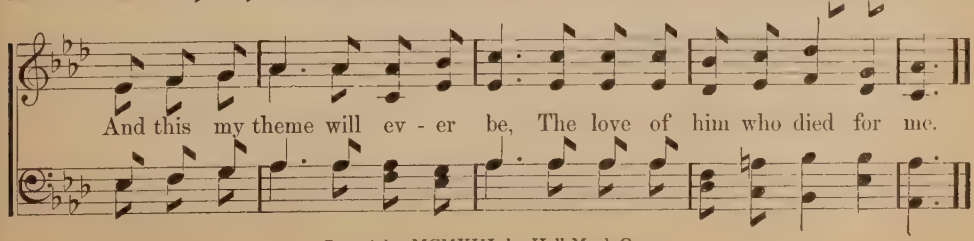
JAMES ROWE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.





CHORUS.





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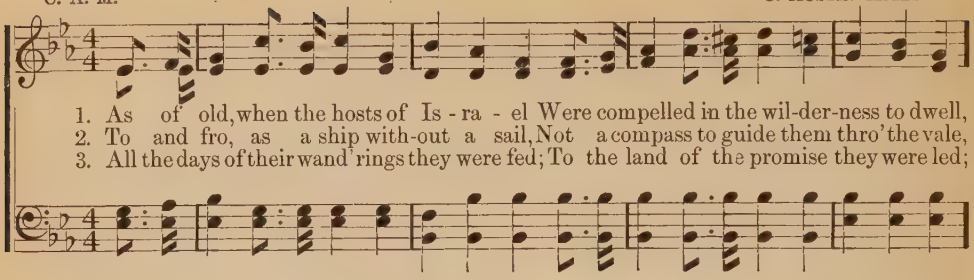
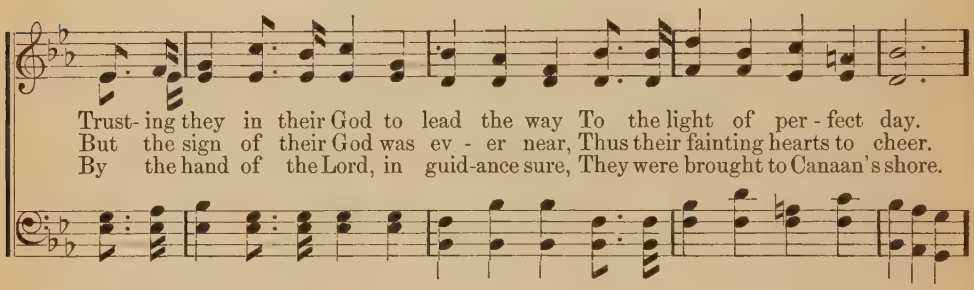
No. 145. The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

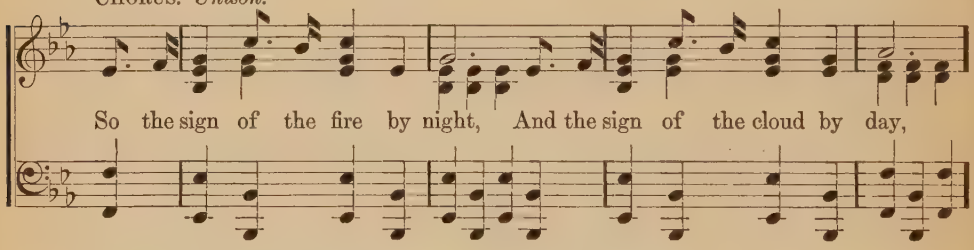


1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-ness to dwell,
2. To and fro, as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale,
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed; To the land of the promise they were led;

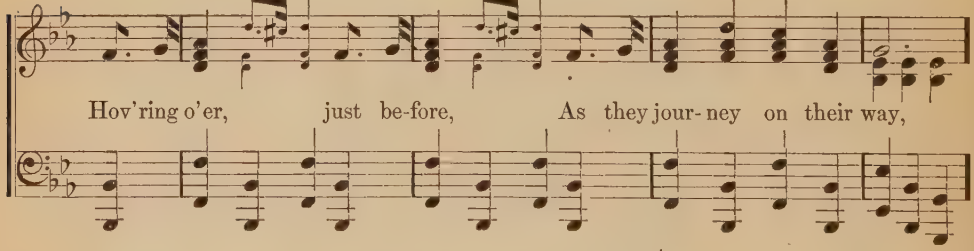


Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the light of per-fect day.
But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
By the hand of the Lord, in guid-ance sure, They were brought to Canaan's shore.

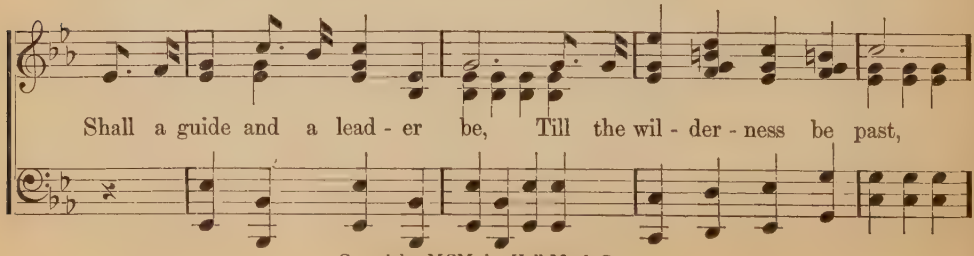
Chorus. *Unison.*



So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,



Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they jour-ney on their way,



Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

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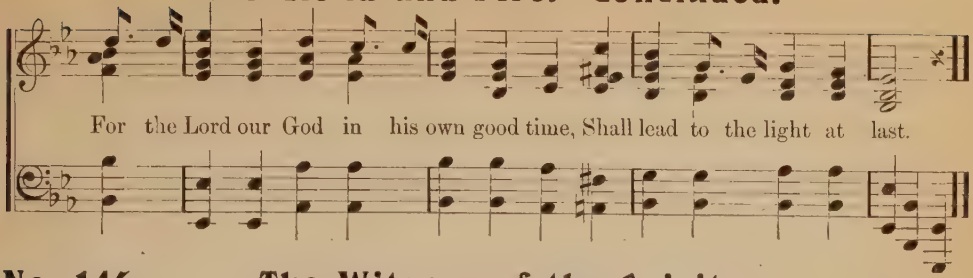
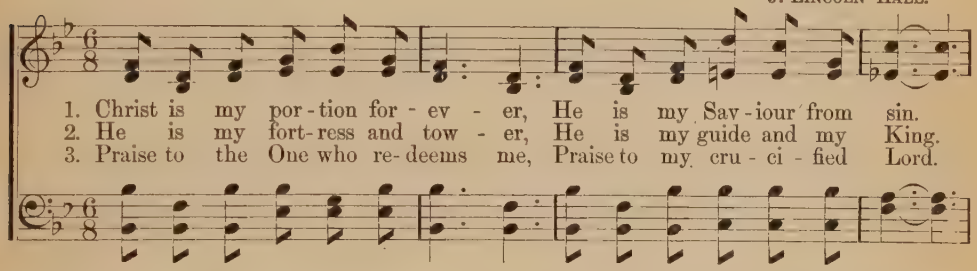
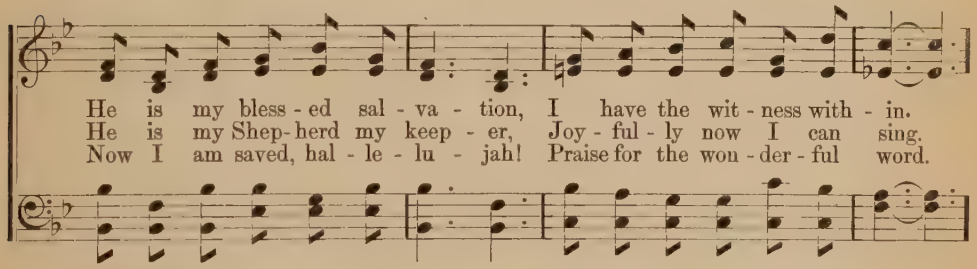
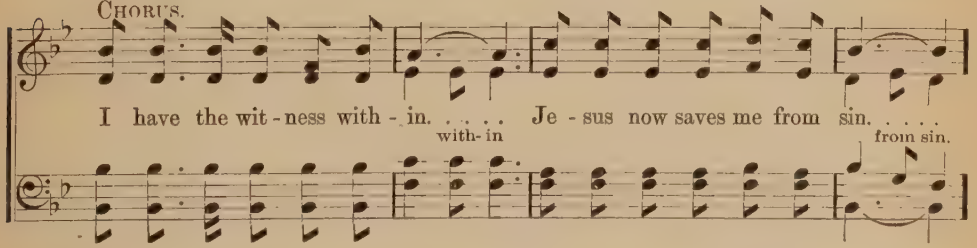


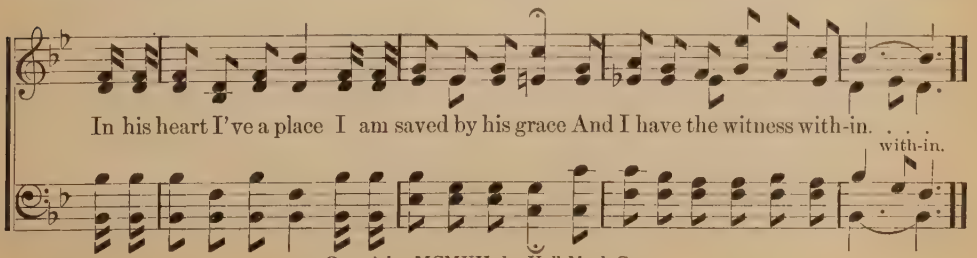
No. 146. The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H. J. LINCOLN HALL.









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No. 147. Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

THOMAS J. POTTER. WM. T. CROSSLEY.

Alla Marcia. In unison.

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point- ing to the sky,
2. All our days di - rect us In the way we go,
3. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove,

Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high.
Crown us still vic - tor - ious O - ver ev - 'ry foe,
Off - 'ring pray'rs and prais - es At thy throne of love,

f

March - ing, marching thro' the des - ert, Glad - ly, glad - ly thus we pray,
Bid thine, bid thine an - gels shield us, When the, when the storm-clouds low'r,
When the, when the march is o - ver, Then come, then come rest and peace,

ff

Still with hearts u - nit - ed Sing - ing on our way.
Par - don thou and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus in his beau - ty, Songs that nev - er cease.

CHORUS. *Parts.*

Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky.

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Brightly Gleams Our Banner.—Concluded.

Un poco rit. *ff*

Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers, To their home on high.

No. 148. Forward, Christian Soldiers.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Forward, Christian sol-diers, Forward for your King, Let your song of tri-umph,
2. Forward, Christian sol-diers, Forward in - to line, Lift- ing high the ban- ner,
3. By your con - se - cra - tion, By the vow you take, Fight the christian war- fare,
4. Soon shall all earth's kingdoms, Christ the Lord's become; Soon the glorious tri-umph,

your King,

Rise on joy - ful wing; Christ your host is lead - ing, You shall conq'rors be;
Of your King di- vine; Strong in faith and cour-age, March a-gainst the foe,
And this world for-sake; Not a look be- hind you, Not a doubt or fear,
And the heav'nly home; For- ward then, ye Christians, For-ward thro' the strife,

CHORUS.

Forward with your Cap-tain, Fighting val- iant- ly.
Clad in heav'nly ar - mor, Christians forward go.
Till the King of glo - ry, Shall for you ap-pear.
Yours the victor's guer- don, And the crown of life.

Forward, Christian sol-diers,

More than conq'rors we; Forward with your Leader, Fighting val-iant-ly.

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No. 149. He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un-der-stands our hearts, When the
2. Is there an - y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an - y - one can help us who can give a sin - ner peace, When his
4. Is there an - y - one can help us when the end is draw-ing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierc'd them till they bleed; One who sym - pa-thiz - es with us, who in
faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten- der-ness will lift us, and the
heart is burden'd down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af -
go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be - fore us, and dis -

won - drous love im-parts Just the ver - y, ver - y bless-ing that we need?
heav - y bur - den share, And sup-port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus he's the One; When af-

Yes, there's One, on-ly One,

flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

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No. 150. Jesus Saves.

J. L. H. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a message sweet and clear, Jesus saves! Sweetest words that man can hear, Jesus
2. Tell that sin - ful men may know Jesus saves! That a bless-ing he'll be-stow, Jesus
3. Have you heard the joy-ful sound Jesus saves! Does his grace in you a-bound? Jesus

Jesus saves,

saves! Tell the mes-sage far and wide, Let it ring o'er wave and tide, That for
saves! Let the joy - ful tid - ings ring Of the ris - en Lord and King And re -
saves! O the joy of sins for-giv'n, When the world from you is riv'n How it

Je-sus saves,

CHORUS.

all the world he died, Je - sus saves!
demption's sto-ry sing, Je - sus saves!
makes of earth a heav'n Je - sus saves!

Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves!

Je-sus saves, Je - sus saves, Je- sus saves!

Hal - le - lu - jah to his name, Je - sus saves! Praise the Lord, it reach-es me

Je - sus saves!

This sal - va - tion full and free, And the cleansing stream I see, Je - sus saves!

Je-sus saves!

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No. 151. He Knows.

J. W. Johnson. Ira B. Wilson.

1. When blessings are crowning my days, My cup with his mer-cies o'er-flows,
2. When thorns shall my pathway be-set, On him I shall ev-er re-pose,
3. When sad-ness is fill-ing my soul, And bit-ter my grief and my woes,

To Je-sus I sing, my praises I bring, That all of my gladness he knows.
A thorn crown he wore, my sorrows he bore, And all of my tri-als he knows.
His love shall impart, sweet peace to my heart, For all of my sorrows he knows.

Chorus.

He knows! he knows! I fol-low the path that he chose,
He knows! he knows! he chose,

ad lib.

I feel he is near, My heart shall not fear, For burdens and blessings he knows.
he knows.

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No. 152. I Never Can Forget.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is One who loved me tru- ly, and so well, That he came from heav'n for me,
2. There is One who bore my bur-den, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
4. There is One I love more dearly than all else, For he gave his life for me,

Died for me, on the tree, And I nev- er, no, I nev- er can for - get.
All for me, on the tree, And I nev- er, no, I nev- er can for - get.
E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev- er, no, I nev- er can for - get.
Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev- er, no, I nev- er can for - get.

CHORUS.

O I nev - er can for - get! O I
O I nev - er, no, I nev - er, O I nev - er can for - get! O I
O I nev - - - - er can for - get!

nev - er can for-get! How he died on Cal - va - ry,
nev - er no, I nev - er can for - get, can for - get!
nev - - - er can for - get!

How he died to set me free, O I nev - er can for-get!
O I nev - er, no, I nev - er can for - get.
O I nev - - - er can for - get.

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No. 153. Song and Light.

MARY PIERSON. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. There is a love so deep and strong, Unfathomed as the sea, That changes sadness in- to
2. There is a hope that ere shall shine, Tho' skies be dark and drear, That sheds a radiant light di-
3. There is a pardon full and free, To make the sin-sick whole, And boundless blessings shall then

Girls.

song, And makes the fettered free. There's the wondrous peace of sins forgiv'n, And the strength to over -
vine, Our souls to bless and cheer. There is heav'nly grace that comfort brings, There is pow'r to serve the
be, For ev-'ry waiting soul. There is mercy all unmeasured, wide, There is grace as deep as

Melody. Boys.

Girls. *All. rit.*

come is giv'n, For the Saviour's presence shining bright, Fills the heart with song and light.
King of kings, For the Saviour's presence ends our night, Fills the heart with song and light.
o - cean's tide, For the Saviour's presence gives de - light, Fills the heart with song and light.

CHORUS. *Unison.* *Parts.*

{ Song and Light! Song and Light! His love surrounds, His
{ Song and Light! Song and Light! Each soul he thrills, Each

1 *rit.* 2

grace a - bounds, To ev - er ban - ish sin and blight,
heart he fills, (*Omit.* . . . . .) With song and light.

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No. 154. Fix Your Eyes Upon the Cross.

A. W. S. ARTHUR W. SPOONER, D. D.

1. When up- on life's jour-ney you may think there's none to care, When your heart seems
2. When your sky is dark-ened with a heav - y cloud of sin, When your soul is
3. When the temp-ter whis-pers that the crown is not for you, Tell him you have

break- ing with its sor - row and despair; Je - sus stands be-side you, all your
troub- led, and you have no peace with-in; Lift your eyes to heav - en, light and
found the prom- is - es of God are true; Put your trust in Je - sus he will

CHORUS.

bur-dens glad to share, Fix your eyes up- on the cross.
joy will then be-gin, Fix your eyes up- on the cross.
sure - ly help you thro', Fix your eyes up- on the cross.

Je - - sus is
See the bless - ed Je - sus,

near you, he comes to be your Guide,
stand - ing at your side, Wait - ing now to help you,

He'll bear your ev - 'ry loss, Fix your eyes up- on the cross.
He will give you com - fort, bear your loss,

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No. 155. Sweet and Low.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

Lullaby.

1. Gone is the sun - set splen - dor Out of the west a - far, Now with a radiance
2. Hushed is the bird's sweet sing-ing Rest they in for - est deep, Night her dark veil is
3. Darkness can nev - er cov - er Earth from a Father's eye, An - gels shall ev - er

CHORUS. (*Barnby.*)

tender Gleams the bright evening star.
fling - ing O-ver a world a-sleep.
hov - er Unto his children nigh.
} Sweet and low, sweet and low, Breezes are softly sighing

sf *p* *mf*

Low, low, as they go, While the bright day is ... - ing, Night's sa-ble ban - ners

pp

are unfurled, O'er all the wea - ry, slumb'ring world, While the dark hours go by,

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

'Neath his shel- t'ring wing, Trust shall ev - er bring peace. . . . . .

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No. 156. He Threw Out the Life-Line to Me.

J. E. F. J. E. French.

1. I was wrecked on a rock - y and des - o - late shore, Sink-ing slow - ly be - neath the wild sea; When all of my strug-gles and ef - forts were o'er, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
2. The bil - lows were dash - ing, the waves roll - ing high, No help from the land could I see, When hope had all van-ished and dan - ger was nigh, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
3. When all was con - fus - ion midst dark bil - lows' roll, No light thro' the gloom could I see, By trust - ing him ful - ly he res - cued my soul, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
4. And now as I wan - der I sing as I go, His mer - cy is bound - less and free, And tell the glad sto - ry, that oth - ers may know, Christ threw out the life-line to me.
5. Your sins like the bil - lows a - round you may rise, And dan - gers your frail bark pur - sue, There's one who will heed you and hear your faint cries, He'll throw out the life-line to me.

Chorus.

He threw out the life - line to me, ... He threw out the life - line to me, ... From Cal - va - ry's tree, Far o - ver the sea, Christ threw out the life-line to me.

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No. 157. Wondrous Land.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Unison. *Parts.*

1. The meadows there are al-ways green, And e'er is seen In sha-dy bow'rs
2. No sin is there nor a-ny blight, Nor a-ny night; And ne'er is heard
3. There love a-bides, and Love a-lone Is on God's throne, And brighter far

In shady

Unison.

The frag-rant flow'rs. The mountains glow in gold-en sheen And ev-'ry beau-ty
The thoughtless word. No e-vil there can mar the right, Nor sin-ful heart find
Than sun or star. The Son of God whose name we bear, Whose love and grace we

bow'rs, The fragrant flow'rs.

Parts. *rit.* CHORUS. *a tempo.*

seems Surpassing far our most en-raptured dreams. } { Won-drous land! O
place, But on-ly room is there when won by grace. } { There to be, E-
share Is ev-er pleased to give us wel-come there. } Wondrous land, wondrous land! O
There to be, there to be, E-

1 *rit.*

may we stand Thy beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful gates with-in. By Je-sus' blood re-
ter-nal-ly, And (*Omit.* . . . . . .
may we stand, O may we stand, Thy beau-ti-ful gates with-in
ter-nal-ly, E-ter-nal-ly.

2

deemed from sin,
. . . . . .) hal-le-lu-jahs raise to thee, From sor-row free.
sor-row free, sor-row free.

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No. 158. I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. DANA. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour - ney; My Re - deem-er, my Re -
3. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, O my long- ing heart, my

tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing
deem- er, is the light; There is no sor - row, nor a - ny sigh - ing,
long - ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y,

rit.

To where the fountains are ev - er flow- ing.
Nor a - ny tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
I long have wander'd for-lorn and wea- ry.

CHORUS.

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a

I'm a pil-grim, I'm a pil- grim, and a

stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; I'm a

stranger, and a stranger; tar - ry, tar - ry, tar - ry but a night; I'm a

pil - grim, and I'm a stran- ger; I can tar-ry, I can tarry but a night!

rit.

pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger, tar- ry, tar - ry, tarry but a night.

rit.

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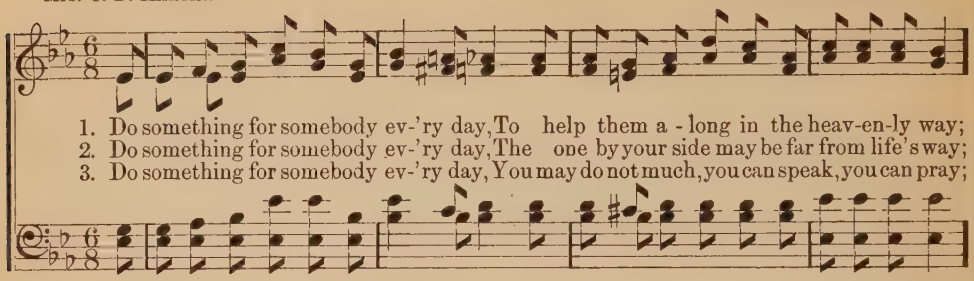
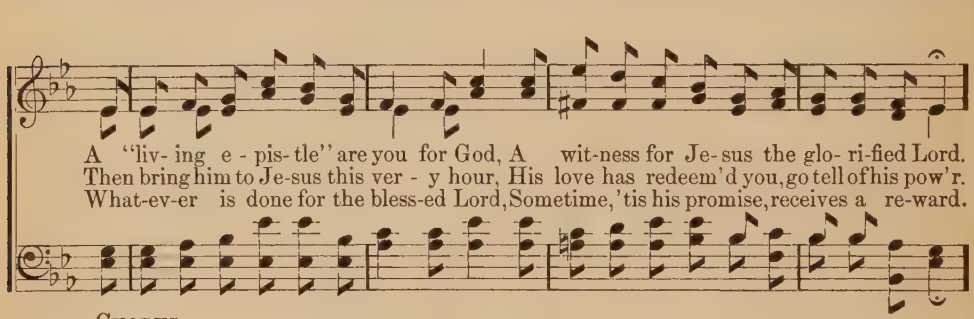
No. 159. Do Something for Somebody.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

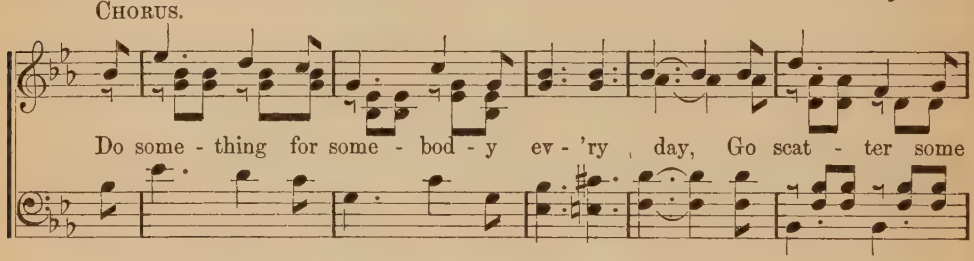


1. Do something for somebody ev-'ry day, To help them a-long in the heav-en-ly way;
2. Do something for somebody ev-'ry day, The one by your side may be far from life's way;
3. Do something for somebody ev-'ry day, You may do not much, you can speak, you can pray;

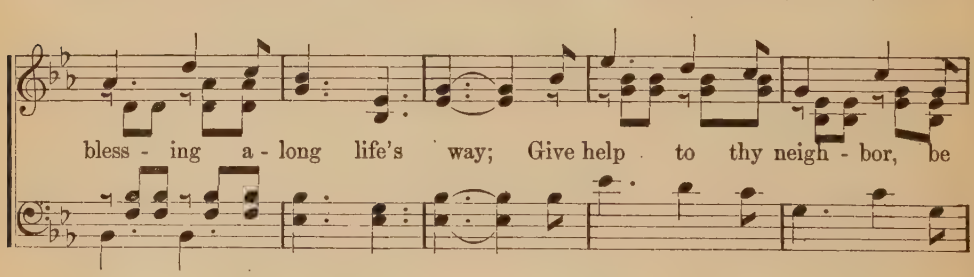


A "liv-ing e-pis-tle" are you for God, A wit-ness for Je-sus the glo-ri-fied Lord.
Then bring him to Je-sus this ver-y hour, His love has redeem'd you, go tell of his pow'r.
What-ev-er is done for the bless-ed Lord, Sometime, 'tis his promise, receives a re-ward.

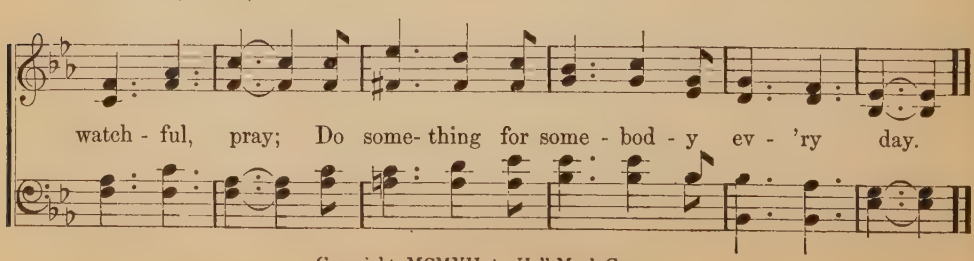
Chorus.



Do some-thing for some-bod-y ev-'ry day, Go scat-ter some



bless-ing a-long life's way; Give help to thy neigh-bor, be



watch-ful, pray; Do some-thing for some-bod-y ev-'ry day.

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No. 160. All Will Come Right.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Roads steep and ston - y our feet find to tread; Thorns by the way-side and pit - falls a - head, Sing of God's sun - shine, from morn - ing till night—
2. Sing till God's sunshine is flood-ing the heart; Sing till the shad-ows of care all de - part, Sing till our com - rades take part in the song;
3. Sing of the sun-shine life's clouds can- not hide, If we keep faith in a Christ cru - ci - fied, Bless - ed soul - sun - shine that bright-ens the road

CHORUS.

Sing it, be - lieve it— that all will come right!
Sing - ing and trust- ing the whole way a - long!
While the heart's sing - ing of glad- ness and God.
Sing . . . . of the sun - - shine, Let . . . . . in the light; . . . . . .
Sing of the sun-shine,
Let in the light, Sing of the sun - shine, And let in the light;

Some - where, and some - time, It all will come right. . . . .
will come right.

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No. 161. God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. MARTIN. (Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.) W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dismayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you; Be-neath his wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fill, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need he will pro-vide, God will take care of you; Noth-ing you ask will
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, wea-ry one, up-

CHORUS.

love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you.
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on his breast, God will take care of you.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day,

O'er all the way, He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . . .
take care of you.

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No. 162. There's a Shout in the Camp.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There's a shout in the camp: "Keep the fires brightly burn-ing All the night long,"
2. There's a shout in the camp for the vic-t'ry is com-ing O'er Sa-tan's pow'r,
3. There's a shout in the camp o-ver sin-ners re-turn-ing Home to the fold,
4. There's a shout in the camp, 'tis a glad "Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord,

That the lost may re-turn to the fold of the Shep-herd From paths of wrong.
Thro' the word of the Lord we the bat-tle are gain-ing This ver-y hour.
From the by-way of sin with its bur-den of sor-row To joy un-told.
All who trust in his name shall re-ceive his sal-va-tion, 'Tis God's own word.

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There's a Shout in the Camp.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

There's a shout in the camp, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to God!

There's an ech - o in heav'n, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to God!

No. 163. The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to repeat; It makes my joys full
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part; Who bids all anxious
3. That name I fond- ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer, Its music dries the
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well; O let its prais- es

CHORUS.

and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
The precious name
fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
I love the name
fall - ing tear; Ex- alt the name of Je - sus.
Ex - alt the name
ev - er swell, O praise the name of Je - sus.
O praise the name

"Je - sus," O how sweet the name!

"Jesus," ev'ry day the same; "Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
Its worthy praise

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No. 164. A Little While.

MINNIE A. GREINER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO OR TENOR.

1. A lit - tle while the cross to bear, E - ter - nal - ly the crown to wear;
2. A lit - tle while to suf - fer pain, Sweet peace for - ev - er - more to gain;
3. Sad tears a lit - tle while shall flow, E - ter - ni - ty no grief shall know;

A lit - tle while to strive with sin, E - ter - nal vic - to - ry to win.
A lit - tle while earth's toils to bear, E - ter - nal - ly heav'n's rest to share.
In des - erts drear a lit - tle while, For - ev - er where green past-ures smile.

CHORUS.

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And we shall lay our cross- es down;
lit - tle while, lit - tle while,

A lit- tle while, a lit - tle while, And we shall wear the vic-tor's crown.
lit-tle while, lit-tle while, shall wear,

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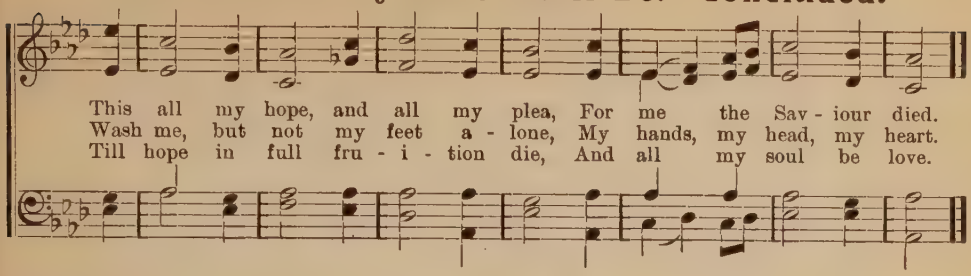
No. 165. Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.

CHARLES WESLEY. HUGH WILSON.

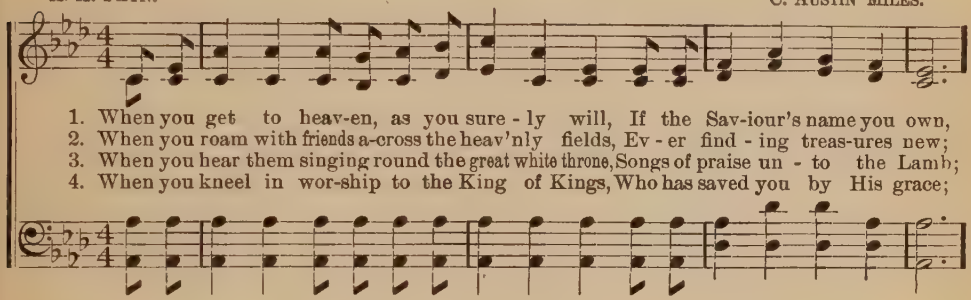
1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side;
2. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art;
3. The a-tone- ment of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove,

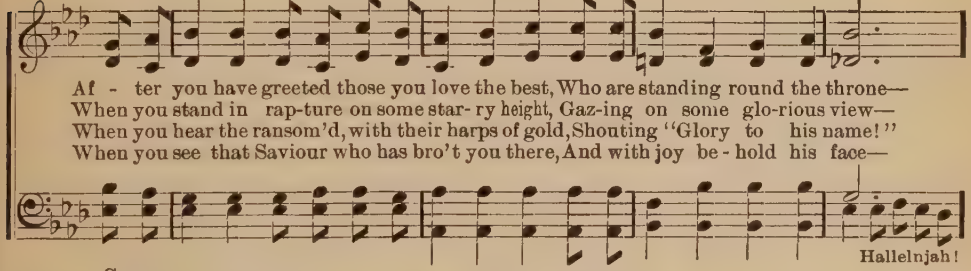
Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.—Concluded.



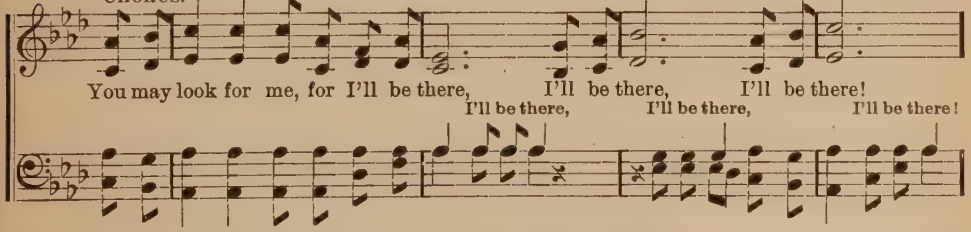
No. 166. Look for Me.

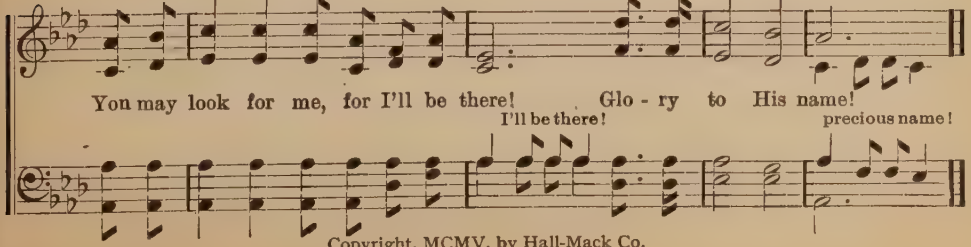
A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.





Chorus.





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No. 167. Perfect Peace.

EDITH L. GATES. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.

1. He whose mind is stayed on thee, Blest for- ev - er- more shall be, Per - fect peace,
2. Earth ne'er gives, nor takes a- way Perect peace, our strength and stay, Heav'n-ly dove
3. Ev - 'ry bur- den, ev- 'ry care Takes me to the Lord in pray'r, He provides,

Gives release From all doubts and fears set free. Peace that none can com-pre-hend, Gift of
From above In our hearts abides for aye, When the waves of sorrow roll, Ev - er
Safely guides And his mercy we shall share Peace e-ter - nal shall en - dure, Keeps our

CHORUS. *Two parts.*

God the changeless friend.
trust-ing keep each soul.
hearts fore'er se - cure.

Per-fect peace, Perfect peace, Gift to the wea- ry giv - en,

ritard. *Girls. a tempo.* *pp*

Perfect peace, Perfect peace, Sent to the earth from heaven, Boundless the blessings that shall impart

All.

Comfort and joy to each trusting heart, Fill ev-'ry soul to - day, Per - fect peace.

to- day,

Boys.

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No. 168. He Waits for Thee.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. He waits for thee, with wondrous grace, Di - vine com - pas - sion in his face;
2. He waits for thee in pa - tient love, To bring thee bless- ings from a - bove,
3. He waits for thee, yet time grows late, Not ev - er thus will Je - sus wait;

With wound-ed brow and nail-scarr'd hands, The Sav - iour on the thres-hold stands.
And o'er thy hard- ened heart doth yearn; O canst thou still thy Sav- iour spurn?
Re - ceive him, ere he pleads no more, And Christ, re - ject- ed, leaves the door.

CHORUS.

He waits for thee!..... He waits for thee!..... Was ev - er
He waits for thee! He waits for thee!

love..... so full and free?..... No lon - ger
Was ev - er love so full and free?

close..... thy heart in sin,..... But let the lov - ing Sav- iour in.
No lon-ger close thy heart in sin,

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No. 169. In the Upper Garden.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Just be-yond the riv- er Jor- dan, Just a - cross its chill- ing tide,
2. Grow - ing in the Up-per Gar- den, "Flow'rs the earth too rude- ly pressed,"
3. There the buds from earth transplanted For our com - ing watch and wait.

rit.

There's a land of life e - ter - nal, Thro' its vales sweet waters glide.
In that land shall reach per-fec-tion By the heav'nly Gard'ner dressed,
In that Up-per Garden grow- ing, Just with- in the golden gate.

Girls.

By the crystal riv- er flow- ing Grows the tree of life so fair, . .
There the flowers bloom for-ev - er, Death can find no entrance there;
Tho' our hearts may break with sorrow, By the grief so hard to bear,

rit.

Ma - ny loved ones wait our com - ing In the Up- per Gar- den there.
There is life and light e - ter - nal, There is joy be-yond com- pare.
We shall meet them some glad morning In the Up- per Gar- den there.

Chorus.

We shall meet them some bright morn - ing,
We shall meet them some bright morn - ing, some bright morn - ing,

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In the Upper Garden.—Concluded.

Rest - ing by the wa - ters fair; . . . . . They are wait-ing for our
Rest- ing by the wa - ters fair, the wa- ters fair; They are wait - ing for our

com - ing In the Up- per Gar- den there.
com - ing, for our com- ing, In the Up - per Gar- den, in the Up - per Gar-den there.

Gar - - - den there.

No. 170. Mizpah.

ELLICE LACIE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.

1. Yes, brief our parting words shall be, And few our parting tears; The Lord shall
2. We will not fear that time or change Our trust in God can dim, Nor shad- ow
3. And should it be our lot a - part To reach the val- ley dread, Which, side by

Parts.

watch 'twixt me and thee Thro all the coming years. His word shall be our guiding light
of a wrong estrange The hearts that rest in him; But should we for one hour for - get,
side with trusting heart, We once had tho't to tread, His faith- ful rod, thy staff and mine,

p rit.

Wher-ev - er we may roam, Like beacon fires that burn at night To guide the wand'rer home.
For one faint hour be cold, The Lord shall watch between us yet, His love our love shall hold.
Thro' all the ways shall be The com- fort of his grace, a sign Shall be to me and thee.

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No. 171. Call to Service.

J. W. Johnson. C. Austin Miles.

Girls.

1. In the dawn of life's bright morning when the heart is glad and light, When with gladness all cre - a - tion seems to sing, There's a call to serve the Mas-ter, ere shall fall the shades of night, List the bells that call to ser - vice for the King.
2. In the bur - den of the noon- tide when the sun - lit splen-dor falls, And o'er all the world a glo - ry seems to fling, Yet a- gain is heard the message, and the voice so ten - der calls, List the bells that call to ser - vice for the King.
3. When at last the shad- ows length-en and the day - light fades a - way, And the twi-light will the time of part-ing bring, Once a- gain the chimes are calling, heed the mes- sage and o - bey, List the bells that call to ser - vice for the King.

All.

Chorus. *Unison.*

List the bells that call to ser-vice for the King They're call-ing, they're call - ing, Far and wide o'er all the earth, O hear them ring,

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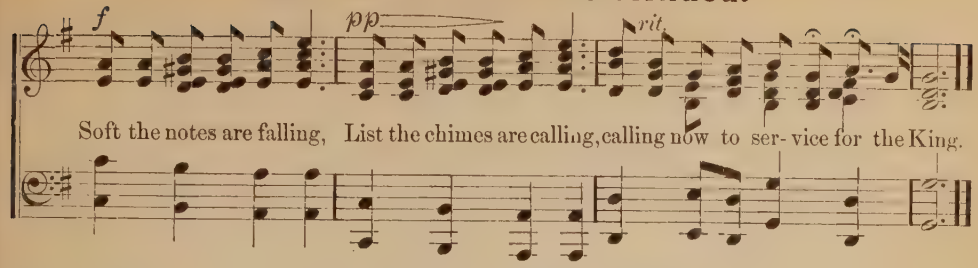
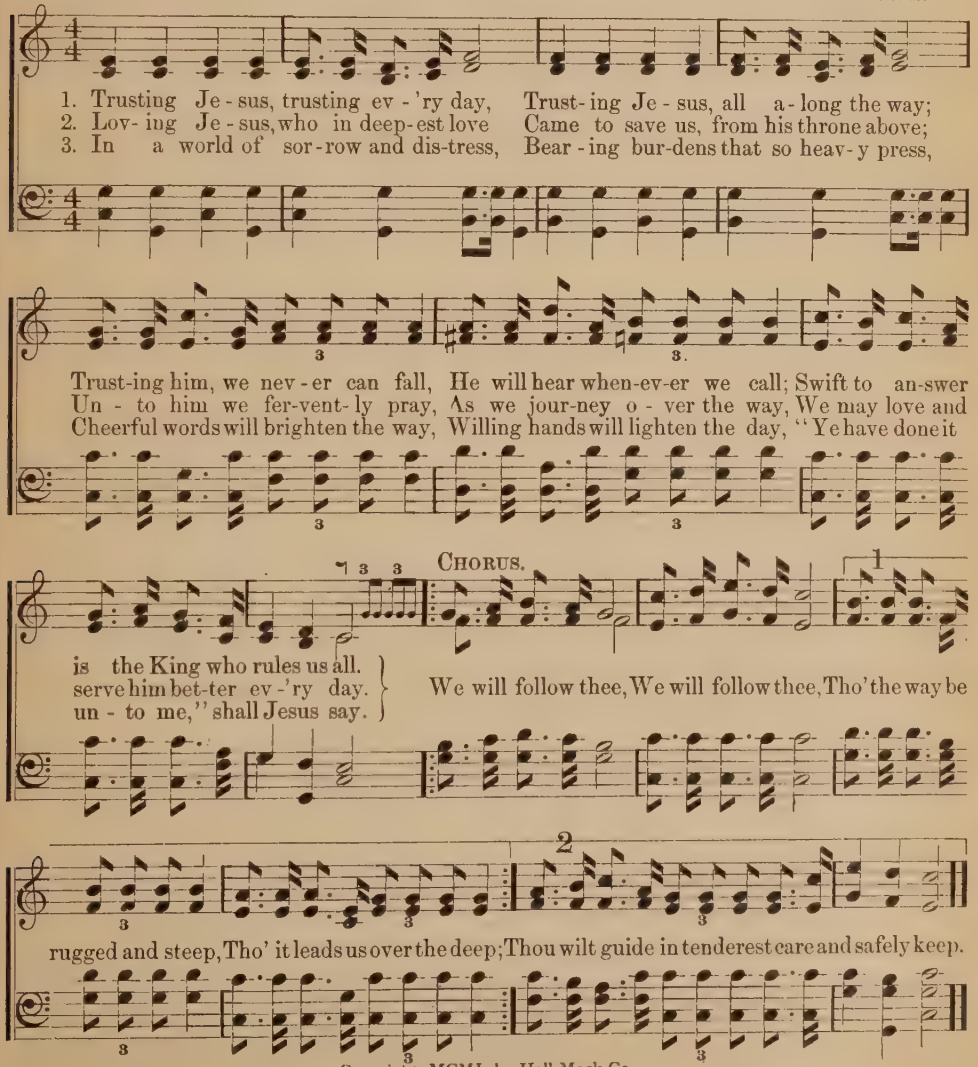
Call to Service.—Concluded.



No. 172. We Will Follow Thee.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.



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No. 173. Be a Light.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. O'er the sea, wild and free comes a call to you and me, From the
2. Or at home we may find souls who, to the gos - pel blind, Can - not
3. In the name of the Lord take to them the pre - cious word, Let the

na - tions who in dark - ness lie. They of Je - sus would learn, And the
see the light the Lord hath brought. Go to them, show the way To the
Gos - pel Light a - round them shine. Show the Christ who in love, Left his

Light of Life dis - cern, Shall we fail to hear their anx - ious cry?
ev - er - last - ing day, For 'tis they the lov - ing Sav - iour sought.
glo - rious throne a - bove, Brought to them the wondrous Gift Di - vine.

Chorus.

{ Be a light to the world ev - er shin - ing, Love vic - to - rious, ev - er glo - rious,
{ To the hearts that in darkness are ly - ing, Tell the sto - ry bright with glo - ry,

1

Brings a cure for the world's sad repining And a hope that the world cannot boast.

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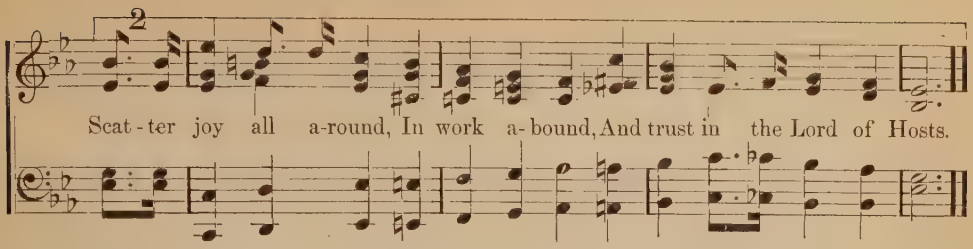
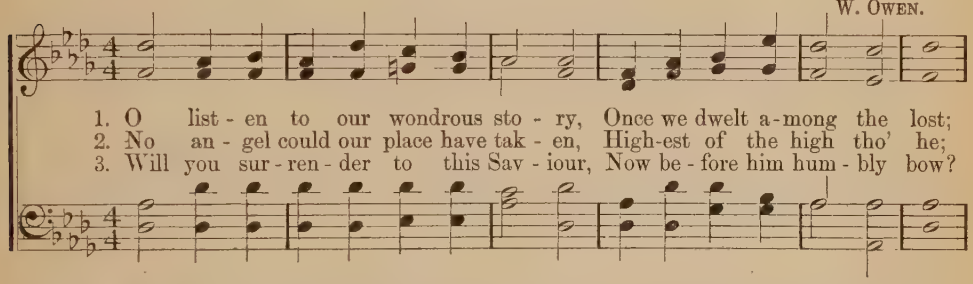
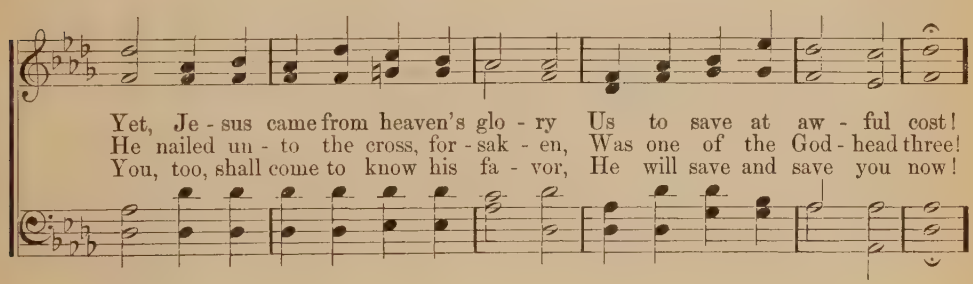
Be a Light.—Concluded.

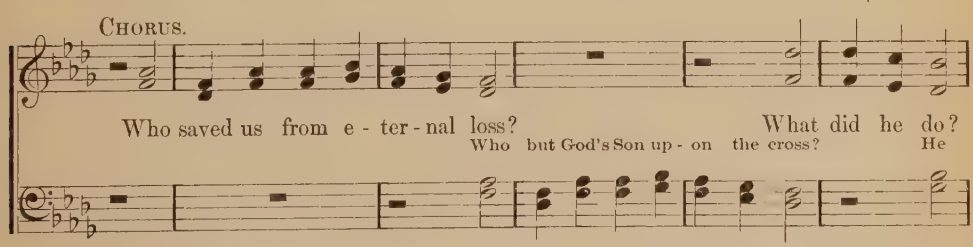


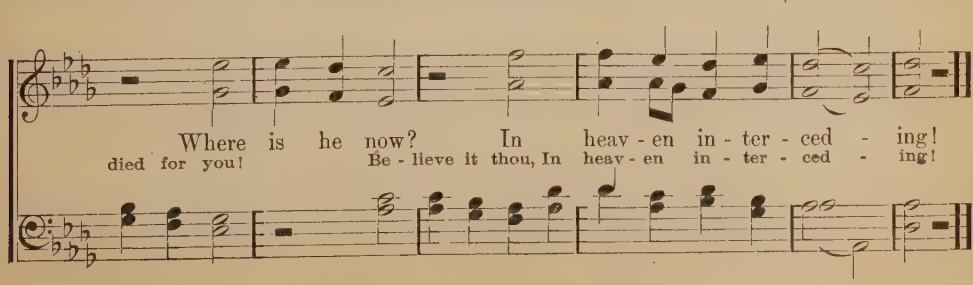
No. 174. What Did He Do?

W. Owen.









No. 175. Look for the Sunshine.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is sun-shine for all who are look-ing! Let us leave the dark shadows be - hind,
2. If we scat - ter kind words and kind actions, Gold-en sunbeams our way shall be - tide,
3. Let us look to our Fa - ther in heav - en Ask-ing dai - ly for hearts true and kind,

O the world's full of music and gladness, What we seek day by day we shall find. (we shall find.)
For he who gives joy to an-oth - er Findeth joy standing close at his side. (at his side.)
Then the shadows will vanish be-fore us And the sunshine of joy we shall find. (we shall find.)

CHORUS.

Sun-shine. . . . . Sun-shine. . . . . .

Sunshine for all who are look-ing, are looking, Sunshine for all who are look-ing, are looking,

1 Sun - shine, sun - shine, bright and fair

Look for the sunshine, the beau-ti - ful sunshine, That's glowing so bright and fair, so fair

2 Look for the sun - shine ev - 'ry - where.

Look for the beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful sunshine, O look for it ev - 'ry-where, ev'ry-where.

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No. 176. Ship Ahoy!

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

1. We're sail - ing, sail- ing o- ver life's great sea, And oth- er ships are passing by;
2. Lift up the beacon that shall guide the lost Un - to the ha-ven bright and fair;
3. We're sail - ing, sail- ing o- ver life's great sea, And not a- lone our way we take;

The might- y Saviour shall our Captain be, His star is shin- ing in the sky.
O help the wand'ring and the tempest-tossed, That peace and shelter they may share.
For oth - ers, sailing, look to you and me! O help them for the Master's sake!

But while in safe- ty we may glide a - long, Led by the Light that nev - er fails,
O bring the shipwrecked to the Life-boat true, Our refuge in the wild - est storm;
The po - lar star of mer- cy shines a- bove, Our anchor holds for - ev - er- more;

O hear the cry that ris - es full and strong From those who struggle with the gales.
Sing out with gladness and with hope a - new, Our Captain will his word perform.
And dear ones wait, with joyful songs of love, To greet us on the gold - en shore.

Chorus.

{ Ship a- hoy! Hear the cry! "God save them," we fervently pray! :‖
{ Ship a- hoy! Hear the cry! O haste to the res - - - - cue to - day!

Ship ahoy! Hear the cry! Hear the cry! Haste to-day!

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No. 177. Heaven for Me.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. When days of toil have all gone by, And I my dear Lord shall see,
2. The Fa- ther's house, the man - sions fair, My home shall for - ev - er be,
3. He saved me from my lost es - tate, From sin he has set me free,

A word of wel-come when we shall meet I know will make heav'n for me.
But one sweet word from the Lord I love I know will make heav'n for me.
And just to see him when he shall come I know will be heav'n for me.

Chorus.

Heav - en for me, ... O . . , . it will be! . . . . When Je - sus
Heaven for me, O it will be! Heaven for me, O it will be! When Jesus gives a

whis - pers a wel - come to me. . . . Heav - en for me, ...
welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me, to me, Heaven for me, O it will be!

O. . . . . it will be! . . . When Je - sus whis - pers a wel - come to me.
Heaven for me, O it will be! When Jesus gives a welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me.

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No. 178. Hail to the Flag.

J. L. Elderdice. C. Austin Miles.

Quickly.

1. O flag of our fa-thers, of men good and brave, Who pour'd out their life-blood, our
2. O'er each val-ley streaming, o'er each mountain height, Be-hold her bright col- ors, that
3. We love all her col - ors, the red, white and blue, To all that is righteous, O

coun - try to save, O'er na - tion of free- men for - ev - er she'll wave— All
gleam in the light; To keep and de-fend her we all will u - nite; All
may she be true,— No stain of dis - hon - or e'er dark - en her hue; All

Chorus.

hail to the flag of our coun - try! Hail our glo-rious ban-ner,

badge of lib - er - ty. To each heart how sacred is thy mem-o - ry; Beneath thy gleaming

rit.

col - ors we pledge thee loy- al - ty; The flag of our coun-try! For - ev - er!

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No. 179. Crown Him.

A. A. Payn.

J. Lincoln Hall.
Chorus from Faure.

Solo, Duet, All Girls, or Full Chorus.

1. Earth filled with joy sings the glad re-frain Crown Je-sus King! Crown Je-sus King!
2. Crown him in heav-en with glad ac-claim, Crown Je-sus King! Crown Je-sus King!
3. Crown him on earth for the work be-gun Crown Je-sus King! Crown Je-sus King!

Heav'n's arches ring with triumphant strain, Ransomed with raptured voices sing.
Choirs of the an-gels shall praise his name, Earthward the joy-ful ech- oes fling.
Crown him in heav'n, the E-ter- nal Son, Let men and an-gels glad- ly say.

Chorus.

Crown Je-sus King! His name declare! His triumph tell to ev - 'ry

land. . . . and na - tion! Ho - san! - na Praise ye the Lord!

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Crown Him.—Concluded.

Crown him whose power has bro't us sal - va - - - - - - - tion.

No. 180. Holding Fast His Hand.

A. A. PAYN. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. On our way, Day by day Pilgrims in the land, God shall guide We confide Holding fast his hand.
2. Kept each hour By his pow'r, Evil we withstand, Safe we rest Ev-er blest Holding fast his hand.
3. We rejoice At his voice Heed his blest command Grace abounds Love surrounds Holding fast his hand.

* CHORUS. *Two Parts.*

{ Holding fast our Father's hand Blessings bright shall cheer, All our path his love hath planned
{ Daily strength shall he provide, (*Omit* . . . . . .

He is ev- er near,
. . . . . .) Hope shall ne'er grow dim So we trust whate'er betide And cling to him.

* Lower notes melody.

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No. 181. Trust Him All in All.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There's nev - er a day so drear - y That it has no hint of sun; It may
2. There's nev - er a load so heav - y That we can - not stand its strain, For there's
3. In sun-shine or in the shad - ow Let us trust the ten - der love That will

move in a lag-gard fash-ion, But at last the day is done! And the cares that the
al - ways a strength to bor-row, And we need not ask in vain; And the heav-i - est
fol - low our foot-steps ev - er, And will draw our thoughts above; And be-liev-ing that

long hour brought us Will end in a dream of rest, As we sit in the peaceful
load seems lightened, A smile then removed the tear, If we think in the time of
as our needs are So strength then shall come for all From the kind, ev - er - lov - ing

CHORUS.

twi - light With those we love the best.
troub- le, There is a friend so near.
Fa - ther Who notes the sparrow's fall.
} Let's trust when the sun is shin - ing, Let's

trust when the shadows fall; Let's trust in the One who loves us, And trust him all in all!

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No. 182. Come Unto Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Bur - den'd and wea - ry, Skies may be drear - y, Foot - steps may fal - ter, Doubt may dis - tress, Je - sus is call - ing, Ac - cents are fall - ing, List to the mes - sage He waits to bless.
2. Je - sus is plead - ing, Now in - ter-ced - ing, Peace shall he bring us, Pure from a - bove, Grief will he light - en, Paths will he brighten, Bound - less and ten - der, His wondrous love.
3. Shad - ows will van - ish, Care shall he ban - ish, Sun - shine shall cheer us, Glad - ness shall thrill, Joy he is shar - ing, Bur - dens he's bear - ing, Bless - ings e - ter - nal, Each heart shall fill.

CHORUS.

Come un - to me, Come un - to me; All ye who la - bor, Ye shall be blest; My yoke is light, Days shall be bright, Come un - to me and rest. . . .

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No. 183. Strike Your Harps of Gold.

LIZZIE DEARMOND, (Arr.) C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Strike your harps of gold, O ye white-rob'd throng, As ye stand a - round your King,
2. Strike your harps of gold, 'till the hearts of men Feel the impulse of the strain,
3. Strike your harps of gold, that the world may hear, And the joy- ous strain re - peat;
4. Strike your harps of gold 'till the stars of night, From their courses swift-ly fall,

'Till the hills re-sound with the joy - ous sound, And the vir - gin for - ests ring.
And the lives that fall un - der sor-rows pall, Shall re-vive to joy a - gain.
'Till the tribes of earth kneel in awe a - gain, At the World-Redeemer's feet.
And the plau-dits rise to the flam- ing skies, Hail the King! the Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry! Ho - san - na in the high - est! Ho - san - na in the high - est! Strike your harps of gold, O ye white-robed throng, 'Till the world takes up the song.

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No. 184. Close to Thee.

LILIAN E. JARVIS. J. LINCOLN HALL.

p Girls alone, or Solo.

1. Close to thee, O may I tread Trust - ing - ly, where thou hast led,
2. Close to thee, my Friend and Guide Keep me ev - er at thy side,
3. Close to thee, I then shall know Per - fect peace while here be - low,

f

Then what - e'er may be my lot, Close to thee, I'll mur - mur not.
What shall harm, when thou art near, Close to thee, I can - not fear.
Till I stand on heav'n-ly shore, Close to thee, for - ev - er more.

p CHORUS. *mf Girls alone.*

Close to thee, Close to thee, Guide me lest a - far I stray,

pp

p All.

Gent - ly lead me all the way Close to thee, Close to

f *p*

thee, Joy - ful shall my jour - ney be, If close to thee.

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No. 185. How Firm a Foundation.

G. Keith. M. Portogallo.

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his
2. "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd, For I am thy God I will
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I will not— I will not de-

ex - cellent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said,— To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o- ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trou- ble to bless, And sanc- ti - fy
sert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er—no,

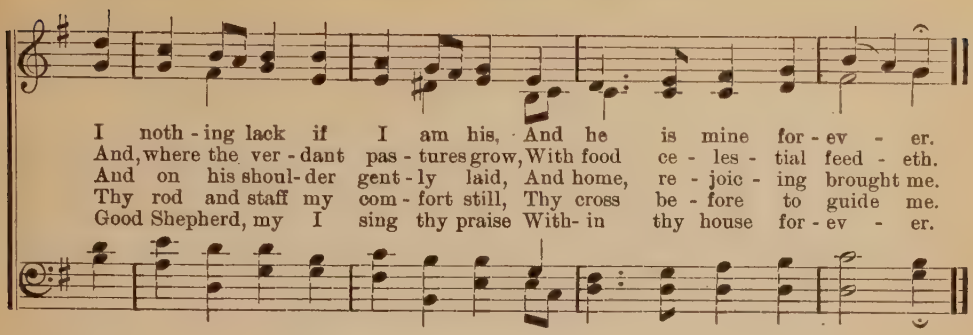
ref - uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
gra-cious, om - ni - po- tent hand, Up - held by my gra-cious, om - ni - po-tent hand.
to thee thy deepest dis - tress, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis- tress.
nev - er—no, nev- er for - sake! I'll nev- er—no, nev - er—no, nev - er for- sake!

No. 186. The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

Henry W. Baker. John B. Dykes.

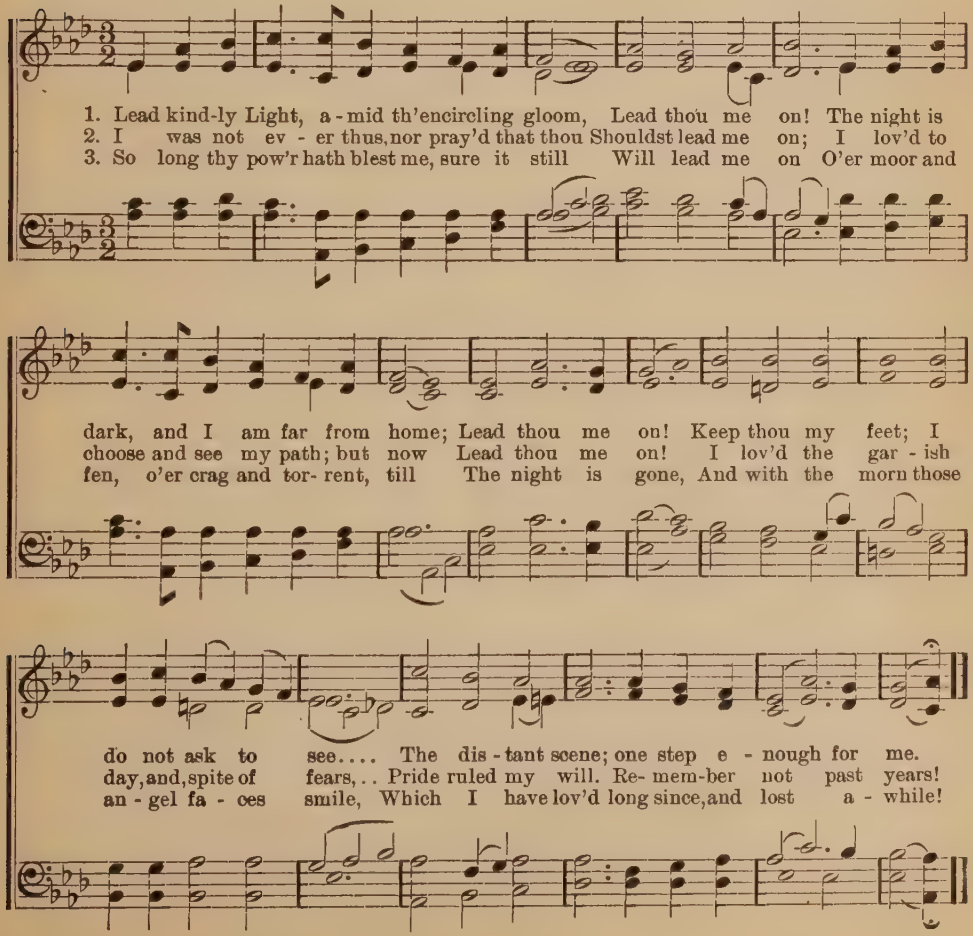
1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ters flow, My ran - som'd soul he lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I stray'd, But yet in love he sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With thee, dear Lord, be - side me,
5. And so through all the length of days, Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er;

The King of Love My Shepherd Is.—Concluded.



No. 187. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 188. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

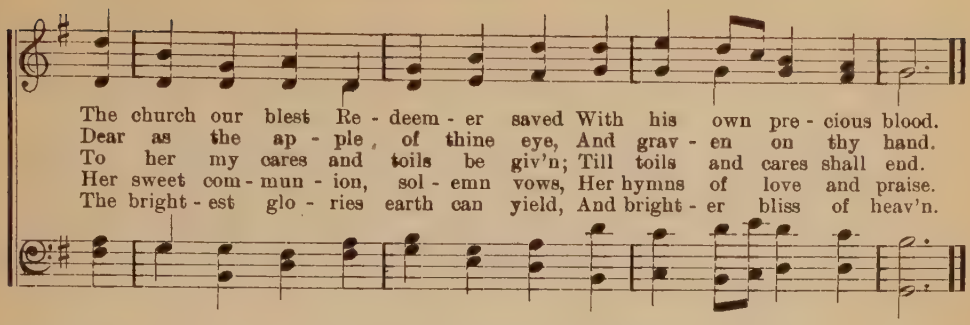
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al- might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a- phim fall - ing down be - fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be.
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al- might - y! All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 189. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. AARON WILLIAMS, Coll.

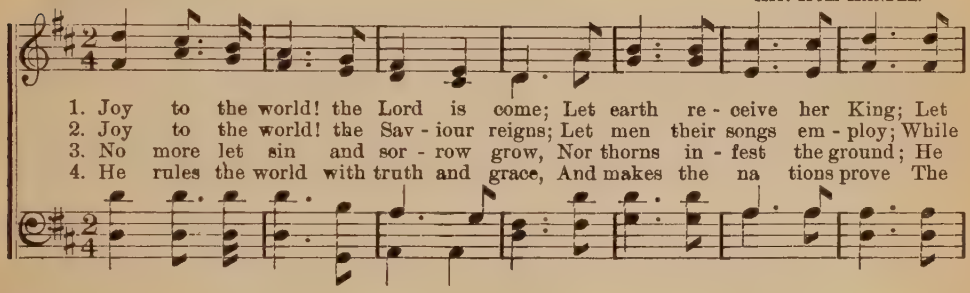
1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,
2. I love thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

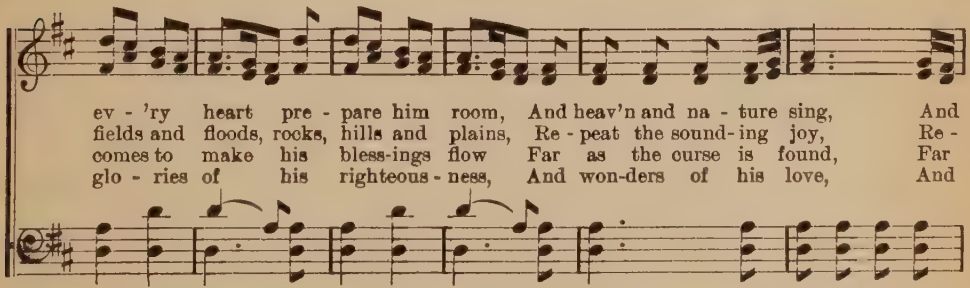
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.—Concluded.

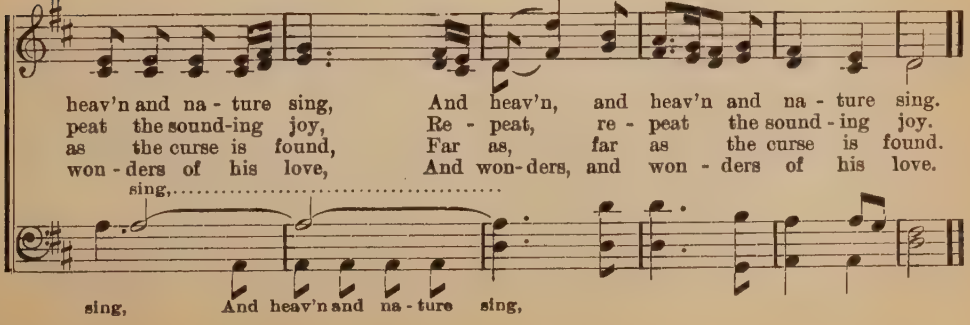


No. 190. Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.







No. 191. O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.

1. O, wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of his might, and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we

sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -
trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how

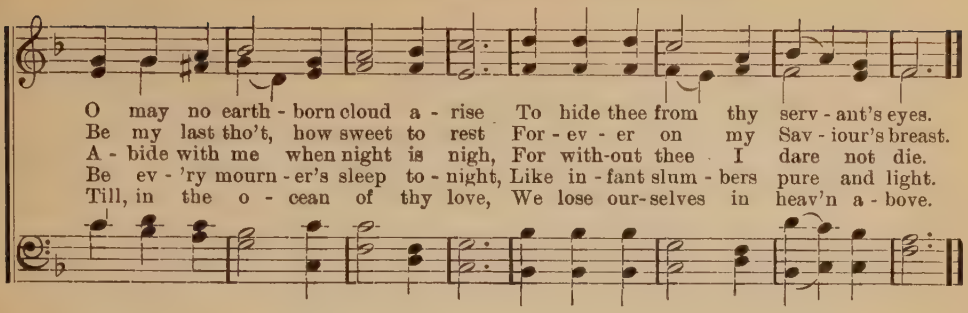
An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

No. 192. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. PETER RITTER. Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK.

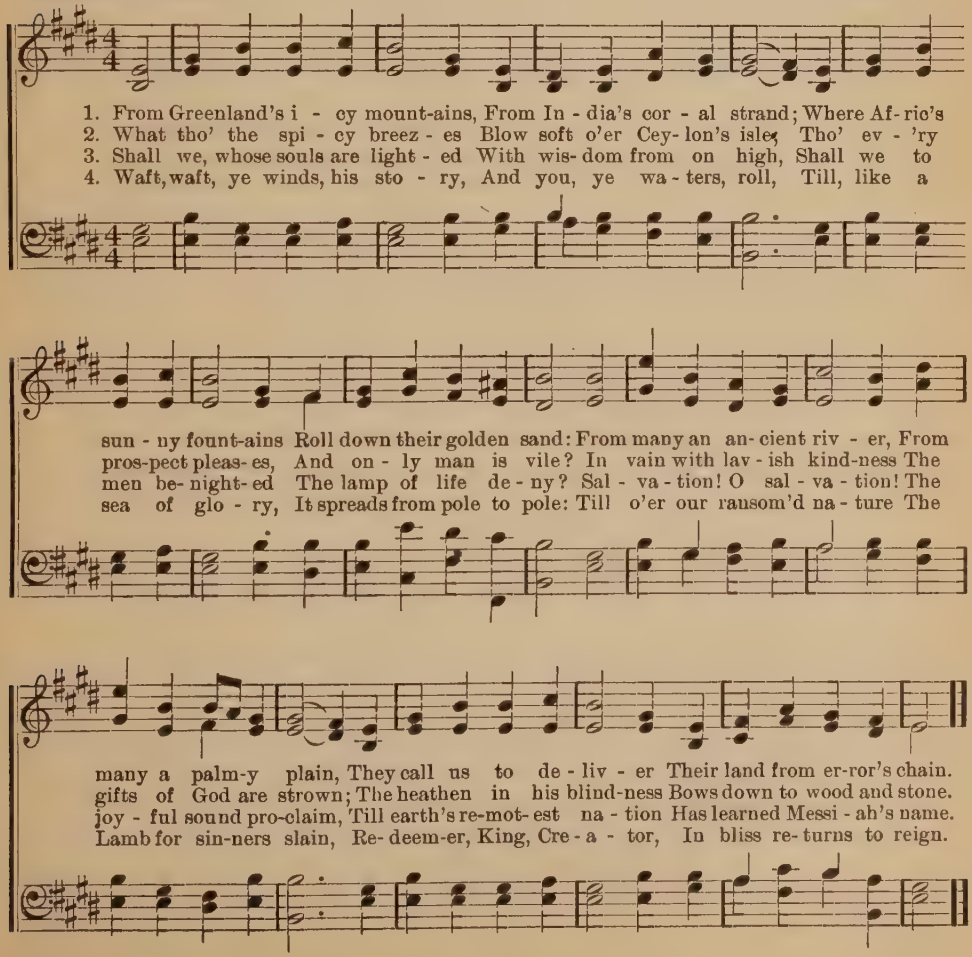
1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near.
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear - ied eye - lids gen - ly steep.
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out thee I can - not live.
4. Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With bless-ings from thy boundless store.
5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Sun of My Soul.—Concluded.



No. 193. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.



No. 194. Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED. C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET. *Slowly.* QUARTET.

1. Come to the Fa- ther, O wan- der- er, come, Some-bod-y's pray-ing for you;
2. God's voice is call- ing, O do not de- lay, Some-bod-y's pray-ing for you;
3. Quench not the spir - it, but yield from your heart, Some-bod-y's pray-ing for you;

DUET. QUARTET.

Turn from the sin-paths no long- er to roam, Some-bod- y's pray-ing for you.....
Bow at the mer - cy- seat, bend while you may, Some-bod- y's pray-ing for you.....
God waits his par - don, his peace to im - part, Some-bod- y's pray-ing for you.....
is praying for you.

DUET. QUARTET.

Some-bod-y loves you where-ev- er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day af- ter day;
Somebody's wres'ling in pray'r for your soul, Long-ing to see you made per - fect- ly whole;
Kneel in your weakness, confessing your sin, Tho' they are ma-ny, and dark tho' they've been;

DUET. QUARTET.

Pra'yr-ful - ly fol- lows you all the dark way, Some-bod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.
Down where the billows of Cal - va - ry roll, Some-bod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.
O - pen your heart let love's cleansing tide in, Some-bod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.

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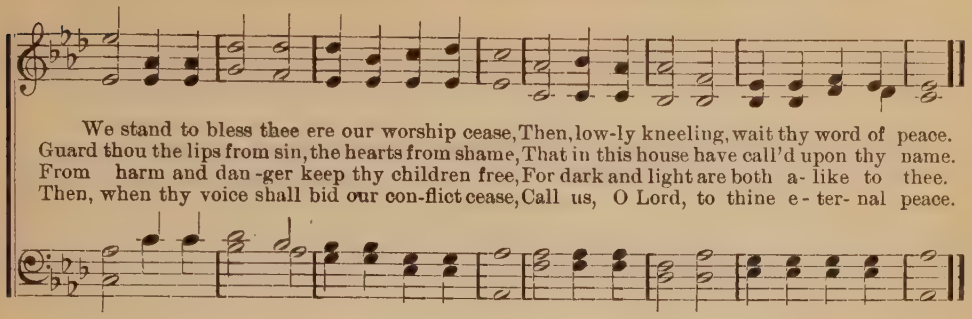
No. 195. Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

JOHN ELLERTON. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

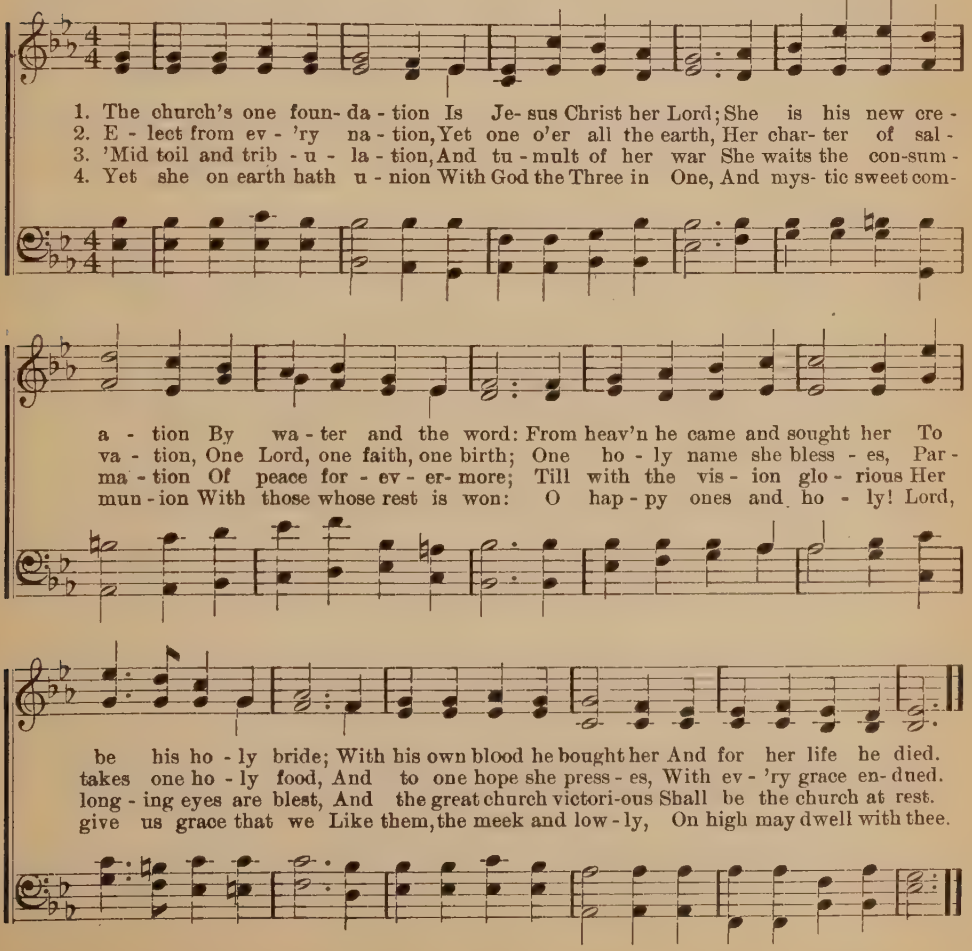
1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our parting hymn of praise;
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way, With thee begun, with thee shall end the day,
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn thou for us its dark-ness in- to light;
4. Grant us thy peace thro'-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in sor-row, and our stay in strife;

Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.—Concluded.



No. 196. The Church's One Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE. SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



No. 197. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther all-
2. Come, thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on thy migh - y sword, Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com- fort-er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al -
4. To thee, great One in Three, E - ter-nal glo - ry be, Hence, ev- er- more: Thy sov'reign

glo - ri- ous, O'er all vic - to - ri- ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An- cient of days.
peo-ple bless, And give thy word success; Spir - it of ho - li- ness, On us de-scend!
mighty art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
ma- jes- ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 198. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—Won-drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D.C.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist - 'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

No. 199. Mourn for the Thousands Slain.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Mourn for the thou - sands slain, The youth - ful and the strong;
2. Mourn for the ru - ined soul— E - ter - nal life and light
3. Mourn for the lost; but call, Call to the strong, the free;
4. Mourn for the lost; but pray, Pray to our God a - bove,

Mourn for the wine - cup's fear - ful reign, And the de - lud - ed throng.
Lost by the fier - y, maddening bowl, And turn'd to hope - less night.
Rouse them to shun that dread - ful fall, And to the ref - uge flee.
To break the fell des - troy - er's sway, And show his sav - ing love.

No. 200. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na- tive coun-try thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor- tal
4. Our fa-thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fa-thers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry mount-ain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills Thy woods and templ'd hills My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho- ly light; Pro- tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 201. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

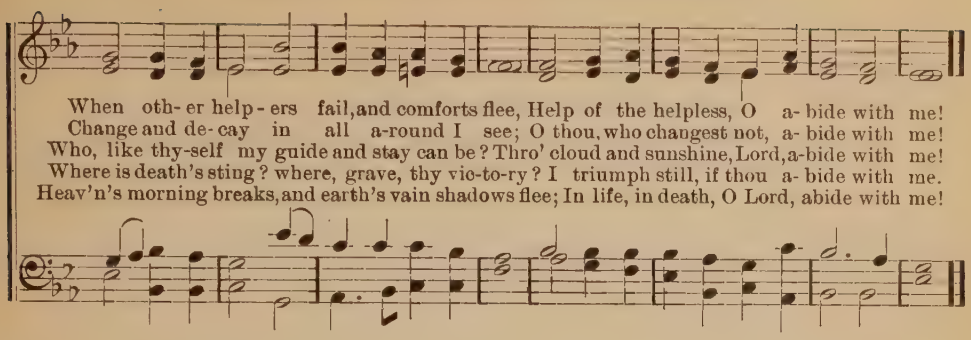
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

No. 202. Abide With Me!

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM H. MONK.

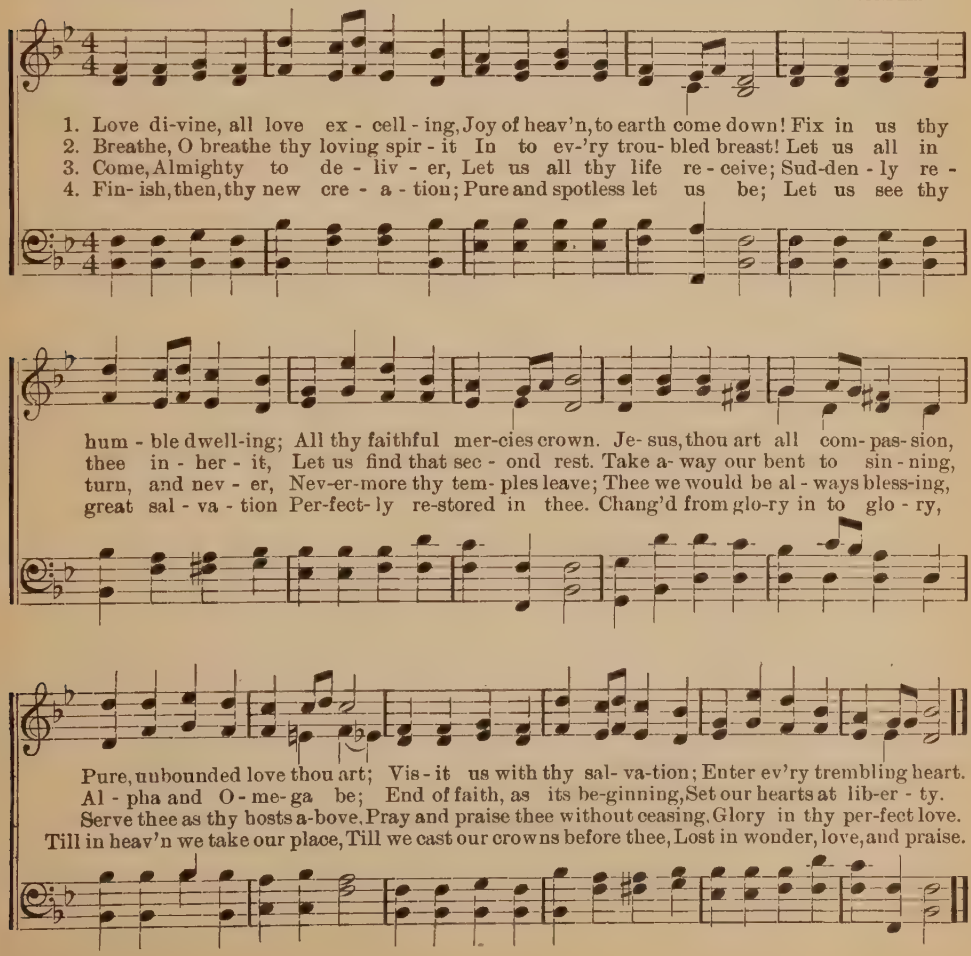
1. A- bide with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a- bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a- way;
3. I need thy pres-ence ev -'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r ?
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit- ter-ness;
5. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

Abide With Me!—Concluded.



No. 203. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.



No. 204. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

E. C. Clephane. F. C. Maker.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus, I fain would take my stand, The shad- ow of a
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see The ver - y dy - ing
3. I take, O cross, thy shad- ow For my a - bid - ing place; I ask no oth - er

might- y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A home with-in the wil - der-ness, A
form of one Who suf- fered there for me. And from my smit-ten heart with tears, These
sun-shine than The sun- shine of his face; Con- tent to let the world go by, To

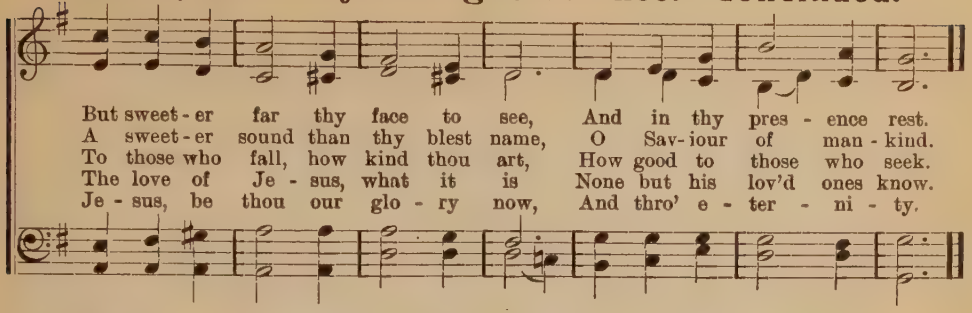
rest up - on the way, From the burning of the noontide heat, And the burden of the day.
won-ders I confess,— The won- der of his glorious love, And my own worthlessness.
know no gain nor loss, My sin - ful self my on- ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

No. 205. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

Tr. E. Caswall. J. B. Dykes.

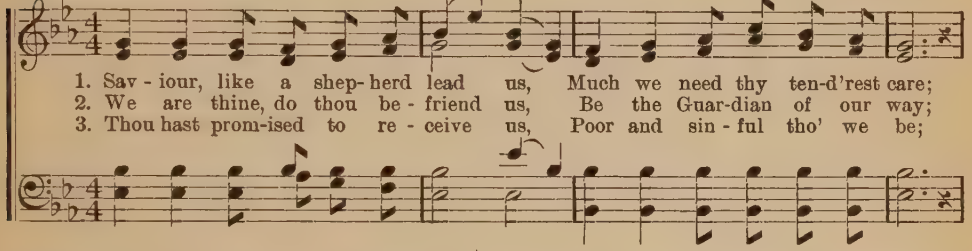
1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame Nor can the mem - 'ry find,
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this, Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize shalt be;

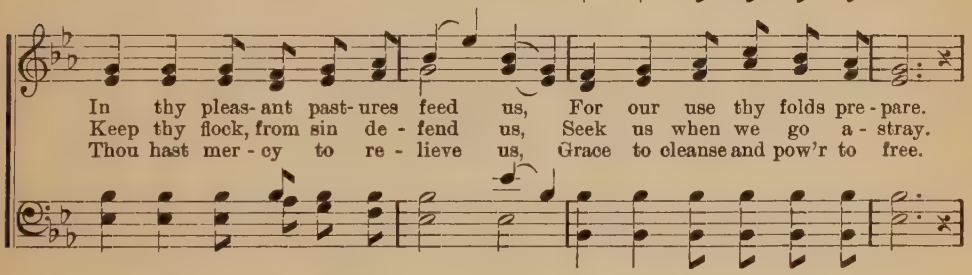
Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.—Concluded.

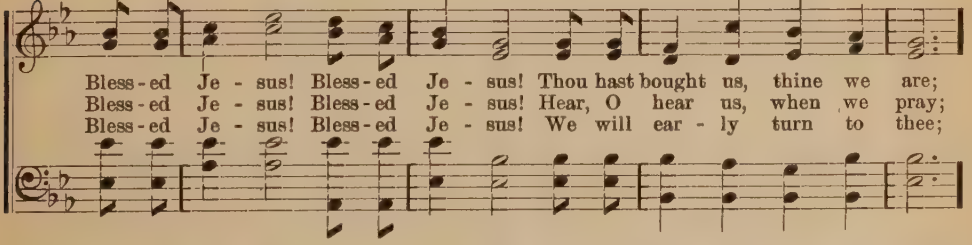


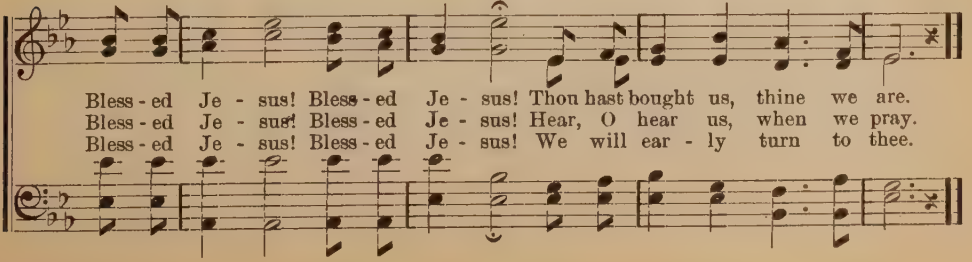
No. 206. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.









No. 207. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er to thee!

No. 208. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

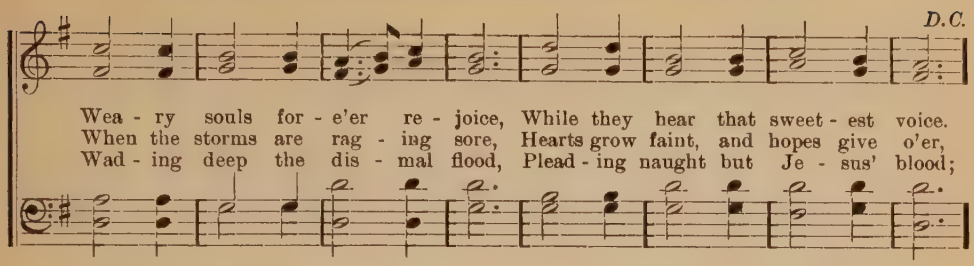
M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

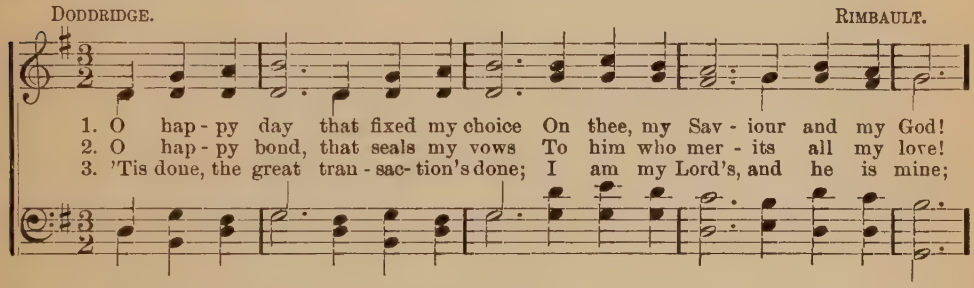
1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side. / Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
2. { Ev - er - pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, thine aid to lend, / Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear. }
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease. / Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Won - d'ring if our names are there. }

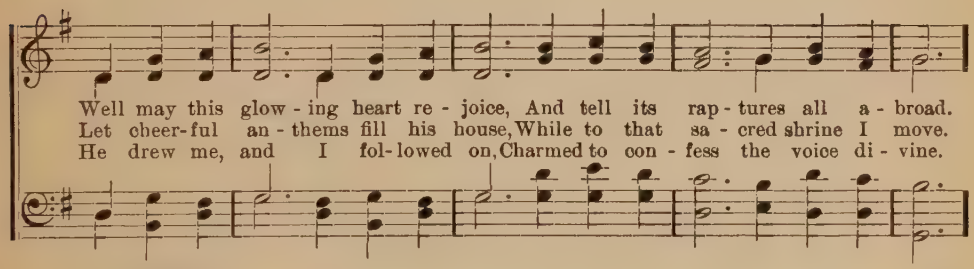
D.C.—Whis-p'ring soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.—Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.—Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

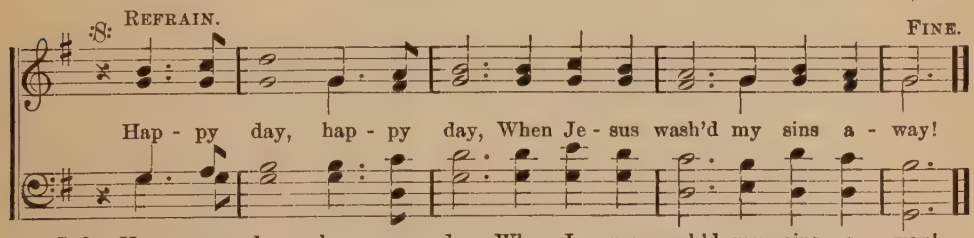
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.—Concluded.



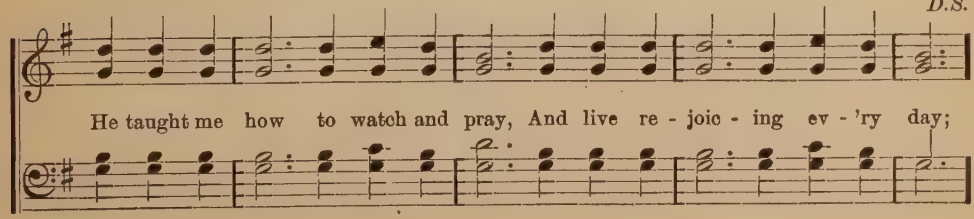
No. 209. O Happy Day That Fixed My Choice.







D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!



No. 210. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE J. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple We should take him at his word;

There's a kind - ness in his jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in his blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

No. 211. O For a Heart.

CHARLES WESLEY. From LOUIS SPOHR.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne;
3. An hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re - newed, And full of love di - vine;
5. Thy na - ture, gra - cious Lord, im - part; Come quick - ly from a - bove,

A heart that al - ways feels thy blood So free - ly spilt for me!
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone;
Which neith - er life nor death can part From him that dwells with - in.
Per - fect and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of thine!
Write thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

No. 212. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the princ - es meet To pay their hom - age at his feet;
3. To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end-less prais - es crown his head;
4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cul- iar hon - ors to their King;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav- age tribes at - tend his word.
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev -'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

No. 213. How Gentle God's Commands.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. Arr. from HANS G. NAEGELI.

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day:

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
That hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard his chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav'n- ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

No. 214. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem- pest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust in thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and graee.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 215. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (*Second Tune.*) S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem- pest still - is high! }

D.C.—Safe in - to thy ha - ven guide, O re- ceive my soul at last!

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life be past;

No. 216. Jerusalem, The Golden!

J. M. Neale. Tr. G. F. LeJeune.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, the golden! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy contem- plation
2. They stand, those halls of Si-on, All ju - bilant with song, And bright with many an angel,
3. There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The shout of them that triumph,
4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's e- lect! O sweet and blessed country,

Sink heart and voice oppress. I know not, O I know not, What joys a- wait us there!
And all the martyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The daylight is se- rene;
The song of them that feast. And they who, with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,
That eager hearts expect! Je - sus, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest!

Je - ru - - sa-

What radian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss beyond compare! Je- rusalem, the golden! With
The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen. Je- rusalem, the golden! With
For - ev - er and for- ev - er Are clad in robes of white. Je- rusalem, the golden! With
Who art, with God the Fa-ther, And Spir- it, ev - er blest. Je- rusalem, the golden! With

lem, the golden! Beneath

milk and honey blest; Beneath thy contem- pla- tion Sink heart and voice oppress. Amen.

No. 217. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

F. B. P. SAMUEL A. WARD.

1. Je - ru - salem, my hap-py home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my labors
2. O when, thou cit- y of my God, Shall I thy courts as-cend, Where congre- gations
3. Why should I shrink at pain or woe, Or feel at death dis- may? I've Canaan's goodly

have an end, In joy and peace, in thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And
ne'er break up, And Sabbath has no end? There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor
land in view, And realms of endless day. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My

rit.

pear- ly gates be - hold? Thy bulwarks with sal-vation strong, And streets of shining gold?
sin nor sor- row know: Blest seats! Thro' rude and stormy scenes I onward press to you.
soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end When I thy joys shall see.

No. 218. Gloria Patri.

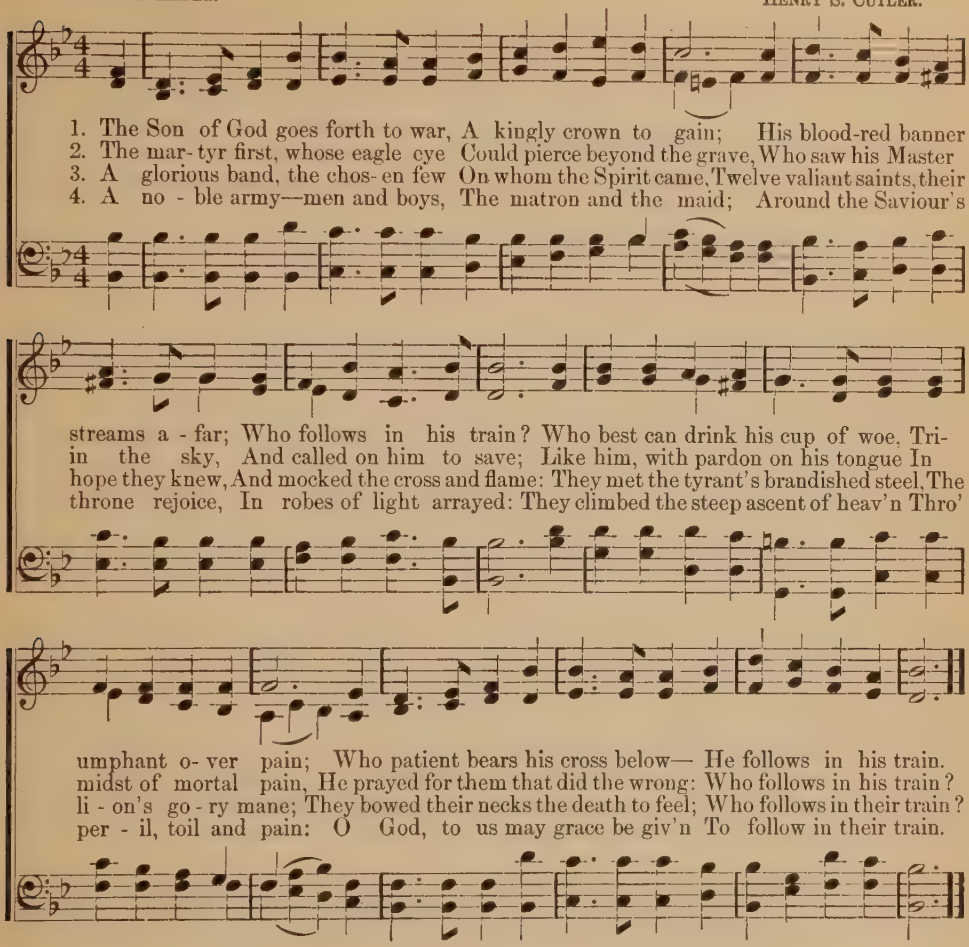
HENRY W. GREATOREX.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it

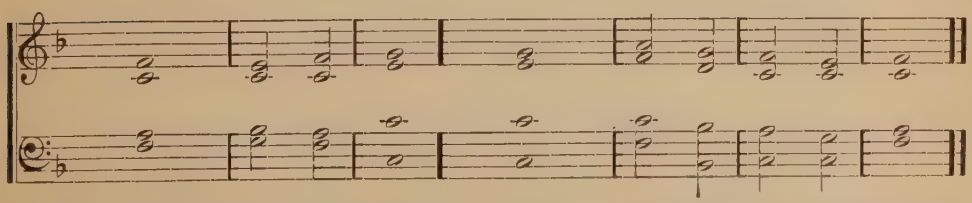
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A- men, a - men.

No. 219. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. HENRY S. CUTLER.



The Lord's Prayer.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. || Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread. || And forgive us our tresspasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

No. 220. Awake, O Earth.

GRACE GORDON. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Awake, O earth, let joy-ful praise ascend,.....To God your King.....Your anthems sing;
2. The verdant vales his tender care proclaim,...The rippling rills.....And joy-ful hills
3. O waking earth, his tender mercy own,.....His power confess,.....Who e'er shall bless,

With songs celes-tial mor-tal voic-es blend, He reigneth for- ev - er- more.
Unite to praise his great and ho-ly name, Who reigneth for- ev - er- more.
He watches ev- er from His heaven- ly throne, He reigneth for- ev - er- more.

CHORUS. BOYS.

His glo- ry earth and sky doth fill, The heav'nly host o - bey his will;

8va.....

German melody.

FINE.

The rest- less o - cean owns his sway, While stars on high his word o - bey;

D.S.—His care his chil - dren doth en - fold, His ev - er - last - ing arms un- fold.

GIRLS.

D.S. (*Unison.*)

Yet though unbound - ed is his power, He guards in love each low- ly flower;

No. 221. Open the Door of Your Heart.

G. P. E. GRANVILLE P. EVANS.

1. O - pen the door of your heart to - day, Let the dear Sav - iour in,
2. O - pen the door of your wayward heart, Lad - en with guilt and sin,
3. Je - sus has wait - ed the lost's re - turn, Wait - ed the long years thro',

He will take all of your guilt a - way, Cleanse you from ev- 'ry sin.
Quick - ly o - bey lest he may de - part—O - pen and let him in.
Still he is standing with outstretched arms, Waiting to wel - come you.

CHORUS.

O - - pen the door . . . . and let Je - - sus come in; . . . . .
O - pen the door, door of your heart, O- pen the door and let Je- sus come in;

1

Come . . . and o - bey, ... and your peace . . . will be - gin; . . . .
Come and o - bey, quickly o - bey, Quickly o - bey and your peace will begin;

2

He . . . . . will re - deem . . . . you and cleanse you from sin.
Je- sus will save— He will redeem you

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No. 222. A Song the World is Singing.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Whole School.

1. There's a song of wondrous beauty, Like a peal from angel choirs, For it sounds o'er care and
2. There's a song, sweet music pealing, 'Tis an ech- o from on high, Un - to all the earth re-
3. Nigh- er still and higher swelling, Circling all the list'ning earth, While its harmonies are

Girls or Solo.

du - ty, And ful- fils the heart's desires. O the ca-dence sweet, as-cend-ing, Joins the
veal- ing Blessings from beyond the sky. There is beau- ty in the sing- ing, There is
tell - ing Of the mighty Saviour's birth! 'Tis a song like fountains flow-ing From a

har- mo-ny of heav'n, And a car - ol nev-er end - ing To mortal tongues is giv'n;
joy beyond compare, For it comes, salvation bring- ing, To man-kind every-where;
nev - er fail-ing stream; Ev- er on-ward, ev- er grow - ing, Man-kind it shall re-deem;

Whole school. * CHORUS.

And the world takes up the strain: O come, all ye faith - ful, joy- ful and tri-

Girls.

umphant; O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le-hem, Come and be-hold him

* Chorus to be sung as marked, last time Full.

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A Song the World is Singing.—Concluded.

born the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore him, O come let us a -

Boys.

All.

dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, Christ, the Lord.

No. 223. O Little Town.

PHILLIPS BROOKS. LEWIS H. REDNER.

1. O lit- tle town of Beth- le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gathered all a- bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si- lent- ly, how si- lent- ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im-parts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth- le-hem, Descend to us we pray; Cast out our sin and

dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn- ing stars! to - geth - er Pro-
hu - man hearts The bless - ing of His heav'n. No ear may hear his com - ing; But
en - ter in—Be born in us to - day! We hear the Christmas an - gels The

ev - er- last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to- night.
claim the ho-ly birth, And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive him still, The dear Christ en-ters in.
great glad tidings tell—Oh, come to us, a- bide with us, Our Lord Em-man - u - el.

No. 224. Hail the King.

A. A. PAYN. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Shine on, star-ry light, Shine on, ev- er bright, Beaming o'er the hills, Wel - come
2. Sing on, angel throng, Hope on, while the song Ring-ing o'er the hills, Spreads from
3. Hope on, sons of men, Joy has come a - gain: Je - sus comes to reign, Though in

news to bring: Tell - ing Christ is born On this holy morn. Hail him! Prince of Peace And
shore to shore, Bear-ing God's own gift, Shall all shadows lift, Hearts once fill'd with woe Re-
man-ger born, Life, light, joy and love, Bless-ings from above, Greet us with the dawn Of

CHORUS.

King of kings! joice once more. this blest morn. } Far away, far away, o'er Judah's plain, Send the light of the wondrous

star, Till the world shall receive the glorious King Sought by kings from a land a - far.

He shall reign ev - er-more as Lord of lords; All the world shall his glo-ry see;

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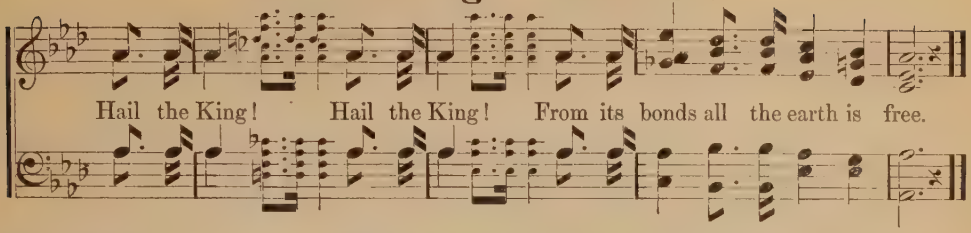
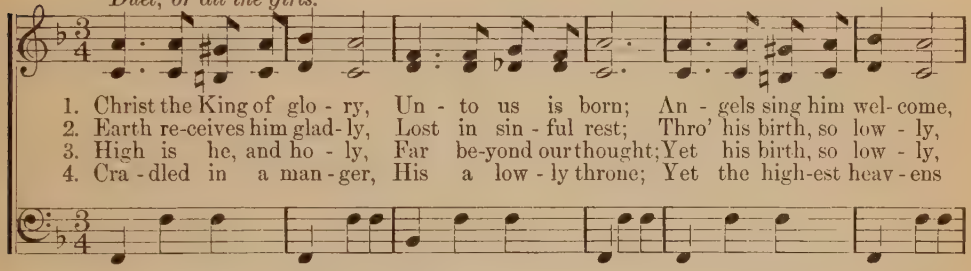
Hail the King.—Concluded.

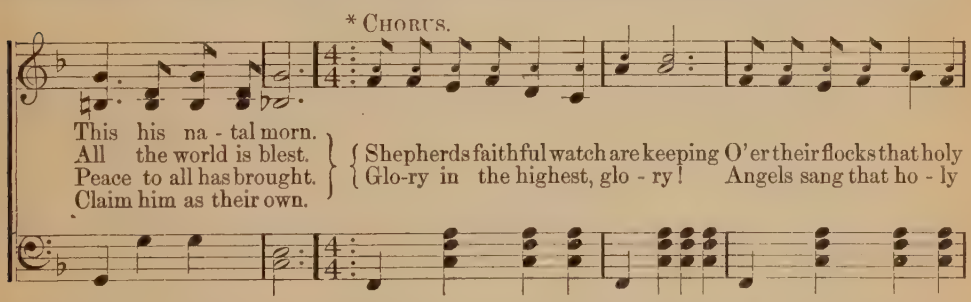


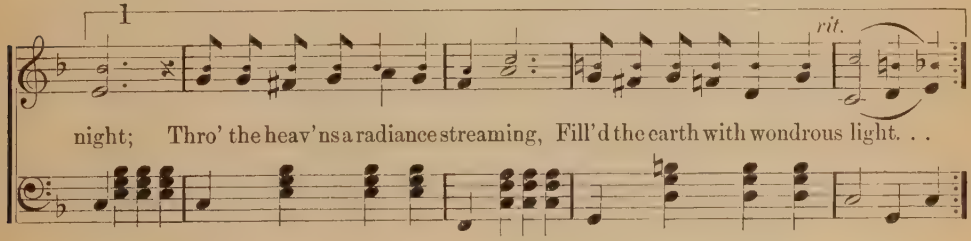
No. 225. Send the Tidings.

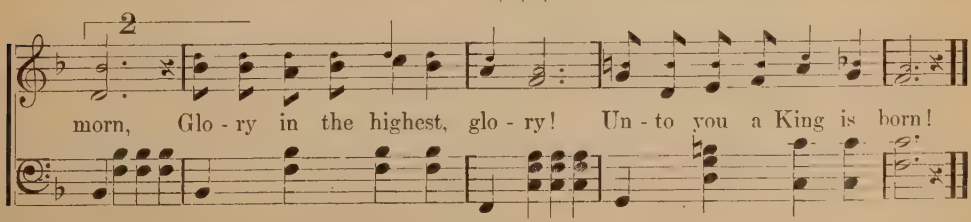
A. A. PAYN. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Duet, or all the girls.









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* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

No. 226. At the Portals of Light.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. At the por- tals of light There's a le - gion in white, And a sto - ry of
2. At the por- tals of light There's a star shin- ing bright, O'er the a - ges its
3. At the por- tals of light Is the pass- ing of night, And the glad burst of

glad - ness they sing; . . . O till time's lat - est day It shall pass not a - way,
beams it shall fling; . . . Sing, ye na - tions and lands, And as broth-ers clasp hands,
morn it shall bring; . . When the war-flags are furled, There shall ring o'er the world,

CHORUS.

For it tells of a Sav - iour and King!
For it points to a Sav - iour and King!
Joy- ful songs of a Sav - iour and King!
} There's a song in the sky And it

nev - er shall die, Thro' the a - ges that sto - ry shall wing; O till time's lat - est

day It shall pass not a - way, For it tells of a Sav- iour and King!

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No. 227. Rejoice!

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Re-joice, re-joice, to earth is giv'n, The Saviour promised long! Be-hold a-jar the
2. Re-joice, O world, thy gloom shall cease, With thy Redeemer's birth! The promised years of
3. Re-joice, O world, be-hold thy King, Whom angel choirs proclaim! A-wake! a-rise! his

rit. CHORUS.

gates of heav'n, And hark the angel's song!
love and peace, Shall reign at last on earth!
glo-ry sing, And spread abroad his name!

"Glo-ry to God in the high-est,

Peace and good-will to men; . . . . . Glo-ry to God,

Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God on high! . . . . .

Glo-ry to God in the high-est, All glo-ry to God on high!"

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No. 228. Christmas Joy is Everywhere.

BIRDIE BELL. W. A. POST.

Duet.

1. A won - drous song is in the air, Mak - ing ev - 'ry list - 'ner glad;
2. A won - drous star is in the sky, Her - ald - ing a dawn - ing day;
3. A won - drous host the shep-herds see, Host ce - les - tial, come to earth;
4. "The Christ is born!" and earth is glad, Floats the song on frost - y air;

Christ - mas joy is ev - 'ry-where, Let no heart be sad.
Christ - mas hope brings heav - en nigh, So the an - gels say.
Christ - mas love, a mag - ic key, Brings a Sav - iour's birth.
All is joy, let none be sad, Love is ev - 'ry - where.

CHORUS. *mf* *p*

Joy is ev - 'ry-where, Joy that all may share; Heav- en's morn-ing,

mf

Earth a-dorn - ing, Fills the east - ern sky. Songs of joy and love

Fill the realms a-bove; Praise is ring-ing, All are sing-ing, Praise to God on high!

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No. 229. In the Tomb.

A. A. PAYN. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Slowly.

1. In the tomb they laid him, 'Neath the si - lent skies, All for-got the prom -ise,
2. Hearts with sor-row break-ing, Dread the com-ing night, Knowing not that glad-ness,
3. Bright shall dawn the mor - row, Grief shall be no more, Joy shall fill the mourners,

That he should a - rise. In the silence leave him Whom they love the best, "Sleep, sleep,
Comes with morning light. Weary they with mourning, Worn by doubt and fears, Wait, wait,
From the o - pen door. Ye shall sure-ly meet him Who shall be earth's King; Then, then,

rit.

Calm-ly take thy rest."
Weeping bit - ter tears.
Ye with joy shall sing.

CHORUS.

Soon shall come thy glo - rious morn-ing,

rit.

When the tomb, the guards for - sak - ing, Gleams with new - born

hope a-dorn - ing, Christ the ris - en King. . . . . .

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No. 230. Sing We Alleluia.

Arr. by A. A. PAYN. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Allegro.

1. Sons of God and heirs of heav'n, Sing we al - le - lu - ia! Sing your sins in
2. Joined to Christ, and one with God, Sing we al - le - lu - ia! Saved and quick'ned
3. Christ has burst the gates of hell, Sing we al - le - lu - ia! Vain the watch, the

Girls.

Christ forgiv'n, Sing we al - le - lu - ia! Love's mysterious work is done, Sing we al - le -
by his blood, Sing we al - le - lu - ia! Sons of God, triumphant rise, Sing we al - le -
stone, the seal, Sing we al - le - lu - ia! Death in vain for-bids him rise, Sing we al - le -

Boys.

Girls. *All, slower.*

lu - ia! Greet we now the ris- en Son, Sing we al - le - lu - ia! Sing we al - le - lu - ia!
lu - ia! Shout the finished sac-ri- fice, Sing we al - le - lu - ia! Sing we al - le - lu - ia!
lu - ia! Christ has opened par-a-dise, Sing we al - le - lu - ia! Sing we al - le - lu - ia!

Boys.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

Christ, the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia! Sons of men and

an - gels say, Al - - le - lu - ia! Raise your joys and triumphs high,

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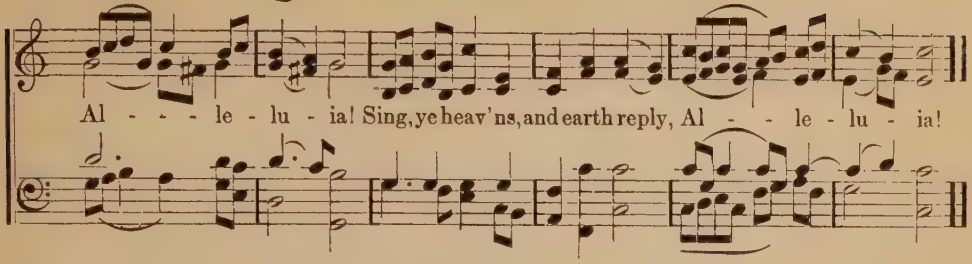
Sing We Alleluia.—Concluded.



No. 231. The Tomb is Shining.

IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

Slowly and Quietly. *rit.*

1. O ye who lin - ger, In sorrow's gloom, Draw near the por-tals Of yon-der tomb.
2. O eyes of weep-ing, Re- move your tears, Look off to heav - en, Be-yond all fears.
3. Up - on your sor-row Let brightness fall, For Christ a - ris - en, Has banished all.
4. Let hap- py tid -ings Your hearts entwine, And o'er your sor - row, Let Eas-ter shine.

CHORUS. *Much faster.*

See! The tomb in glo - ry shin-ing; See! An an - gel guards the place;

There is hope and joy from heaven Beaming from his face; Seek not the living Here among the dead,

Je - sus has ris - en e - ven as he said, He lives a - gain.

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No. 232. Hail Our King.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Earth has deck'd herself in glad ar - ray, 'Tis the bless- ed res - ur- rec- tion day,
2. List the mu- sic of the springtime breeze, As it whis-pers in the sway-ing trees;
3. Sil - ver bells in sweet-est ca-dence chime, Tell-ing of the hap - py Eas- ter time;

For the lilies shed abroad their perfume sweet, The vi - o- lets are at our feet.
And the streamlets from their icy bondage free, Are murm'ring ever joy-ous- ly.
For the garden shadow'd once with darkest night, Is glo - ri-fied with heav'nly light.

Gold- en sunshine drives a-way the night, Hope is fill - ing all our souls with light;
Hark the mes-sage that this glad day brings, From our ev - er liv - ing King of kings!
For the Lamb of God for sin-ners slain Ev - er-more has conquer'd death and pain;

For the Lord of life a-rose, All vic-to-rious o'er his foes, Then let men and angels sing:
For it tells of joy di-vine, Hope that evermore shall shine, So let men and angels sing:
Calv'ry's sorrow all is past, Endless joy has come at last, Then let men and angels sing:

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

{ O- pen the por-tals are swing - ing, Heav'nward our glad hope wing - ing,
{ Fetters of death could not hold him, Grave clothes could not en-fold him,

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Hail Our King.—Concluded.

1

Je - sus sal - va - tion is bring - ing, Hail our King! . . .

2

Glo - ri - fied now we be - hold him, Hail to our ris - en King!

No. 233. Night is O'er.

A. A. PAYN. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Night is o'er, Now once more Glows the morning bright; Sunlight gleams, Radiant beams, Banish sorrow's night.
2. Night is past, Day at last Bursts o'er Joseph's tomb; Sorrows cease, Days of peace Follow nights of gloom.
3. So shall be O'er the sea, Breaking on the shore, Eas-ter light, Pure and bright, Shining ev-er-more.
4. May our days, Filled with praise, Ec-ho heaven's joy; And a-bove May God's love All our songs employ.

* CHORUS. *Two Parts.*

1

{ Welcome! Joyous Easter Day; Blessed morn-ing bright, When the gloomy gar- den tomb
{ When the an- gel of the Lord (*Omit.*) . . . . . .

2

Shone with heav'nly light. Cleft with radiant wing, Night's dark shadows O'er the grave of heaven's King.

* Lower notes melody.

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No. 234. Ring a Message.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Ring a message far and wide O'er the ocean's rolling tide; That the early morning hour
2. Ring a glorious vict'ry won, Ring a life a-new be - gun; Ring an ev-er-radiant tomb,
3. Ring a hope that all possess, Since the Sun of Righteousness In the light of Easter day
4. Ring a si-lent, empty tomb, Ring the world to make him room; Ev - er-present living Lord,

Saw the Saviour's mighty pow'r, He who once was crucified. O ring! O ring! ring, ring!
Shorn of all its sombre gloom Thro' the death of God's own Son. O ring! O ring! ring, ring!
Bore the fear of death away: Ring a Saviour's pow'r to bless. O ring! O ring! ring, ring!
By the host of heav'n ador'd, In thy presence is no gloom! O ring! O ring! ring, ring!

rit.

* Chorus.

Merrily ring, merrily ring, ring, ring, Ring, merrily ring, merrily ring,
Then ring in happy chime The wondrous Easter story, O ring this blessed

Unison.

Merrily ring, ring, ring, Ring, merrily ring, merrily ring, merrily ring,
time a peace to hearts for-lorn. O ring the news sub-lime How

Christ the King of glo - ry A - rose from death this Eas - ter morn.

* If preferred, all may sing melody, but better effect will be obtained if girls sing the words "Merrily ring" etc., as indicated to part marked *Unison.*

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

COMPILED BY REV. S. M. GRUBB.

No. 235. The Word of God.

LEADER —Then one of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, and saying, Master which is the great commandment of the Law?

RESPONSE —Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first great commandment.

L.—And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the prophets.—Matt. 22 35-40.

R.—All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. —II Tim. 3 16.

L.—The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure making wise the simple.

R.—The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

L.—The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the Judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

R.—More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

L.—Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.—Ps. 19 7-11.

R.—Think not that I am come to destroy the Law, or the Prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

No. 236. The Gospel.

L.—I will give to Jerusalem one that bringeth good tidings.—Isa. 42 27.

R.—How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth Salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth.—Isa. 52 7.

L.—But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them, that are lost.

R.—In whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into them.

L.—For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.

R.—For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—II Cor. 4 3-6.

L.—Our Saviour Jesus Christ..... hath abolished death and brought life, and immortality, and light through the gospel.—II Tim. 1 10.

R.—I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth;..... for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, the just shall live by faith.—Rom. 1 16-17.

L.—The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God.—I Cor. 1 18.

R.—The word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word by which the gospel is preached unto you.—I Pet. 1 25.

No. 237. New Birth.

L.—That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.—John 3 6-7.

R.—The carnal mind is enmity against God for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.—Rom. 8 7-8.

L.—Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3 3.

R.—As many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on his name

L.—Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.—John 1 12-13.

R.—Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.—Tit. 3 5.

L.—Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures.—Jas. 1 18.

R.—Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever.—I Pet. 1 23.

L.—Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away: behold all things are become new.—II Cor. 5 17.

R.—For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.—Eph. 2 10.

No. 238. The Atonement.

L.—Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our Sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world according to the will of God.—Gal. 1 2-3.

R.—When we were yet without strength, in due time, Christ died for the ungodly.—Rom. 5 6.

L.—He was wounded for our transgression, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes are we healed.

R.—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53 4-6.

L.—It pleased the Lord to bruise him he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

R.—He shall see the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: for he shall bear their iniquities.—Isa. 53 10-11.

L.—He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.—II Cor. 5 21.

R.—There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all.—I Tim. 2 5-6.

L.—For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

R.—But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

No. 239. The Holy Spirit.

L.—I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions

R.—And also upon my servants and upon my handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit.—Joel 2 28-29.

L.—Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4 6.

R.—If ye love me, keep my commandments; and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever.

L.—Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

R.—I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.

L.—Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also.

R.—And at that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

L.—He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him.—John 14 15-21.

R.—The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—John 14 26.

L.—Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

R.—But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

L.—For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God.

R.—Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.—1 Cor. 2 9-16.

No. 240. Gra

L.—The God of all grace, who hath called us unto eternal glory by Jesus Christ, * * * make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.—I Pet. 5 10.

R.—The Lord God is a shield, the Lord will give grace and glory, no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Ps. 84 11.

L.—Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—Heb. 4 16.

R.—My grace is sufficient for thee my strength is made perfect in weakness.—II Cor. 12 9.

L.—Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.—Rom. 5 20-21.

R.—By the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace, which was bestowed upon me was not in vain.—I Cor. 15 10.

L.—God is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us.

R.—Even when we were dead in sins, hath he quickened us together with Christ; by grace are ye saved;

L.—And hath raised us together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus

R.—That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.

L.—For by grace are ye saved through faith; and not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.—Eph. 2 4-8.

R.—As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same to one another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. I Pet. 4 10.

No. 241. Faith.

L.—Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. 11 1.

R.—Without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.—Heb. 11 6.

L.—Have Faith in God, For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea and shall not doubt in his heart but shall believe that these things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith.—Mark 11 22-23.

R.—Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.—Rom. 10 13.

L.—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3 16.

R.—How then shall they call upon him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?

L.—And how shall they preach except they be sent? As it is written, how beautiful are the feet of them, that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

R.—So faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.—Rom 10 12-15.

L.—Before faith came we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed.

R.—Wherefore the Law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith.

L.—But after that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster, for ye are the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.—Gal. 3 23-26.

R.—A man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ that we might be justified by the faith of Christ and not by the works of the Law.—Gal. 2 16.

L.—Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith.—Rom. 3 28.

R.—Our Lord Jesus Christ * * * hath begotten us * * * to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto Salvation.—I Pet. 1 3-4.

L.—Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—I John 5 4.

No. 242. Service.

L.—Serve the Lord with gladness come before his presence with a song.—Ps. 102 2.

R.—What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him; and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, to keep the commandments of the Lord and his statutes.—Deut. 10 12-13.

L.—Serve the Lord thy God and he shall bless thy bread and thy water.—Exod. 23 25.

R.—Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your hearts as unto Christ

L.—Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from your heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord and not to men.—Eph. 6 5-7.

R.—Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.—Heb. 12 28.

L.—The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.—Luke 10 2.

R.—Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.—Luke 12 37.

L.—Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.—Luke 12 40.

R.—No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord.—Isa. 54 17.

No. 243. Prayer.

L.—O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.—Ps. 10 17.

R.—Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens.—Sam. 3 41.

L.—God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4 24.

R.—Lord thou hast heard the desires of the humble; thou wilt prepare their hearts, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear. Ps. 10 17.

L.—Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near.—Isa. 55 16.

R.—Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you

L.—For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—John 7 8-8.

R.—Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—Phil. 4 6.

L.—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man avai eth much.—James 5 16.

R.—Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—I Thes. 5 17-18.

L.—Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

R.—If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.—John 14 13-14.

L.—Watch ye therefore; and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.—Luke 21 36.

R.—When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

L.—But when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

R.—But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

L.—Be not therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.—Matt. 6 5-8.

R.—Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.—Heb. 10 22

No. 244. Worship.

L.—I will bring joy to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer: their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon my altar; for my house shall be called an house of prayer for all people. —Isa. 56 7.

R.—If my people which are called by my name shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sins, and will heal their land.—II Chron. 7 14.

L.—Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.—Matt. 18 20.

R.—O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker.—Ps. 95 6.

L.—The inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and seek the Lord of hosts; I will go also.

R.—Yea, many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of Hosts, * * and to pray before the Lord.—Zech. 8 21-22.

L.—Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prospcr that love thee.—Ps. 122 6.

R.—I exhort therefore, that * * * supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men.—I Tim. 2 1.

L.—Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.—Jer. 33 3.

R.—Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am.—Isa. 58 9.

L.—Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 3 10.

R.—All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive.—Matt 21 2.

L.—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—Jas. 5 16.

R.—Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shal find; knock and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—Matt. 7 7-8.

L.—I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.—Ps. 116 1-2.

No. 245. Song.

L.—I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—Exod. 15 1.

R.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.—Rev. 19 5.

L.—Rejoice in the Lord, O, ye righteous; for praise is comely for the upright.

R.—Praise the Lord with harp, sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

L.—Sing unto the Lord a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise, for the word of the Lord is right, and all his works are done in truth.—Ps. 33 1-4.

R.—Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

L.—Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.—Ps. 107 31-32.

R.—It is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant and praise is comely.—Ps. 147 1.

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